

POEMS

BY

Several Hands,

AND ON

Several OCCASIONS

Collected by N. Tate.



LONDON:

Printed for J. Hindmarsh, at the Golden Ball,
over against the Royal Exchange in
Cornhill, 1685.

POEM #2

BY

Samuel Johnson

AND ON

Several Occasions

Collected by W. Tate.

LIBRARY OF UNION

THEOLOGICAL
SEMINARY,

NEW YORK

GIFT FROM

The Children of
Edwin F. Hatfield

LONDON

Printed for J. Johnson, at the Golden Ball,
over against the Bank, in

Great Britain.

VS64

1685 The Dedicatory

~~to the Honorable as well as others~~

TO THE

Right Honourable,

ROBERT

Earl of Scarfsdale, Baron Deincourt, Lord
Lieutenant of Derbyshire.

I Cannot think there needs
much Apology for an Ad-
dress of this Nature to your
Lordship, although from a Stran-
ger. The Patronage of Poetry
has always belong'd to the No-
ble and Virtuous: On this ac-

The Epistle Dedicatory.

~~count therefore as well as others~~
it is dangerous for any Person of
Honour to be so early Eminent
as your Lordship, because those
Excellencies that create Envy in
evil Minds are sure to meet the
Applause of the Muses, which
to some Tempers may be the
greater Persecution. Such Cha-
racters indeed are now so thin
sown in Courts that they are ca-
sily singled out. Your Lordship
may think that Flattery which
the World knows to be Truth;

I

The Epistle Dedicatory.

I will not therefore pretend to draw your Lordships Character, or to speak more properly I need not. As far as Constancy of Temper, Loyalty, Justice, and Generosity in the most eminent degree can oblige a Nation; the Court and Age are indebted to your Lordship. It was this greatness and integrity of Soul that plac'd your Lordship above the example of Nature, and against the general Frenzie made you declare for oppressed innocence.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

It is therefore no wonder that
such endowments of mind have
gain'd the Favour of the most Just
and Pious Prince. I could descend
to particular Instances of Honour
and private Friendship; but I
design no Panegyric, being on-
ly Ambitious to pay my Devo-
tion to your Lordship by this
small present, most humbly De-
dicated by

My Lord,

Your Lordships

most obedient Se. vant,

A

N. TATE.

To a great Lord, inviting him to Court, or else to
 His House in the Country. By the
 Right Hon. Sir John Denham. P. 13

To a Friend, who had been lately
 from Ovid. Amorous. By the
 Hon. Sir John Denham. P. 13

THE TABLE

OF THE

CONTENTS.

In imitation of the Song: That I love none. By
 John Donne. P. 33

Page 1

**A New Collection of Poems, Written by several
 Authors. An Ode written by Mr. Abraham
 Cowley for Her Majesty, Queen to King
 Charles I.**

The Grove. By the Earl of Roscommon, P. 3

Upon Nothing. By the late Earl of Rochester, P. 5

Upon his leaving his Mistress. By the same Author, P. 8

Love and Life. A Song! By the same Author, P. 10

**To the late Earl of Rochester, upon the report of
 his Sickness in Town, being newly recovered by
 his Lordships advice in the Country, in Allusion
 to the Ode of Horace.** By Sir Francis Fane, P. 11

**To a great Lord, inviting him to Court, or else to
 His House in the Country.** By the
 Right Hon. Sir John Denham. P. 13

**To a Friend, who had been lately
 from Ovid. Amorous.** By the
 Hon. Sir John Denham. P. 13

**To a great Lord, inviting him to Court, or else to
 His House in the Country.** By the
 Right Hon. Sir John Denham. P. 13

**To a Friend, who had been lately
 from Ovid. Amorous.** By the
 Hon. Sir John Denham. P. 13

**To a great Lord, inviting him to Court, or else to
 His House in the Country.** By the
 Right Hon. Sir John Denham. P. 13

**To a Friend, who had been lately
 from Ovid. Amorous.** By the
 Hon. Sir John Denham. P. 13

**To a great Lord, inviting him to Court, or else to
 His House in the Country.** By the
 Right Hon. Sir John Denham. P. 13

**To a Friend, who had been lately
 from Ovid. Amorous.** By the
 Hon. Sir John Denham. P. 13

The TABLE.

To a great Lord, inviting him to Court, or else to write a History in the Country. A Paraphrase upon the 12th. Ode of Horace: l. 2. By the same.	P. 13
To a Perjur'd Mistress; the 8th. Ode of Horace, l. 1. Imitated, By the same.	P. 16
A Mask. Made at request of the late Earl of Chester, for the Tragedy of Valentinian. From Ovid. Amorum, l. 2. El. 4. and Lucretius, l. 4. That he loves Women of all sorts and sizes. By Mr. R—	P. 17
To Dorolissa, On her being like my Lord Dorset. By the same.	P. 33
In Imitation of the Song, That I love none. By Olinda,	P. 27
The Picture. By Mr. Adams, By the same,	P. 38
A Pastoral, Written at Dublin, in May, 1693, By the same.	P. 39
Vivamus mea Leibia, &c. Catul. By the same.	P. 44
Song,	P. 48
Parce meo Juvenci, &c. Tibullus,	P. 50
A Translation out of Statius, To Sleep,	P. 51
The Abscist,	P. 53
A Pastoral Reflection on Death,	P. 55
Horatii Ode 28. Lib. 1. Persicos Odi puer apparatus. &c.	P. 57
Horatii Epod. 1. ad Populum Romanum, Quo quo scelesti ruitis? &c.	P. 64
The Fly. By P. Ayres, Esquire,	P. 65
To the Nightingale,	P. 67

The TABLE

<i>On Nightingale that was drowned,</i>	p. 75
<i>Lov's new Philosophy,</i>	p. 76
<i>Cynisca, Or, the fourteenth Idylium of Theocritus imitated. By W. Bowls, Fellow of Kings College Cambridge,</i>	p. 80
<i>Sapho's Ode out of Longinus,</i>	p. 85
<i>Ode 13. Of the fourth Book of Horace,</i>	p. 87
<i>The Immortality of Poesie. By Mr. Evelyn, To Envy. Ovid. Amor. Lib. 1. Eleg. 15,</i>	p. 90
<i>Out of Martial Lib, 8. Epigr. 56. Temporibus nostris Aetas,</i>	p. 93
<i>To Mr. &c.</i>	p. 94
<i>Out of Horace, Ode 8, L. 1. Lidia dic per omnes, &c.</i>	p. 99
<i>The Punishment,</i>	p. 100
<i>Part of Ajax's Speech, Ovid Metam. L. 13.</i>	p. 101
<i>Out of Sannazar,</i>	p. 102
<i>Remedy of Love,</i>	p. 103
<i>Written on her Mask,</i>	p. 107
<i>To Mr. S. G.</i>	p. 108
<i>A Gentleman going to his Country Farm, which he had not seen for some time before; at the request of a Lady writes these Verses.</i>	
<i>Whether in Love, Men or Women have the advantage; they in making, or these in receiving, their Court: Considered in a Dialogue betwixt Corinna and Lais,</i>	p. 115
<i>On the Lord, rejecting the Bill of Exclusion, November 15, 1680.</i>	p. 120
<i>Elegy On the Death of Christopher Sherard, Esq; Son and Heir Apparent to the Right Honourable Bennet</i>	

The STABLE

Bennet Lord Sherard, who died in the sixteenth year of his age, Feb. 19. 1681.	P. 122
On the Romantick Office of Credit, proposed by Dr. C. and his Partners, An. Dom. 1682.	P. 124
Occasioned by a sight of his Majesty, walking near the River in the time of the Oxford Parliament.	P. 126
To Celia, E. W. M.	P. 128
To a Gentleman, his Friend, who could decypher any Character.	P. 129
Busiest,	P. 131
Horace Ode 13. Lib. 4. In Lycen Meretricem Vetulam. Andivere, Lyce, Dn. Translated,	P. 135
On a Fair Lady Singing.	P. 137
The Recommendation not accepted,	P. 138
Catullus Lesbiam 5.	P. 140
On Celia's Sickness,	P. 141
A Song,	P. 142
Left,	P. 143
To much admired Lady,	P. 145
To a very accomplished Lady,	P. 146
To the same, immoderately mourning the Death of a Relation,	P. 148
Secret Grief,	P. 149
Mart. L. 1. Ep. 58.	P. 150
The Graces, or Hieron Theocriti Idyl. 16.	P. 151
Anacreon's Odes Paraphras'd. Age. Ode 47.	P. 152
Sent. Ec. By Mr. Bristow, late of Ayl-Souls Col- lege,	P. 158

The TABLE

Age. Ode 24. <i>Mis un p'v'us, &c.</i> By the same,	p. 158
Drinking. Ode 25. <i>Quar n'us, &c.</i> By the same,	p. 168
The first Elegy of Ovid's <i>Amorum</i> ; Translated into English by Mr. Ballow, Fellow of Kings College in Cambridge,	p. 161
Elegy II. <i>Idio M'is in antiquis2 huc idg' ad idg'</i>	p. 164
Elegy III. <i>by the same hand</i>	p. 167
Elegy IV. <i>by the same hand,</i>	p. 169
Elegy V. <i>by the same,</i>	p. 172
Libri Primi, Ovid. Amor. Elegia Prima,	p. 174
Libri Primi, Elegia Secunda,	p. 178
Libri Primi, Elegia Tertia,	p. 181
Libri Primi, Elegia Quinta,	p. 182
To Mr. R. D. at Cambridge,	p. 186
The Soldier. Writ in April, 1684. when our English Volunteers went into Flanders,	p. 190
Philander and Eirene,	p. 193
Of Divine Poesie, two Cantoes, By Mr. Waller.	
Occasioned upon sight of the Fifty Third Chapter of Isaiah, turn'd into Verse by a Lady,	p. 214
Canto 2.	p. 217
Answer to Mr. Waller.	p. 222
The Change,	p. 226
Excusing himself to his Mistress for being Jealous,	p. 228
Content,	p. 237
To Lucinda,	p. 244
The Resolve,	p. 246
Parting with Lucinda,	p. 248
The Visit,	p. 252

THE TABLE

By Charles How, Esquire	p. 254
By the same,	p. 255
A Saranade, by the same,	p. 256
To my Lord Lansdowne, at the Imperial Camp,	p. 258
On the sight and Sculpture of Mr. Gibbon's most excellent head, in Marble. By Mr. John	p. 260
son,	p. 263
The Denial,	p. 264
Kissing his Mistress,	p. 266
Despair,	p. 269
To Lucinda,	p. 271
Embracing his Mistress,	p. 273
The Unalterable,	p. 275
To Corinna,	p. 283
To Lucinda,	p. 284
The Captive,	p. 286
On Lucinda,	p. 287
The Command,	p. 289
The Convert,	p. 290
Variety,	p. 292
The Cure worse than the Disease,	p. 293
The Denial,	p. 294
The Royal Canticle, or the Song of Solomon,	p. 324
The last parting of Hector with Andromache and his Son Astyanx, when he went to assault the Gre- cians in their Camp; in the end of which Expe- dition, he was slain by Achilles,	p. 331
To the late King, at Kings College,	p. 333
Cupid arm'd, A la-modern,	

THE TABLE.

<i>An Ode, in Imitation of Pindar, on the Death of the Right Honourable, Thomas, Earl of Ossory,</i>	P. 335
<i>The Pifatory Eclogues of Sanazarius. The first Eclogue entituled Phillis, By Mr. Tate.</i>	P. 346
<i>entitled Dr. Conquest,</i>	P. 347
<i>Lycidas and Mycon,</i>	P. 354
<i>The second Eclogue. By the same,</i>	P. 359
<i>The third Eclogue, by the same. Celadon, Mopsus,</i>	P. 366
<i>Proteus. Eclogue the fourth,</i>	P. 373
<i>Ode for an Anniversary of Musick on St. Cecilia's Day,</i>	P. 376
<i>The twentieth Ode of the second Book of Horace,</i>	P. 377
<i>Sanaz. Ep. on Venice,</i>	P. 378
<i>The Rape of Philomel. A Paraphrase of Ovid's sixth Book,</i>	P. 392
<i>An Elegie on the Earl of Rochester,</i>	P. 394
<i>On the Coronation of the High and Mighty Monarch JAMES II,</i>	P. 397
<i>Martial. Lib. 10. Epigr. 47. Vitam quæ faciant beatior.</i>	P. 398
<i>A Pindaric Essay upon Musick, By Mr. Wilson,</i>	P. 403
<i>Anacreon. To himself. "Ου μοι μέλει,</i>	P. 404
<i>Another Σὺ μὲν γὰρ. By the same hand.</i>	P. 405
<i>Strada's Nightingale,</i>	P. 409
<i>A Translation of the fourth Chorus in Seneca's Troas,</i>	P. 411
<i>Lyricks to Love,</i>	The

THE TABLE.

The Rape of Philomel. A Paraphrase of Ovid's
 Latin Book.
 The Rape of Philomel. A Paraphrase of Ovid's
 Latin Book.
 An Elegic on the Earl of Rochester.
 On the Coronation of the King and Queen.
 Martial. Lib. 10. Epigr. 47. Vicini dum faci-
 unt deponunt.
 A Poetical Essay upon Mankind. By Mr. William
 Wattle.
 Anacreon. To himself. On his knees.
 Another To his wife. By the same hand.
 Strada's Nightingale.
 A Translation of the fourth Chapter in Seneca's
 Treatise.
 The

THE
PUBLISHER
TO THE
READER.

I have with some pains and trouble collected the following Poems: in which undertaking I have one pretence to your Favour, which is, that I have in the Volumn troubled you with very little of my Own. Amongst such various Hands and Arguments, it cannot be expected that they should all be equally perfect, neither if they were so, would they be so esteemed by Readers of different Palats. It is sufficient that we presume there are none unworthy perusal, and I am certain, none that can give offence to the chastest Ear.

THE PUBLISHER TO THE READER.

I have with some pains and trouble collected the following Poems: in which undertaking I have one pretence to your Favour, which is that I have in the Volume troubled you with very little of my own. Amongst such various Hands and Arguments, it cannot be expected that they should all be equally perfect, neither if they were so, would they be so esteemed by Readers of different Palates. It is sufficient that the Poems there are none unworthily perusal, and I am certain none that can give offence to the chastest Ear.

A
NEW COLLECTION
OF
POEMS.

Written by several Authors.

An ODE Written by Mr. Abraham Cowley
For Her Majesty, Queen so King Charles I.

I.
Come Poetry, and with thee bring along
A rich and painted throng
Of noblest words into my Song;
Into my numbers let them gently flow,
Soft and smooth, and thick as Snow,
And turn the Numbers till they prove
Smooth as the smoothest Sphear above,
And like a Sphear harmoniously move.

II.

Little do'st thou mean Song the Fortune know
That thou art destin'd to;

Or what thy Stars intend to do,
Among a Thousand Songs, but few can be
Born to the Honour promis'd Thee;
Urania's self shall Thee rehearse
And a just Blessing to Thee give;

Thou in her sweet and tuneful breath shall Live.

III.

Her pleasing Tongue with Thee shall freely play,
Thou on her Lips shalt stray,

And dance upon that Rosy way;
What Prince alive, that would not envy Thee!
And think thee higher far than He!

And how wilt Thou Thy Author Crown,
When fair Urania shall be known,

To sing my words, when She but speaks Her own!

The

We teacht sole what we most highly prize

And with our youth our first and best years

In vain our time and strength is lost

THE GROVE.

If our abundance makes us wish for more

How many is the name of Common.

Who rich by Nature (corns superfluous aid)

A Happy Grove! dark and secure retreat,

Of Sacred silence, rests Eternal Seat;

How well your cool and unfrequented shade

Suits with the chafts retirements of a Maid;

Oh! if kind Heav'n had been so much my friend,

To make my Fate upon my choice depend;

All my ambition I would have confin'd;

And only this Elezyum should be mine:

Fond Men by Passion wilfully betray'd,

Adore those Idols which their fancy made;

Purchasing Riches, with our time and care,

We lose our freedom in a gilded Snare;

And having all, all to our selves, refuse,

Oppress'd with Blessings which we fear to use

Fame is at best but an inconstant good,

Vain are the boasted Titles of our Blood;

And

We soonest lose what we most highly prize,
 And with our youth our short-liv'd beauty dyes;
 In vain our Fields and Flocks increase our store,
 If our abundance makes us wish for more;
 How happy is the harmles Country Maid,
 Who rich by Nature scorns superfluous aid!
 Whose modest Cloaths no wanton eyes invite,
 But like her Soul preserves the native white;
 Whose little store her well-taught Mind does
 please,
 Not pinch'd with want, nor cloy'd with wanton
 ease,
 Whofree from Storms which on the great ones
 [fall,
 Makes but few Wishes, and enjoys them all;
 No care but Love can discompose her breast,
 Love of all cares the sweetest and the best; [lye,
 Whil'st on sweet grass her bleating charge does
 Our happy Lover feeds upon her eye;
 Not one on whom or Gods or Men impose,
 But one whom Love has for this Lover chose,
 Under some favourit Mirtels shady Boughs,
 They speak their Passions in repeated Vows,
 And

And whilst a Blush confesses how she burns,
 His faithful heart makes as sincere returns ;
 Thus in the Arms of Love and Peace they lye,
 And whilst they Live, their flames can never dye.

Upon *NOTHING*,
 By the Late Earl of ROCHESTER.

I.

Nothing thou Elder Brother ev'n to Shade,
 Thou hadst a Being, e're the *World* was
 [made,
 And (well-fixt) are alone of ending not afraid.

II.

E're time and place were time and place were
 When *Primitive Nothing*, something strait begot,
 Then all proceeded from the great united-What?

III.

Something, the gen'ral Attribute of all,
 Sever'd from thee, its sole Original.

Into thy boundless self, must undistinguish'd fall.

IV.

Yet something did thy mighty Pow'r command,
 And from thy fruitful emptinesses hand,

Snatcht Men, Beasts, Birds, Fire, Air, and Land.

Matter the wicked'st Off-spring of thy Race,
By form assisted, flew from thy embrace,
And Rebel Light, obscur'd thy reverend dusky face.

VI.

With form, and Matter, time and place did joyn,
Body, thy Foe, with thee did *Leagues* combine,
To spoil thy peaceful *Realm*, and ruine all thy *Line*.

VII.

But Turn-Coat Time, assists the Foe in vain,
And brib'd by thee, assists thy short-liv'd Reign,
And to thy hungry Womb, drives back thy Slaves
(again).

VIII.

Tho' *Misteries* are barr'd from Laick eyes,
And the Divine alone with Warrant pry's,
Into thy Bosome, where thy truth in private lyes.

IX.

Yet this of thee, the wise may freely say,
Thou from the Virtuous, nothing tak'st away,
And to be part of thee, the Wicked wisely pray.

But with what Face, **VX** incline

Great Negatives how vainly would the Wise,
Enquire, define, distinguish, teach, devise,
Didst thou not stand to point their dall **Philosophies**.

XI.

Is, or is not, the Two great ends of Fate,
And true, or false, the subject of debate,
That perfect, or destroy the vast designs of Fate.

XII.

When they have rack'd the Politicians Breast,
Within thy *Bosome*, most securely rest,
And when reduc'd to thee are least unsafe and best.

XIII.

But Nothing, why does something still permit,
That **Sacred Monarchs** should at Council sit,
Which *Persons* highly thought, at best for *Nothing*

(fit.

XIV.

Whil'st weighty Something, modestly abstains,
From Princes *Coffers*, and from *Statesmen* Brains,
And **Nothing** there, like stately *Nothing* reigns.

XV.

Nothing who dwell'st with Fools in grave
disguise,
For whom thy Reverend shapes, and forms
devise,
Lawn-sleeves, and *Furrs*, and *Gowns*, when they
like thee look wise.

XVI.

French Truth, *Dutch Prowess*, *British Policy*,
Hybernians Learning, *Scotch Civility*,
Spaniards dispatch, *Danes Wit*, are mainly seen in

XVII.

[thee.]

The great Mans gratitude, to his best *Friend*,
Court Promises, Whores Vows, towards thee
[they bend,
Flow swiftly into thee, and in thee ever end.

Upon his leaving his Mistress.

By the same Author.

TIs not that I am weary grown,
Of being yours, and yours alone ;

But

But with what Face can I incline,
 To damn you to be only mine?
 You, whom some kinder Pow'r did fashion,
 By merit and by inclination,
 The joy at least of one whole Nation.

Let meaner Spirits of your Sex,
 With humbler aims, their thoughts perplex,
 And boast, if by their arts they can
 Contrive to make one happy Man;
 Whil'st mov'd by an impartial Sense,
 Favours like Nature you dispense,
 With universal Influence.

See the kind seed receiving Earth,
 To ev'ry Grain affords a Birth;
 On her no show'rs unwelcome fall,
 Her willing Womb retains 'em all;
 And shall my *Celia* be confin'd?
 No, live up to thy mind,
 And be the Mistress of Mankind.

Love and Life, a Song by the same Author

ALL my past Life is mine no more,
The flying hours are gone ?

Like Transitory Dreams giv'n o'er,
Whose Images are kept in store,
By Memory alone.

Whatever is to come, is not,
How can it then be mine ?
The present Moment's all my Lot,
And that as fast as it is got,

Phillis is wholly thine.

Then talk not of inconstancy,
False Hearts, and broken Vows,
If I by Miracle can be,
This live-long Minute true to thee,
'Tis all that Heav'n allows.

To fix the Bounds of this Indiscover'd Shore,
 Though with less hopes than they, that sought
 The Larkins Ore,
 To the late Earl of Rochester, upon the
 report of His Sickness in Town, being newly
 Recovered by His Lordships advice in the
 Country. In Allusion to the Ode of Horace.

Heav'n's Masterpiece, Spirit of Soul:
 We need not to the lesser Stars repair,
 By SIR FRANCIS FANE.

What means this tumult in my Veins,
 These echo'd Groans and Sympathetick
 (Pains?)
 Ah cruel Lord, why dost thou wound
 Him whom so late thy pity found?
 Or didst thou spare my Life, that I
 A nobler Death for thee should dy?
 It is not possible, nor just,
 The little Offsprings of the dust,
 The Sun extinct should him survive;
 By whose kind beams they're kept alive;
 Or rather let me dy alone,
 Perish Ten Thousand more,

To spy the Bounds of th' indiscover'd shore,
 Though with less hopes than they, that sought
 [the *Indian* Oar.

How dar'st thou bold disease surprize

The joy, and Glory of our eyes ;

Mankinds delight wits utmost Goal,

Heav'ns Masterpiece, spirit of Soul :

We need thee not to make his Fame more bright

Officious Death, to lesser Stars requir'd ,

Who never shine out clear, but in thy Night

He is all Flame, all Light,

And lives unenvy'd, though by all admir'd :

Free as the Angels in their blest Estate,

What none can reach, there's none will emulate.

Quench *Feaver*, quench thy too presumptuous heat,

Tremble to Ice at so August a name ,

Or if thou need'st wilt be by mischiefs great,

Fire on, and set the World on Flame.

Had credulous *England*, fond of Foreign News,

And from remotest parts the World above,

Receiv'd the *Indian Faith*, which none else does

[refuse,

Did

Did Men believe, that after their remove
From Earth, they should enjoy the Friends they
[Love ;
With all their Wit, their Rhetorick, and sence,
Which with immortal ease they could dispence :
What Crowds would leap into his *Funeral* Pile,
London would desert, Kingless be the Isle ;
The *Strand* instead of Men, would Acrons yield,
White-hall a Meadow be, th' *Exchange* a Field.

To a great Lord, inviting him to Court, or
else to Write a History in the Country. A Pa-
raphrase upon the 12th. Ode of
Horace : l. 2. by the same.

Urge me not to be poorly great,
To steep Ascents in slippery places,
Much less Posterity to cheat
By Histories with *faint* Faces;

Alas !

Alas! I cannot act, nor write,
 Unfit for Counsel, or for Fight;
 Careless what mortal sits above,
 I've full employment in my Love;
 I have no time for publick cares,
 Too busie still to mind such toys,
 Dark Prophecies of State affairs,
 And future fears for present joys:
 Divert me not from my subliment bliss,
 I should destroy a Kingdom for a Kiss.

Ah! my good Lord, would you not lose
 The Incomes of the Golden Isles?
 Tag his Treasures, or Persia's
 For one of my *Lycymia's* Smiles?
 When she her fragrant lips withdraws,

Grants and denies,
 With scornful words, inviting eyes,
 Nor will confine Celestial joys to humane Laws:
 But with her amorous thrust
 Makes me to steal a gust.

Then

Then in a sudden freakish Vein
Invades my hungry lips again,
And finding there her heedless Prey,
Sucks out my Soul, and spirits it away.

Would you not leave the Council board
If she pass by, and gave the word?

And start up in furious mood,
As if 'twere for the publick good;
Quarrel with him that spoke the last,

And leave your well-weigh'd Notes for last;

Throw up the Land to Pope, or Knox,

To Wars, to Famine, Plague, or Pox?

Rather than lose with her one minutes joy,

Where sight alone can fill, fruition never cloy,

Let others spend their lavish days,

Hard Labourers for gawdy praise;

Beg of just Heav'n their Plagues and Pains,

Their painted joys and gilded Chains:

And faintly smile, profoundly grone,

Happy in all thoughts, but their own:

Though

Though all the Charms of Pride advise,
 And Terrors fright from Earth, or Skies;
 Rap'd to *Elyzium* with a strong desire,
 Held fast in Snowy Snares I will expire,
 And still kiss on, were all the world on fire.

To a Perjur'd Mistress; the 8th. Ode of
 Horace, lib. 1. Imitated, by the same.

FAlsest of fair ones, swear again;
 And add to thy Transcending store,
 Of prosperous Perjuries Ten Thousand more,
 Dull Truth becomes thee not, it looks too plain:
 Did Heaven those mortal sins resent,
 But with some Venial Punishment,
 Were the least blemish on thy face,
 One Hair, or Nail out of its place,
 I should believe, but still you rise
 More beautiful by Blasphemies;

By

By Disobedience made divine,
 The more you swear, the more you shine;
 As if the Gods had nought to do,
 But to be wrong'd, and thankful too.
 Then swear, and shine again,
 Let each false Oath augment thy Lovers Train,
 And make this Wonder plain,
 That Mankind never has more Piety
 Than when they least believe their Deity.

A MASK.

Made at the Request of the late Earl of Ro-
 chester, for the Tragedy of *Valentinian*.

The SCENE. *Lucina, Maximus* his Wife,
 sleeping.

Enter *Zephyrus* and *Favonius*, ushering in the
 MOON.

Zephy. **H**ail sacred *Cynthia*, mutable, but chaste
 As the cold Air by which thou art
 embrac'd,

C

Chan-

Changing thy Shape as often as thy Stations
 With new Disguises and false Assignations;
 Or hid in an Eclipses Vizard-Mask,
 Thou cheat'st the Gods in Love's laborious Task.
 Mother of calmest Thoughts and sacred Dreams,
 The Earth's best neighbour, lending thy kind beams
 To plants, to beasts, to men, to grounds, and streams,
 Without whose Influence not a Hair grows well,
 Nor spire of Grass, nor Blood, nor Waves can
 Parent of temp'rate Passions still allay'd (swell;
 By thy decrease, as by thy fulness made.

Fav. Falsly believ'd Sol's Sister, thou'rt his Wife
 Impregnated with fertile Worlds of Life,
 Breeding or teeming still, and bring'st to's Bed
 A new Face every day, a monthly Maiden-head.
Sol that delights in chaste Polygamy,
 Casts fruitful Beams on *Tellus*, and on thee.
 Contented Wives the Earth, and Moon repay
 Light to each other from their Husband's Ray.
 Chaste Relict of the Sun! thou weep'st his Fate
 In dewy Tears, and mak'st him lie in State:

Thy

Thy heavenly Hall with Blacks and Lamps adorn-
 Hid at his Resurrection in the Morning, (ing
 Thy Splendour to thy Husband's Beams resigning,
 And humbly in his Absence only shining.

Proceed, Great Queen, to thy divine Intent,
 Preserve this Loyal Wife, and Crimes prevent.

Sweeping with gentle Gales the *Cyprian* Coast,
 I blow some VVhispers from the heavenly Host.

Hermes and *Venus* were in Consultation
 Upon their flight to the All-conquering Nation.
 'Tis time some powerful God should mischiefs stay,
 VVhen Love and Eloquence are on their way.

The Moon.

Now thrice seven times, since my Increase, have I
 Walk'd round the sleeping World in watchful Sky,
 And summon'd all my twinkling Spies to know
 Th' effects of Passions they impress'd below,

(VVhere we sow joys, & griefs, & hopes, & fears,
 As men sow Herbs and Flowers in their Parterres;
 For Physick some, some planted for Delight,
 (And happy those that know to use them right,)

But have not found a Mortal so oppress,
 Honour pursu'd, and panting in the Breast
 Of this bright spotless Dame, now takes some rest.
 VVell done, good *Somnus*, powerfully repair
 VVith thy chaste *Opiates* that weighty Care
 That friendly Foe frail VVomen cannot spare.
 Ah lovely Face! which justly might excuse
 Thy Prince, if he did beg for a Refuse,
 And tempt thee to the Glory to deny,
 For Vertue brighter shines than *Sol*, or I;
 But he would uncontroul'd do all like us,
 Poor Titular God, and envies *Maximus*.
 Too happy *Maximus*! could Fortune stay,
 And from those dangerous heights not roll away,
 Great Joys are to be fear'd for their Allay.
 But Vertue, Fortune's Queen, preserves entire
 Eternal Rules; bold mortals that enquire,
 Curiously stirring up, put out the holy Fire.
 Safe in those Laws, *Lucina*, might thou rest
 VVith mutual Love, Vertues best safeguard blest:
 But Man, that compound Mortal's ne're secure,
 Whilst Souls are sleepey, and the Flesh impure.
Here,

Here, take these Lillies, arm'd for thy defence ^[Throws down Lillies]
 As white and cold as Snow or Innocence

Steep'd in the Ice-house of the River *Styx*, (mix
 Where *Jove* drinks Healths to strangers when they
 With heavenly Beings, and must cease to know
 Th' uneasy Joys of the poor World below.

Sleep on, fair Saint, with heavenly Visions blest,
 Let no black Dreams defile thy snowy Breast,
 Nor Fiends corrupt thee, tho like Angels drest.

Enter Mercury and Venus.

Mer. Has Flesh and Blood need of a Power divine
 To raise their Sympathy, and make 'em joyn?
 Is't not enough to pimp for sacred *Jove*,
 But every Prince below must have a Love,
 Inflexible to all but Bawds above?

Ven. You run too fast my Agent, *Rome* declines,
 The Eagles mew their wings, which heaven designs
 Shall further fly. The Pilot drunk with Love
 The great Ship runs aground. Shall mighty *Jove*
 Enrich a Prince with all the powerful Charms
 Of Beauty, Wit, and Vertue, Arts, and Arms?

And shall a wretched half-concocted She
 Depose a Demy-God, cramp Victory,
 Rebellious to her Prince, to *Jove*, and Me?
 Destroy an Empire for this monstrous Crime
 'Gainst Honour, only fit for Plays in Rhyme;
 Idle Discourse, not Action, that gay Dame
 For all her shifts of Gawdery, not of Name
 Or Quality in Heaven above: an odious Broker
 Betwixt rich Vertues, Daughters of the Gods,
 And bankrupt Sins the brats of needy Mortals.
 Dost thou, t'assist me, shod with wings repine?
 Thy Master's Credit lies at stake, not mine.

Me. Why, Madam *Venus*, you can take your sport,
 Cuckold your Husband, sing, and dance at Court,
 And like a lazy Lady coach about,
 Whilst I must trudge my Legs and Feathers out.
 My Errands are so quick, my Time so short,
 That I can get no Wife, nor Mistress for't.
 There's ne're a Lawyer, but his venal Tongue
 Is tip'd by me: dark points of right and wrong,

Not

Not obvious to all Hearers, I can clear
 To the doubt-making Judge, tell how, and where
 The puzzled Audience with Contention spent
 A Bribe may safely make a President.
 Never a Tradesman cheats, Sectarist prays,
 Stationer sells, or Poet steals his Plays,
 Rhetorical Fool must prate, or be in Print,
 Insuring Statesman Plot, but *Mercury* is in't.

Ven. I tell thee, *Mercury*, thy Trade's but small
 To mine, that does ingross and swallow all.
 Mine's like the Ocean, whence I took my Birth,
 All streams of Bus'ness crowd from churlish Earth,
 Breaking from Customs bounds and living Graves,
 Seek Liberty in our ungovern'd waves.
 Vices Cabal each other does supply,
 Pride Rapine moves, Rapine feeds Luxury ;
 But all their motions tend to amorous Joy :
 VVhat's more than that, for Mankind is too high.
 What makes the street-bespatter'd Lawyer trudge?
 What oyl's the turn-stile Conscience of a Judge?

They squeeze the juicy Rich, and bruise the Poor,
 Refunding Fees to their more griping Whore.
 When Sisters throng into the Meeting-place,
 I dress up *Cupid* like a Babe of Grace.
 The Teacher is to Repetition brought,
 Swaddled with Neck-cloath, tender, over-wrought,
 Rub'd, and repair'd with Cordials, he becomes
 A secret Morfel for the hallowed Gums.
 If Poets write, and Love be not their Text,
 Nor Women hear them, Fame will leave them next.
 'Tis I that do inspire the Sword or Pill,
 Make Souldiers spare, and make Physicians kill;
 Repairing Murders still with Propagations;
 I root out sapless Plants, but people Nations.
 Beauty's the current Coin that none refuses,
 The Bribe of *Mars*, *Minerva*, and the Muses:
 Love's grown so general, more Gods should be
 To carry on the busie amorous Trade; (made
 'Tis from a liberal Art turn'd a Disease,
 Infecting those that have not Strength nor Ease;
 Each dying Letcher keeps a hungry Female

To gaze upon, and handle, like fine knacks,
 Religious Pictures, pretty Saints in Wax:
 But Flesh and Blood abhors Idolatry,
 By Foot-men eas'd of their Divinity;
 Nay every Porter keeps a Mifs, must wear
 On her gay Limbs, the Labour of a Year.
 I am the Mother of Delights, refreshing
 The weary World with Love, of Pleasures the su-
 Cause Nature highest ends to it assign'd, (preme,
 All others serve but Man, and this Mankind.

Mer. Weak is the power of Wits affected noise
 To the dumb Rhetorick of charming Eyes.
 Goddess you've conquer'd, and it is your Part
 Both to subdue and mollifie her Heart:
 I've tip'd his Tongue with all the charms of Wit,
 Would melt a Rock, d. bauch an Anchorit,
 Calm a tempestuous Sea, tempt a fix'd Star
 From Heaven, or make a Tyger lye in's Lap;
 Make *Cynthia* turn a Whore, or thee a Nun:
 Yet all these words, like ruffling winds, make her

Sit safer in white Robes of Innocence,
 Wrapping them close about her:
 Try if thy sultry amorous Heats can make
 Her throw them off.

Ven. Oh! I have fir'd her Blood, and fill'd her ^{(Mind}
 VVith the *Idea's* of all brave mankind; ^{(ster,}
 To which her Husband seems a Crest-fall'n mon-
 Put Stars into the Emperor's Eyes, soft heavenly
 Into his Limbs, gentle surprizing Vigor, (motions
 VVhich with its smooth and regular Approaches
 VVould make defenceless a rude *Amazon*,
 Or steal into the Trenches of a Vestal.
 'Tis true I never call'd my Son, too sure
 Kings, without *Cupid's* Aid, might Love procure.

Mer. Then call him strait, and let him arm his
 Peirce and repeirce the *Adamantine* Foe Bow,
 With his new Darts whet on *Jove's* Thunder-bolt,
 Feather'd with Sparrows wings, shafted with
 Steep'd in the Blood of Goats, and Lovers tears: ^{(Mirtle}

Barb'd

Barb'd with the Ir'n of Nets which *Vulcan* threw
 On *Mars* and thee, when Gods were call'd to view,
 Sharp as the Tongue of a forsaken Scold,

Ven. Cupid, come down; our Deities controul'd,
 And bring the Quiver *Jove* with Kisses gave thee
 For's New-years-gift, then see who dares out-brave
 (thee.

[*Cupid descends and shoots; the Arrow breaks.*]

Mer. If gentle heavenly Gods cannot reclaim
 The haggard heart of an ill-manner'd Dame,
 Let's ask Advice of Hell's great Lords, to tame]
 The only Woman of this awkward frame.

Ven. Rise *Pluto*, rise, with all th' infernal Powers,
 Proud Mortals learn new Laws, and scoff at ours:
 The Honour of the Gods is now engag'd;
 Ne're Woman was so cool, nor Goddesses so enrag'd.

[*Pluto rises with his Infernal Train.*]

What trifling's this! so many Gods combin'd
 Against a thoughtless, custom-ridden Female,
 Much weaker than the He presumptuous *VV*ight,
*VV*ho only 'cause he prates, and walks upright,
 Va-

Values himself 'bove other Animals,
 VVeaker than Beasts in pleasures and in sense,
 VVeaker in Prudence and his own Defence:
 A god-like Victory, a most celestial Prize,
 To make a Female take her wish'd-for Joys.
 The under-shrubs of Men give VWomen odds;
 Are these Proceedings fit for Kings or Gods?

Ven. If Beauty, VVit, and Greatness she despise,
 What more alluring Baits canst thou devise?

Plu. Must those be courted that are made to
 Who parlies with a Foe that wants a Shield, (yield
 Or asks men leave to do them Courtesies?
 Clients sometimes must force the gap't-for Fees.
 What faintly offer'd, scarce deserves the Thanks
 Of the Receiver: Gratitude t'excite, (weight.
 Press Bounties home, and make men feel their
 Women were made on purpose to be ravish'd,
 Nature had arm'd them else, nor left unguarded
 The Avenues of Love:
 Honour commands an open Citadel, (repell.
 The Traytor makes a show, but can't, nor won't
 Who

Who would stand knocking at an unlock'd Gate?
 Or, who in's Porch can hope to save his Plate?
 For shame dispatch, and disabuse the Prince,
 Give him his Play-thing, he'll be quiet straight,
 The Empire will grow strong, and Armies fight,
 And more Souls tumble to eternal night;
 Ambition damns more Mortals, than Delight.

Mer. Spoke like great *Pluto, Venus*, don't repine
 To lose the Glory, getting your Design.
 The matter lies not what, but how to have,
 What more can Mankind give, or Woman crave?
 None e're was ravish'd, but with close consent,
 Shame makes them sometimes quarrel, ne'r repent.
 Was e're ambitious man forc'd to a Crown,
 Hunger compell'd to feed? Are wearied men
 Said to be robb'd of Burdens? Do I force
 The falling fruit that drops into my hand?

(Pride)

Ven. Oh senseless Males! must Women lose the
 Of Courtship, self-reflexion, Joys beside

Of Dalliance, and the yielding Arts of Love,
 Embrac'd by all, whom their Attractions move?
 Must that rough Sex our tender Breasts invade,
 Without the fawning, and th' indearing Trade,
 Th' Esteem, the Tenderness, the Adoration,
 And take the sacred prize without Gradation
 And due Respect? I hate so hard a Shift.

Mer. Bart'ring makes Love a Bargain, Rape a
 Plainly consenting Women buy delight, (gift,
 Part with their Pride, to please their Appetite:
 A bold Invasion does loath'd Debt prevent,
 Love's sweeter when 'tis given than when 'tis lent.

Plu. Well urg'd, right Apprehensive Lord of
 th' upper house:

Love is the Sauce, but Lust's the wholesome Meat
 Which nicest Stomachs ne're refuse to eat.
 Proud Beggars ne're confess their wants, tho ask'd,
 'Tis decent Charity to steal into
 Their hands an' Alms. If heavenly Arrows fail,
 The Darts of Flesh must the proud Flesh assail;

Which

Which cure by Sympathy the hardest heart,
Like *Pelia's* Spear, both wound and heal the smart.

Mer. to Ven. Fair scornful Dame, great Casuist
in Love,

Raising the price of Lust t'enslave Mankind,
Playing the Whore with Grandeur and Discretion;
Love is a cheat t'ingross in private hands
The staple trade of Lust, meant for the publick,
What you deny is more Mankinds than yours,
A Right no Vestal e're can give away,
A Right inherent, not to be refus'd
Nor limited, 'cause relative to all;
No more than Palates kept from various Tasts,
Iron to one Load-stone, Amber to one Straw.
If I have Title to a common Ground,
Tho 'tis inclos'd within anothers Bound,
All Laws allow free way to fetch my Shares:
But these are double-fac'd terrestrial Cares;
Where right and wrong lye mix'd like Earth and
Water,
Or Fire and Air, none can divide 'em clearly;

Such

Such Rubs stop not the Gods. 'Tis writ above
Great *Valentinian* shall enjoy his Love!

Ven. Well, if I must obey, I'll ne're assist
Such lewd base Acts, nor lend a simp'ring smile,
But when 'tis done, I'll help to reconcile.

Plu. We knew you would be there. Come then,
My Satyrs to prepare the willing Fall, (I'll call
And in lost Dreams preach Honour's Funeral.

Enter Satyrs, and Dance.

From

From Ovid *Amorum*, l. 2. El. 4. and Lucretius l. 4. That he loves Women of
all sorts and fizes.

By Mr. R—

ALL Blots I cannot from my Manners wipe,
Nor say I walk uprightly when I slip:
Press'd with my Thoughts, I to Confession fall,
In pain, and mad, till I lay open all.
I sin, and I repent, clear off the Score,
Then run, like wild, to dip again for more.
I cannot rule my self, like Pinnacle toft,
In storms, the Rudder gone, and Compass lost.
No certain Shape, or Features, stint my Mind,
I still for Love a thousand Reasons find.
Here one commends my Verse; In Equity
If I please her, she surely pleases me.
But if malicious witty things she said,
I think how she wou'd repartee in bed;

D

And

And for the Lashes that her Tongue bestow'd,
 Had I my wish, how I wou'd kiss the Rod.
 If *witless* they, my Heart on Nature doats;
 If *learn'd*, I long to be conferring notes:
 If no great *Sense* or *Pure* the *Damuel* show,
 Still I conclude, she wants it not below:
 The *mild* one stays me with her pouting Lip;
 Yet love a *Shrew*, because she is no *Sheep*.
 I like whom *pious* Education fools;
 Who would not try to put her past her Rules?
 Tho' Look *demure*, her Inclinations swerve,
 And, once let loose, the jiggs without reserve,
 Who *without Flame*, they have the Air of *France*,
 Not *clean*, or *sweet*, are *A la Negligence*.
Sanguine her looks, the Colour high and good;
 For all the rest I trust her Flesh and Blood.
 Here living *Snow* my Passion strangely warms,
 And strait I with her melting in mine arms:
White, *Red*, or *Guinny-black*, or *Gipsy-brown*,
 My dearly well-beloved every one.

If she is *tall*, my Courage mounts as high,
 To stamp some new heroick Progeny.
 If *little*, Oh! how quick the Spirit moves?
 If *large*, who wou'd not reul in what he loves?
 The *Lean* provokes me with her naughty ribs;
 But if she's *plump*, 'tis then my *pretty Fubs*,
 And doubtless, one might truck convenient sport
 With either fat or lean, or long or short.
 The *tripping* Gate so tickles, yet if *wide*
 She steps, Oh! then she swoops me with Stride.
 That *waddle* was a Grace in *Montrespan*,
 These *drowsie Eyes* are perfect C—
 With *yellow* Curles *Aurora* pleas'd her Fop,
 And *Leda* (*Jove* well saw) was *black-a-top*.
 The *black* or *yellow* are alike to me,
 My Love will suit with every History.
 If *Cloe* sing, she, like a *Syrene*, draws;
 If she *sing* not, we kiss without a *pause*:
 I love to rifle amongst *Gems* and *Dress*;
 Yet lumber they, to god-like *Nakedness*.

Buzzards and Owls on special quarry fall ;
 Mine is a *generous* Love, and flies at all.
 I like the *Rich*, 'cause she is pamper'd high,
 And merry *Beggar* love, for Charity ;
Widow or *Wife*, I'm for a Pad that's way'd ;
 If *Virgin*, troth, who wou'd not love a Maid ?
 If she be *young*, I take her in the nick ;
 If she has *Age* she helps it with a trick.
 If nothing charms me in her *Wit* or *Face*,
 She has her Fiddle in some other place.
 Come every *sort* and *size*, the *great* or *small*,
 My Love will find a Tally for 'em all.

The foregoing Elegy, having been publish'd im-
 perfect, is here Printed from the best Copy.

To

TO DOROLISSA,

On her being like my Lord Dorset.

By the same.

Add all to Man that Man's Perfection makes,
 Woman has something still that strangely
 Why run we else, at *Dorolissa's* Call, (takes:
 In Crowds to *Hersham*, and neglect *Copt-Hall*?
 But who cou'd hope, from *Dorset's* Noble Frame,
 To find a Female of the very same;
 Such inward Beauty, and such outward Grace,
 All met again together in one place?
 The same free Looks that no disguises bear,
 The same sweet, generous, Melancholy are?
 That perfect Smile, and that half-bended frown,
 These glances too are *Dorset's* every one:
 Yet Nature, that she might us not perplex,
 The manly Stroaks with finer touches checks,
 In a just Care to the dear fairer Sex.

Nor do their Persons only come so near,
Her Soul's as high, and every way his Peer.

Tho the same mighty Genius so prevails
In one, in one particular it fails.

To all these Gifts of Body and of Mind,
A Conduct thus reserv'd is, oddly, joyn'd :
This suits but ill with the Heroick kind.

Great *Dorset* wou'd his Love communicate,
Not turn away from a warm willing Mate.

Here wou'd we live, nor think of Joys above,
Were you, ah ! were you like him in your Love.

In Imitation of the Song, That I love none.

By OLINDA.

SOME say, I for *Olinda* dye,
My Breast so violent Passion warms,
Most think my hour is scarce so nigh,
But, ah ! these little know her Charms.

My

My Heart all witty fair ones sways;
 And to sad difficulty bring;
 Yet none so cruel quite to slay
 The harmless, poor, good natur'd thing.
 My Heart is Love's mere Tennis ball,
 Here tofs'd, there bandy'd up and down;
 But in good hands if once it fall,
 'Tis lodg'd, 'tis then, for ever, gone.

The PICTURE.

By Mr. Adams.

COME gentle Love, 'tis only thou
 Can'st *Celidia's* Beauties know;
 Thou, for he trusts none but thee,
 Thou my pretty Painter be:
 But no mortal Colours may
 My *Celidia's* form display.
 Fetch me then Love, fetch the same
 Nature uses through this frame.

When she Spring most fain would show,
 Or she paints the watry Bow—
 So, how swift thy Motions be,
 Scaree thy Darts more swift than thee,
 Now first—stay let me see—first try
 Thy matchless Skill upon her Eye;
 Paint it black, and full, and bright,
 Quick, and peircing as the Light;
 Let it sparkle humid Fire,
 Let it languish with desire;
 Yet let a majestick Air
 Mid'st some pretty scorn appear,
 Such as may inspire fear,
 Such as may soft Love inspire,
 Yet chastise too bold desire,
 As may threaten yet invite,
 Temp'ring Terror with Delight.
 Now let's see—well this might do
 Could'st thou paint the Motion too.

Next

Next, let her faultless Nose descend,
 Which Envy, Nature cannot mend,
 But now, gentle Love, oh now!
 Thou thy Skill, thy Art must show:
 Canst thou something here design
 That may Sweetness' breath divine?
 Can'st thou paint thy Mother's Smile
 When she would some God beguile?
 Then might'st thou attempt to feign
 Her well form'd Mouth—Yet then in vain,
 But for once thou shalt be try'd:
 Let the Lip with humble Pride
 Gently swell, in Blushes dy'd
 Of native Purple, and let there
 A perpetual Dew appear,
 Such as flows on opening Roses
 When the Morn their Sweets discloses:
 While Fancy forms in every Kiss,
 Joy, Rapture, and immortal Bliss.

O! still

O! still the Grace, the charming Air,
 The melting Softness, is not there,
 Well, prithee go on, o're her fair Eyes,
 Let her lofty Fore-head rise:
 Like some Hill of Snow, whose height
 Above the Sun outterms his heat.
 Now let on her Cheeks be laid
 Such a White and such a Red,
 As the new-fleece'd Snow does wear,
 Unfulty'd by the neither Air;
 As most sweetly is display'd
 On the poor timorous, wishing Maid,
 Whom some blest Youth does first invade.
 Then let her dishevel'd Hair
 Here curl, and there disappear:
 Here return, then downward stray,
 As it fain would lose its way;
 Black let that be, black, as made
 The beauteous Piece's decent Shade,

As

As if she were enwrap'd in Night
 Thy gentle Season of Delight.
 Then O! then draw her swelling Breast,
 Where Gods, where amorous Gods would rest,
 Yet ne're by Man or God yet prest.
 Let it such motion seem to find,
 As Seas saluted by the Wind,
 Which the lov'd Waves just Kisses o're,
 And whispers Passion to the inclining Shore.
 O Love! methinks this is not well,
 Methinks it does not panting swell;
 Nor is the lovely Mouth the same,
 Nor darts the Eye the well-known Flame.

While thus I spoke, Love angry grew,
 The Tablet tore, and down he threw
 The Pencil, and away he flew.
 Whether the God himself did move,
 And Love did operate on Love;
 So fear'd to stir my rival Flame,
 Should he draw her too much the same:

Or he thought I should vex more
When his Pencil should come lower ;
'Twas that the little God well knew,
The Painter so his Mother drew,
And to the Waste her form did shew :
But then he spread a circling Wave,
As Modesty had made him leave ;
Tho 'tis most sure his Pencil he suppress'd,
Because he never could describe the rest.

A PASTORAL, *Written at Dublin,*
in May 1683.

Coridon. **T** *Hylsis*, since here we be together laid,
Where these kind Trees embraces
(weave a Shade,
Sing gentle Youth, and with some tuneful Lay,
Beguile our Labour, and deceive the day ;
Thelgon will feed our Flocks ; and when they're
Thelgon our Flocks will to the River lead. (fed,

Thyr sis

Thyrsis. O *Coridon*! Who shall presume to sing?
 Who to these Groves shall foreign Numbers
 (bring?
 Where once great *Spenser* did triumphant reign,
 The best, the sweetest, of the inspir'd Train;
 Scarce from the God of Wit such Verse did flow,
 When he vouchsaf'd to follow Sheep below:
 Here sigh'd the love-sick Swain, here fed his Sheep
 Near *Mulla* Stream, whose Waves he taught to
 (weep:
 While hungry 'ft Herds forgot the flowry Meads,
 And the unshorn Hills inclin'd their list'ning
 (Shades;
 Oft as I've heard the Muses hither came,
 The Muses slighted the inspiring Stream,
 Charm'd with the merit of their *Colins* fame:
 While hoarser Goatherds in some wretched strain
 Invok'd the absent Deities in vain.
 Ah! liv'd he now, what Subjects might he chuse,
 The deathless Theams of his immortal Muse,
 Of God-like *Offory* his Song would tell, (he fell.
 How much belov'd he liv'd, how much bewail'd

In War unconquer'd, but betray'd in Peace
By fraud of Death, and snares of a Disease.

Then he'd to late Posterity declare,
How well Great *Arran* did the loss repair;
That when Good *Ormond* would his Age release
In no mean Pleasures, no inglorious Ease,
He with like Vertue rul'd, with like success:
So when old *Atlas* eas'd his stooping Years,
Alcides only could support the Spears.

Well hast thou chose, Great Monarch! well de-
So vast a Burthen for so vast a Mind! (sign'd
He all the worth of his long line does show,
As Rivers largest when they furthest flow;
No false Cabal his Vertue could engage,
Flowing unmix'd through a Rebellious Age,
Unmix'd and pure, as the swift *Rhuedos* take
His liquid way, through dull *Geneva's* Lake,
But whither am I brought by unknown ways,
Forc'd by the mighty Current of his Praise?

Say happy Bard! immortal *Speicher* say!

What numbers wouldst thou choose, what Praise

(display

When of *Armagh* thy mighty Song should be,

Of *Armagh's* Justice and his Piety?

Armagh! who Innocence lectures from wrong,

In whom the poor are rich, the weak are strong,

The Widows Plenty, and the Orphans Song.

Armagh! the good, whom Men and Angels love,

Chief Priest of *Themic*, and Chief Priest of *Jour*:

'Tis he, my much-lov'd *Coridon*! 'tis he, (see

Through whom my Flocks thus wander as you

He too permits my Verse, nor does disdain

The humble Tribute of a grateful Swain.

O could I! could I my low measures raise,

Worthy his Name, and worthy of his Praise!

While weary Flocks rejoic'd in Shades, while

(Showers

Of silent dew reviv'd expiring Flowers,

While breathing VVinds should flow through

Yonder Grove,

And Shepherdesses should submit to Love;

Say

Armagh should be the Universal Theam; (Name;
Our Mountains of themselves should speak his
And all the echoing Plains, th' attentive Woods
Of *Armagh* sing, of *Armagh* all the Floods.

(exceeds
Coridon. Thrice happy Youth, thy Gratitude
The humble measures of our rural Reeds,
O may he oft vouchsafe thy Verse to hear,
When noble Pleasures shall unbend his Care;
But see, the Day Night silently invades,
And the departing Sun doubles the encreasing
(Shades,

Vivamus mea Lesbia, &c. Catull.

By the same.

Let's live, my *Lesbia*, while we may,
In Love let's pass the thoughtless day,
While Impotence and Envy rage
In a severe censorious Age:
Yonder Sun which sets to night,
Returns to morrow with new Light: But

But when once our day goes down;
 All our Mirth, our Joys are gone,
 One small stroak our Hearts will sever,
 And we sleep, we sleep for ever.
 A thousand Kisses then, my Dear,
 A hundred more, may yet I swear
 Another thousand does remain,
 Now the hundred o're again,
 Then another thousand more,
 Then a hundred as before.
 Thus when many thousand past,
 We'll mix, we'll shuffle 'em so last,
 That nor Thou, nor I may know
 What is done, or what to do,
 And no Envy blast our Bliss
 When our Joys are numberless.

SONG.

SONG.

I.

NO faith, No, I will not now;
 Could'st thou not one, not one Repulse allow?
 What a silly Whore art thou? (low?
 Have a care of Care, of dull Permission;
 Women may rule us,
 If they please to fool us,
 Make us sigh, and make us wish on.

II.

I hate the coming Maid,
 Love is by nauseous fondness over-laid,
 Becalm'd as in the Marriage-Bed.
 Give me a bouncing tempestuous Beauty,
 Let her pet and grumble,
 Bite, and toss, and tumble,
 Or I'm flow as Husbands upon Duty.

III.

III.

Call Honour, Fame, and Modesty,
 All the airy Guards of nice Virginity,
 Through all I'de force each Inch of thee,
 Inhance thy self by frequent denial,
 Make us think 'tis somewhat
 We labour so to come at,
 For who, O who would seek it if he knew all?

Parce meo Juveni, &c. Tibullus.

SPare gentle Beast! ah, spare my lovely Boy,
 Whether thou dost the Hill or Plain enjoy!
 Do not! ah do not thy sharp Tusks prepare
 For fierce Encounters and relentless War!
 Thou gentle Love, his faithful Guardian be!
 Thou gentle Love, preserve him safe to me!
 Curst be the Dogs, curst be the woody shade
 Whose solitary Pleasure can persuade
 To follow Beasts, and fly a dying Maid?

II.

E 2

What

What Fury is't? Ah! what is thy Design!
 While thou the nets round some rough Hill dost
 gain,
 To hunt those Hands, those tender Hands of
 thine;

Where is the Pleasure of the surest Trace,
 While the hook'd Thorns those snowy Legs
 (deface.

But yet, so I my self might wander too,
 So I with thee my lovely Youth might go,
 My self secure of any future fear,
 O're craggy Rocks the twisted Nets would bear;
 My self the Fleetest Deer would nimbly trace,
 And the swift Dogs uncouple for the Chase;
 Then, you blest Woods, O then ye'd please me
 If I might with my lov'd *Cherynthus* go. (too)
 If in your amorous encircling Shade
 We might together by the Toils be laid,
 Then should the Beast securely march away,
 We'd only be our selves each others Prey,
 No care of sport, the Boar should then destroy
 The sweet Perfection of our eager Joy;

Then

Then should'st thou have no other Love but me,
 As I would only sigh and burn for thee;
 That so my Dear, after *Diana's* Law, (draw.
 With a chaste hand thou might'st the chaste net
 Yet if by cunning stealth some Rival Maid
 Should the soft Pleasures of my Love invade,
 May some unknown misfortune meet her, may
 She suddenly become some wild Beasts prey.

But thou, fair Youth, such rough Delights for-
 And let thy Father of the Chase take care: (bear,
 Thou softer Pleasures follow, Thou and I,
 And quickly to my Bosom, quickly fly.

A Translation out of Statius.

TO SLEEP.

(please?
WHat horrid Crime did gentle Sleep dis-
 That he refuses me the common ease
 Of Bird and Beast? nay, ev'ry breeding Tree
 Seems but to nod with Sleep to waking me.

Fierce Rivers softly glide, Seas faintly roar,
 And roul themselves asleep upon the Shore.
 Seven times the Moon has measur'd out the night,
 Seven times my Eyes out-watch'd her borrow'd
 (Light.

The shining Stars, as in their Orbs they move,
 As oft have seen me waking from above.
 Still my Complaints reviv'd, *Aurora* hears,
 And mov'd with Pity, baths me with her Tears.
 How will my Strength to bear my Grief suffice?
 Like *Argus*, I have not a thousand Eyes,
 That may alternately their watching take,
 His Body never was all o're awake.
 Perhaps some amorous Youth kind Sleep denies
 To lodge, at present, in his wanton eyes:
 With waking Arms he clasps the yielding Dame,
 And quits his Rest to ease a restless Flame.
 Let the ill-treated God take Wing to me
 Who have so long beg'd for his Company;
 I will not ask him a whole Night to stay,
 A happier Man must for that Blessing pray,
 Let him but call upon me in his way.

The ATHEIST,

I.

Great knowing Hero ! Who dares boast
A Conquest o're the Lord of Host !

Thou wear'st a Soul that scorns to be
Corrupted with the Notion of a Deity ;

Thou know'st this World was made by
In thy eternal Atoms lucky Dance, (chance,

That in their heedless motion hit
At last on thee, thou mighty Man of Wit.

Thy shuffl'd Atoms that thus joyn'd,

And to make a World combin'd,

By the last Trumps inliv'ning sound (round;
Shall be without blind chance call'd from the world

And when they're all together met,

Shall the Agony beget,

Then thou shall be

Rebuilt to an Eternity

Of still beginning misery,
And thy great Nature too shall fall like thee;

II,

Nature, God's Steward, only can disburse
Events which he before ordain'd,
And uncontroul'd ne're govern'd us,
But like the Causes too is chain'd.
If God from Nature should withdraw his hand,
The feeble *Atlas* reels, and cannot stand.

III.

Proud Fool! recant thy vain Philosophy
That of thy God so long has cousin'd thee:
Thy pinion'd Reason, Flesh with Faith and Soar
Above thy Reason, Nature's God t'adore;
This will correct thy Reason and thy Pride,
And shew thee the Eternal, crucified;
Tho' you before did think his Blood did never
But in a Picture from his Side; (glide
And that God only in a pious Romance dy'd.

This surely, Lord, thy Torments must renew,
And crucifie thy God-head too:

For 'tis a double Pain
To dye for Man that will an Infidel remain.

A Pastoral Reflexion on Death.

Strephon and Damon.

Beneath a gloomy Yew's unhealthy Shade,
Whose noxious Coverts shun'd by Bird and
(Beast,
The wretched *Damon* lay, with Arms a-cross
His labouring Breast, quick like a sickly Pulse,
His Heart with Passion seem'd to throb and beat.
From's half-clos'd eyes there stole a falling tear
Along the fallow Furrows of his Cheeks,
The deep ingraven Characters of Grief.
The Pipe which he with tuneful Breath inspir'd,
And

And made the vocal Organ of his Lays,
 Lay broke, and silent by, the dire effect
 Of raging Sorrow, for in that was lost
 The Wonder and Delight of all the Plains.
 As *Strephon* chanc'd to shape his course that way,
 In quest of two lost Ewes that lately stray'd,
 He spy'd the Shepherd stretch'd upon the ground.
 Amaz'd at the sad Spectacle of War,
 He silent stood, then *Damon*, *Damon*, cry'd.
 Being thus provoked, he rais'd his giddy Head,
 That strait recoil'd, and gently sunk to rest;
 At last, with's Elbow pillow'd from the ground,
 He gave attention to his speaking Friend.

Strephon.

What makes my *Damon* secretly retire,
 Resolv'd in private to possess his Grief,
 When *Damon's* Sheep require their *Damon's* care?
 Last night I heard the Wolves run howling by,
 That with fierce eyes devour'd all our Flocks:
 Their Fear above their Hunger scarce prevail'd,

For

For two Lambs in my view they almost seis'd.
 In yonder Village too I heard this day,
 That Thieves have basely visited our Folds.
 Rise *Damon*, rise, and leave thy Cares behind.

Damon.

All this cannot provoke my Diligence,
 For fear more rav'nous Wolves have seis'd on me,
 And make my panting heart their wretched prey
 That vainly strives to shift the cruel Pain.
 My Breast was ne're infested with wild care
 As long as dear *Mirtillo* liv'd, whose Charms
 Cou'd calm the roughest Tempests of my Mind.
 A discontinued Sun-shine I enjoy'd
 Till dear *Mirtillo* set in his dark Grave.
 Now there's no lucid Interval of Peace,
 Or pause of Quiet to my troubled Mind.
 Sad Death must be the Period of my Woe
 And Life, then *Damon*, like *Mirtillo*, dye.

Strephon.

Strepson.

Thy Soul, fond Shepherd, is with Passion craz'd,
 And thy distemper'd Reason falsely takes
 The dreadful King of Terrors for thy Friend.
 Shou'd he but lay his icy hand on thee,
 Affrighted Nature would recant the Wish,
 Which you in trouble made with too much haste;
 And like the Grass before the Mowers Sythe,
 Wou'd, bending, try to 'scape the fatal stroke.
 If Death's so pleasant, why shou'd you lament
Mirtillo's Fate?

Strepson.

Because the lowly Youth
 Wou'd willingly have suffered tedious Life.
 The strong Convulsions of his Friendship were
 More fierce than the last Agonies of Death:
 His parting Soul by ling'ring here below,
 Did seem to catch at Life to stay with me,
 But when resistless Fate had summon'd him,

He

He kindly fix'd his closing Eyes on mine,
 Then beckon'd me to follow to the Grave.
 This makes me think 'tis no hard task to dye;
 For harmless Shepherds, whose unspotted Lives
 Are innocent as are the Flocks they feed:
 Fear is but the Result of Guilt.

Strepson.

I know

Death has his Terrors chiefly from our Crimes,
 And Virtue can disarm the gasty Foe;
 Yet Nature too still fears to be dissolv'd,
 Like tender Lambs that dread the Butchers Knife
 Although they nothing fear beyond the Blow.
 For who can boast a perfect Innocence,
 Or run the nimble Race of humane Life
 Always along a spotless milkey way?
 There's no such Path but in the Heavens above,
 Which we at parting time so plainly see.
 Methinks I quiver whilst I talk of Death,
 Being almost frighted with my own Discourse.

He

Thus

Thus I anticipate the fatal hour
 That must snatch me from chaste *Dorinda's* Arms,
 And the dear pledges of our mutual Love.
 When I am dead, who'll teach my lovely Boys
 To use the Hook, or help the labouring Ewe.
Dorinda, Boys, and Sheep, must all
 Be left a Prey to Man, that unto Man
 Proves the most savage Wolf, the strong
 Worry the weak, remorseless Avarice,
 Urging the hungry Miser to oppress;
 And wild Ambition treads upon the Poor,
 Its footing sure, and that which will subvert
 The ill-laid Greatness of aspiring Man.
 Such Thoughts as these *Mirtillo* had, when Life
 Did, as you say, seem pleasing to the Youth.

Damon.

Why wou'd you abrogate my firm Resolve,
 And with these Fears repeal the thoughts of
 (Death?
 Did you but know how sweetly they repose
 On Beds of Earth that are lodg'd under ground,

Un-

Unintercepted Rest they all enjoy,
 And with the wants of Life are blest by Death :
 They but retreat to a far greater World.
 For how few tread the Surface of the Globe,
 Compar'd to crowding Colonies that Fate
 Sends daily to the Bowels of the Earth,
 That has been peopling ever since old time,
 Commenc'd the subterranean Universe,
 Still gapes to swallow down the upper World.
 But when my *Body's* earthen Pitcher's broke
 By Nature's stroke of Fortune's random blow ;
 My Lord, like *Gideon's* Lamp from his crack'd urn,
 Shall Death's black Night turn to eternal Day ;
 For all the Spots of my poor sullied Soul
 Shall be wash'd off by Heav'n's eternal Lamb,
 Whose tender Veins spouted a Bath of Blood,
 The sacred Laver of all faithful Swains.

Strophon.

When you shall tread the confines of the Grave,
 And your Soul is to a strange somewhere bound,

(For

(For Nature still will combat lively Faith)
 'Tis great relief to have such cheerful hopes
 That will repress the horrors of the Mind :
 We only by the Opticks of our Faith
 Can travel to the promis'd Land above.
 Yet we must not precipitate our Fate, (pray,
 But wait Heav'n's Pleasure, therefore (Damon)
 For my sake live to night, to morrow dye.

*Horatii Ode 28. Lib. 1. Persicos Odi puer
 apparatus, &c.*

THE *Persian* Bravery I hate,
 Boy ! I will not drink in state.
 No Roses 'bout my Temples twine,
 Seek no late Rose, but rosie Wine :
 But be sure, get the Myrtle Tree,
 For that becomes both thee and me,
 When underneath the Mother Vine
 I enjoy her Daughter, *Wine.*

Horatii Epod. 1. ad Populum Romanum;

Quoquo Jcelesti ruitis? &c.

W Hither d'ye rush with impious haste?
 Or why d'ye try to fit
 To your right-hands your well-sheath'd Swords,
 More Murders to commit?
 How long is't since each Field and Stream
 Did flow with *English* Blood?
 O! can they both so quickly thirst
 For such another Flood?
 Against the purse-proud *Hollander*
 Turn your unnatural Rage;
 Or, if you want a nobler Prey,
 The warlike *French* engage:
 Who eagerly do long to see
 You fall by your own hand,
 They covertly keep you in pay
 To ruine your own Land.

A salvage Madneſs yet unknown

To the wild Welf or Bear,
Lyon on Lyon ne're does prey,

All Beaſts their kind do ſpare.
Is it blind Fury, or hard Fate,

That makes you diſagree?
Or is it ſome unpuniſh'd Crime?

Pray, Country-men, tell me.
Silent with Shame, they all wax pale,

Amaz'd with Guilt they ſtand;
But I have found why angry Heaven

Has Curſ'd our native Land:
Great *Charles* his Blood muſt be reveng'd,

Juſt Heaven has ſo decreed;
For ſuch a murder'd Monarch's Death

A Nation ought to bleed.

The

The FLY.

By P. Ayres, Esquire.

*Thus from the Wine-Pot cry'd the Fly,
To the Frog of the Pool who sat croaking by,
Rather than lead such a Life as thine,
I'd be stop'd in a Cask, and dye in Wine.*

I.

WATER I cou'd ne're endure,
Tho ne're so chryftalline and pure :

Water's a Murmurur, and they
Design more Mischief than they say.

Where Rivers smoothest are, and clear,

There's the Danger, there's the Fear ;

But I'll not grieve to dye in Wine,

The Name is sweet, the sound divine.

Thus from the Wine-Pot, &c.

II.

Dull Fish in Water live we know,
 And such insipid Souls as thou,
 While to sip of the Grape so merrily fly
 Many, many, such pretty Birds as I.
 'Tis Wine makes me gay, as the flowers after rain,
 It purifies my Blood, and inspires my Brain:
 And when the *Tory-Boys* so merrily Sing,
 I joyn in the *Chorus*, and Buz for the King.

Thus from the Wine-Pot, &c.

III.

I am more belov'd than thou can'st be,
 All Creatures shun thy Company.
 Unbid, go I to each jolly Feast,
 Where I stay for no Grace, but fall on the best:
 Thus while I feed and quaff the choicest Wine,
 On Puddle-water thou dost dine; (thing.
 Which makes thee such a phlegmatick croaking
 Learn to drink Wine, thou Fool, and sing.

Thus from the Wine-Pot, &c.

IV.

To be stop in a Cask thou wouldst never repine,

As Clarence the Poet would have thee.

In Gardens I delight to stray,

Amongst the Planters sing and play ;

Thy Tune no Mortal does avail,

Thou art the Dutch-man's Nightingale.

Would'st thou with Wine but wet thy Throat,

Sure thou would'st leave that dismal Note :

Lewd Water has spoil'd thy Organs quite,

And Wine alone can set them right.

Thus from the Wine-Par, &c.

No Comrades hast thou save Newts and Frogs,

Thy Rendezvous Saw-pits, old Ditches, and Bogs ;

While to Cities and Courts my Passage is free,

Wine makes me an Insect of Quality !

Thou Splematick Wight, did'st thou once but
know

What Transports the Juice of the Grape does
bestow,

To be stopt in a Cask thou would'st never repine,
As Clarence the Peer was in Muscadine.

Thus from the Wine-Pot, &c.

To the NIGHTINGALE.

By the same.

Why, little Charmer of the Air,
Dost thou in Musick spend the Morn,
While I thus languish in Despair,
Opprest by Cynthia's Fate and Scorn?
Why dost thou sing to hear me cry,
Wanton Songster, tell me why?

Will these small Organs never Tire?
Nature did these Shades prepare
Not for thy Musick, but my Care.
Then why wilt thou persist to sing,
Thou beautiful malicious thing.

When

When kind *Aurora* first appears,
She weeps in pity to my Tears.

If thus thou think'st to bring Relief,

Thou never knew'st a Lover's Grief.

Why little Charmer, &c.

II.

Then feather'd Atom, where in thee

Can be compriz'd such Harmony?

In whose small Fabrick does remain

What Composition can contain,

All Grievs but mine are at a stand

When thy surprizing Tunes command.

How can so small a Pipe and Throat

Express so loud and sweet a Note?

Thou hast more various Points at will,

Than *Orpheus* had with all his Skill.

Why little Charmer, &c.

Great to the Ear, the small to sight,
 The happy Lovers dear delight,
 Fly to the Bow'r where such are laid,
 And there bestow thy Serenade;
 But from my Sorrow haste away,
 Alas! there's danger in the stay;
 Lest hearing me too oft complain,
 Should make thee change thy cheerful strain.
 Then timely from my Griets remove,
 Thou harmless Syren of the Grove,
 Cease pretty Charming of the Air,
 No more in Music spend the Morn
 With me that languish in Despair,
 Opprest by Crows and Hate and Scorn.
 Then do not that poor Boon deny,
 I ask but Silence while I dye,

To the WINDS,

That has with Love enflam'd my Breast,

And whisper softly in my Ear

'Tis she has rob'd my soul of Rest:

Express (if possible) such means

YE Winds, that in your hasty flight

Just kiss the Leaves, and then away,

The Leaves that tremble with delight,

And murmur at so short a stay:

Stop here, and ere you further go

Give Audience to a Lover's Woe.

Which cunningly misleads the ear

Condoling Air! to thee I speak,

Since she is deaf to all my Grief,

She that caus'd my Heart to break

You never wrong'd, yet bring Relief.

OI'm sure you grieve to hear my Pain,

For when I sigh, you sigh again.

Go gentle Air, fly to my Dear,
That has with Love inflam'd my Breast,
And whisper softly in her Ear,

'Tis she has rob'd my Soul of Rest:

Express (if possible,) such moans

May imitate my dying Groans.

Just kiss the Leaves and then away,

The Leaves that tremble with delight,

Then with a rougher Breath make bold

To rob the Treasures of her Hair,

'Till thou dost ev'ry Curl unfold,

Which cunningly men's Hearts ensnare.

Try all thy Skill to break the Net,

Till I, like thee, my Freedom get.

On
For when I sigh, you sigh again,
I'm sure you grieve to hear my Pain,
You never wrong'd, yet bring Relief.

With that Conceit the drop'd into the Well,

But never d there lost Accents as the fell :

On a NIGHTINGALE that
was drown'd.

By the same.

Upon a Bough hung trembling o'er a Spring,
Sate *Philomel* to ease her Grief, and sing,
Tuning such various Notes there seem'd to nest
A Quire of little Songsters in her Breast :
Pleas'd Eccho at the close of every Strain,
Return'd the Musick Note for Note again.
The jealous Bird who ne'er had Rival known,
Not thinking the sweet Accents were her own,
So fill'd with Emulation grew, that she
Express'd her outmost Art and Harmony ;
Till, as she eagerly her Conquest try'd,
Her shadow in the Stream below she spy'd,
Then heard the Waters bubbling, but mistook,
And thought the Nymphs were laughing in the
Brook.

With

With that Conceit she drop'd into the Well,
But utter'd these soft Accents as she fell :

*Not Tereus self e're offer'd such a wrong :
Nymphs, take my Life since you despise my Song.*

Love's new Philosophy.

By the same.

WHo'er a Lover is of Art,
May come and learn of me
A new Philosophy,

Such as no Schools did e're impart,
Love all my other Notions does controul,
And reads these new strange Lectures to my
(Soul.

II.

This God who takes delight to lye,
 The Truth of former days defames,
 And *Aristotle* blames,
 Concluding all by Subtilty;
 Whilst with such Art his Syllogisms are made,
 As *Solomon* himself could ne're evade;

III.

So wond'rous is his Craft and Skill,
 His painted Reasons serve as Darts,
 To pierce Mens Intellects and Hearts,
 All Maxims he destroys at Will:
Plato he blinded so, he made him think
 'Twas Water, when he gave him Fire to drink;

IV.

That Water can extinguish Fire
 Past Ages did allow,
 Love contradicts the notion now,
 And says, it makes his Flames rage higher:
 Which

Which truth my self have prov'd for many years,
Wherein I've wept whole Deluges of Tears.

When Soul and Body separate,

'Tis said, the Man forthwith must dye ;

This Maxim too I must deny,

My Soul's with her who rules my Fate ;
Yet still my Organs move, a Proof to give,
That Soul and Body can divided live.

V I.

Remove the Cause, Effects will cease ;

This was an Axiom too,

Which to my Grief I find untrue.

Cynthia robs my Soul of Ease :

Yet when this fair Disturber of my Peace
Is farthest from me, then my Pains encrease.

V I I.

In Love, Extreams themselves are joyn'd,

Joy and Sorrow of my Breast

Together stand posselt,

And vex with Civil VVar my Mind.

Thus

Thus when I view the Source of all my Wrong,
~~I sigh my Musick, mix with Tears my Song.~~

: A C V I L I C

VVhilst in this Torment I remain,

To be and not to be

No longer is a Mystry ;

I dye to Joy and live to Pain.

Thus, without Paradox, I may be said . W T

To be and not to be, alive and dead.

I X.

Now, go my Song, — yet shun the Eyes

Of such as never felt Love's Flame :

And if my *Cynthia* blame

Thy Arguments as Sophistries,

Tell her, this is Love's new Philosophy,

VVhich none can understand but such as try.

CYNISCA:

The fourteenth Idyllium of Theocritus
imitated.

By W. Bowles, Fellow of Kings Coll. Cambr.

Thyonicus, Æschines.

OH, how does my dear *Æschines*! Oh how!
Some Care, my Friend, sits heavy on thy
(Brow,

Æschines.

Cynisca, Friend, Has shown the Friend confest,
And Peace and Joy are banish'd from my Breast.

Thyonicus.

Hence this wild look, and this distracted Air,
Staring your Eyes, your Face o're-grown with
(Hair)

Just

Just such a roffe, *Cynisca* here arriv'd,
 Some new Enthusiast sure, or Flood reviv'd;
 With such a Meen he came, with such a Grace,
 So long his Beard, so dry, so pale his Face.

Aschines.

(Such was the Law) each did his Mistress name:

You, Sir, are merry; but alas! I find,
 No Cure, no Ease, to my distemper'd Mind.

I rave, am by a thousand Furies tost,
 And call in vain my Reason in my Passion lost.

Return'd, Oh Friend, I over by!

Thyonides.

Guess if my Rage, with Vine enflam'd, grew
 I always knew you jealous and severe;
 But does *Cynisca's* Falshood plain appear?

When I saw Name *Aschines* her guilty Soul,

Flow down her Cheeks the liquid Clotes did tell!
 'Twas my ill fate, or chance, some Friends to
 treat

With richest Wines, the Board was crown'd
 with choicest Meat;

But fair *Cynisca* most adorn'd the Feast,
 In all the Charms of Art and Nature drest.

Cynisca all our ravish'd Senses fed,
 We gaz'd, and we ador'd the lovely Maid:
 With Wine and Beauty all our Hearts were fir'd,
 And *fan Cynisca* still new Joys inspir'd.
 Now Healths we drank, and as the Glasses came,
 (Such was the Law) each did his Mistress name:
 Charming *Cynisca* too at last was prest
 To name the Lover in her favour blest.
 A Woman, sure, she hop'd, might be excus'd!
 The more they urg'd her, she the more refus'd.
 Refus'd, Oh Friend, and I her Lover by!
 Guess if my Rage, with VVine enflam'd, grew
 Silent she sat, and with her Eyes deny'd; (high.
Lycus is Handsome, Tall, and Young, they cry'd!
 When *Lycus* Name but touch'd her guilty Soul,
 How down her Cheeks the liquid Globes did roul!
 Confus'd her Look, while Shame and Guilt apace
 Shifted the whole Complexion of her Face.
 Gods! with what rage was my rack'd Soul sur-
 My Curse, my Ruine, am I then despis'd? (priz'd!

Ingrateful and Inhumane Thou ! begone,
 Go hug the Man whose Absence you bemoan !
 No more will I, deluded by your Charms,
 Cherish an absent Mistress in my Arms.
 Swiftly, as Swallows to their Nest, she fled,
 When unflinch'd Young Iye gaping, and unfeel'd !
 Swiftly she fled, with my Embraces cloy'd,
Lycus she long had lov'd, and long enjoy'd.
 A publick Jest, and known to all alas !
 (The Cuckold last perceives his own disgrace)
 Yet once a Friend accus'd the guilty Maid,
 And to my Ears unheard the fatal News con-
 For I, a much abus'd, deluded Sor, (wey'd !
 The matter we're examin'd, or forgot.
 Now, undisturb'd, unrival'd *Lycus* reigns,
 Enjoys his Conquest, and derides my Pains.
 Two Months are past, since unregarded I
 In a deserted Bed, and hopeless, lye.
 Long with the mighty Pain oppress'd, I strove,
 But ah ! what Remedy for injur'd Love !

In vain I struggle with the fierce Disease,
 The fatal Poison does my Vitals seize;
 Yet *Damon* did from Travel find Relief,
 And Absence soon remov'd the raging Grief.
 In Fires like mine successless *Damon* burn'd,
 Diseas'd he parted, and he sound return'd.
 I too th' uncertain Remedy will try,
 And to less cruel Seas and Rocks will fly.

! elals lla o' a woud bus , jse[building A
Thyonitum.

For *Flanders* then, since you'r resolv'd, prepare,
Flanders, the Scene of Glory and of War!
 Or, if a better choice and nobler Fire
 Does greater Arms, and greater thoughts inspire,
Hungarian Rebels, and Unchristian Foes,
 'Tis a vast Field of Honour Friend, oppose.
 By God-like *Poland* born, and *Lorraine* soon
 The Cross shall triumph o're the waning Moon.
 There you the cruel ravage may admire,
 And *Austria* desolate by Barb'rous fire,

May curse the dire Effects of civil Rage;
 Oh in what Ills Religion can engage!
 There, fore with Horror your diverted Mind
 Some Truce may with this smaller Passion find.

Aeschines.

Cynisca, oh unkind! farewell, I go,
 By thee condemn'd to distant Countries know;
 I go, where Honour, and where Dangers call,
 From a less barb'rous Foe to tempt a nobler Fall.

Written May
 23. 1684.

Sapho's Ode out of Longinus.

By the same.

THE Gods are not more blest than he,
 Who fixing his glad Eyes on thee,
 With thy bright Rays his Senses chears,
 And drinks with ever thirsty ears.

The charming Musick of thy Tongue,
 Does ever hear, and ever longs
 That sees with more than humane Grace,
 Sweet smiles adorn thy Angel Face.

II.

But when with kinder beams you shine,
 And so appear much more divine,
 My feeble sense and dazl'd sight,
 No more support the glorious light,
 And the fierce Torrent of Delight.
 Oh! then I feel my Life decay,
 My ravish'd Soul then flies away,
 Then Faintness does my Limbs surprize,
 And Darkness swims before my Eyes.

III.

Then my Tongue fails, and from my Brow
 The liquid drops in silence flow,
 Then wand'ring Fires run through my Blood,
 And Cold binds up the stupid Flood,
 All pale, and breathless then I lye,
 I sigh, I tremble, and I dye.

Ode 13. of the Fourth Book of Horace.

L *Yce*, the Gods have heard my Pray'r,
Lyce the proud, the charming, and the
Lyce is old ! tho wanton, still, and gay, (fair,
 You laugh, and sing, and play. (fire,
 Now Beauty fails, with Wine would raise de-
 And with your trembling Voice would fan our
 (dying fire.

II.

In vain ! for Love long since forsook
 Thy snowy Hair, thy falling Teeth, and wi-
 He *Chia's* blooming Face (thering Look;
 Adorns with ev'ry Grace,
 Her Wit, her Eyes, her every Glance are darts,
 That with resistless force invade our Hearts.

III.

Not all your Art, nor all your dress,
 (Tho grown to a ridiculous excess,
 Tho you by Lovers spoils made fine,
 In richest Silks, and Jewels shine,
 And with their borrow'd light
 Surprize the dazzl'd sight)
 Can your fled Youth recall, recall one day
 Which flying Time on his swift wings has born
 away.

IV.

Ah! where are all thy Beauties fled, (Maid
 Where all the charms that so adorn'd the tender
 Ah! where the nameless Graces that were
 In all thy motions, and thy mien! (seen
 What now, oh! what is of that Lyce left,
 By which I once was of my Sense and of my Soul
 (bereft!

V.

The immortality of Poets
Of her, who with my *Cynara* strove
And shar'd my doubtful Love!

Yet Fate, and the last unrelenting hour
Seiz'd her gay Youth, and pluck'd the springing
But angry Heaven has reserv'd thee (flow'r.

That you with rage might see,

With rage might see your Beauties fading
Glory fly,

And your short youth, and tyrannous Pow'r be-
fore you dye.

VI. A 'd in it, A 'd in it, A 'd in it

That your insulting Lovers might return
Pride for your Pride, and with retorted Scorn

Glut their Revenge, and satiate all their Pain;

With cruel pleasure, and with sharp disdain
Might laugh, to see that fire which once so burn'd,
Shot such resistless Flames, to Ashes turn'd.

such little things I scorn, I noly aim

At that which may secure a lasting Fame,

The
Old

The Immortality of Poësie.

By Mr. Evelyn.

TO ENVY.

Ovid. Amor. Lib. 1. Eleg. 15.

EWY, how dar'st thou say that I in vain
Have spent my years, or with false Names
The sacred Product of my fertile Brain? (profane

'Tis true, in th' Art of War I am not skill'd,
No Trophies did I e're attempt to build
By gaining grinning Honour in the Field.

I never try'd to learn the tedious Laws,
Or sought in pleading of a desp'rate Cause,
To sell my Breath for Int'rest or Applause.

Such little things I scorn, I nobly aim
At that which may secure a lasting Fame,
And through the World immortalize my Name.
Old

Old *Chancer* shall, for his famous *Style*,
Be read, and prais'd by warlike *Britains*, while
The Sea enriches, and defends their *Isle*.

While the whole Earth resounds *Eliza's* Fame,
Who aw'd the *French*, and did the *Spaniards* tame,
The *English* will remember *Spencer's* Name.

While *Flatterers* thrive, and *Parasites* shall dine,
While *Commonwealths* afford a *Carline*,
Laborious Johnson shall be thought divine.

Thee *Shakespear* Poets ever shall adore,
Whose wealthy Fancy left so vast a store,
They still refine thy rough but precious Ore.

So long shall *Cowley* be admir'd above
The Croud, as *David's* troubles pity move,
Till Women cease to charm, and Youth to love.

While we the Fall of our first Parents grieve,
And worship him who did that Fall retrieve,
Milton shall in majestic Numbers live.

Dryden will last as long as Wit and Sense,
 While Judgment is requir'd to Excellence,
 While perfect Language charms an Audience.

As long as Men are false, and Women vain,
 While Gold continues to be Vertues bane,
 In pointed Satyr *Wickenty* shall reign.

When the aspiring *Grecian* in the East,
 And haughty *Philip* is forgot i'th' West,
 Then *Leg* and *Ottway* Works shall be suppress.

While Fathers are severe, and Servants cheat,
 Till Bawds and Whores can live without deceit,
Sydley, and easie *Etheridge* shall be great.

Stones will consume, Age will on Metals prey,
 But deathless Verse no time can wear away;
 That stands the shock of years without decay.

When Kingdoms shall be lost in Sloth & Lust,
 When Treasures fail and glorious Arms shall rust,
 Verse only lifts it self above the dust.

Come bright *Apollo* then, let me drink deep
 Of that blest Spring thou dost for Poets keep
 While in ignoble ease the *World's* asleep.
 Let wreaths of tender *Myrtle* crown my head,
 Let me be still by anxious Lovers read,
 Envy'd alive, but honour'd when I'm dead.
 Till after Death, Desert was never crown'd,
 When my *Ashes* are forgotten under ground,
 Then my best part will be immortal found.

Out of Martial. Libl 8. Epigr. 56.

Temporibus nostris Ætas.

By the same.

All other Ages since our Age excels, (I wells,
 And conquering *Rome* to so much greatness
 You wonder what's become of *Maro's* Vein,
 That none write Battels in so high a strain.

Had

Had *VV* its Patrons *Flaccus* now a days
 As once it had, more would contend for Praise;
 Thy *Fidus* would a mighty Genitor raise
 When *Virgil* was oppress'd by civil hate,
 Robb'd of his Flocks, and strip'd of his Estate.
 In *Tyrus*' drefs beneath a Beech he late.
 VVeeping in shades thus was the Poet found,
 Till brave *Marcus* rais'd him from the Ground:
 Knowing that wane would greatest Minds betray,
 He fear'd a Muse so God-like should decay,
 And drove malicious Poverty away.

Freed from the want that now oppresses thee,
 Thou shalt for ever Prince of Poets be.
 In all my Pleasures thou a part shalt bear,
 Thou shalt with me my dear *Alexis* share.
 The charming Youth stood by his Master's board,
 And with his Iv'ry hands black Falern pour'd;
 VVith rose Lips each Cup he first assay'd,
 Off such a Draught *Jove* would himself be glad,
 And for *Alexis* change his *Ganymed*.

Down

Down go the rude *Bucolicks* on the Floor,
 Of Bees, and Harvest, now he writes no more,
 Whose humble Muse had sung the Grear when
 Strait he exalts his Voice to Arms, & Kings, (poor
 The *Roman* story, and his Hero sings.
 Mean thoughts upon a narrow Fortune wait,
 The Fancy is improv'd by an Estate,
 Favour and Pension make a Laureate.

To Mr. G.

By the same.

DEAR Friend, till now I never knew
 A Man enjoy Disease like you,
 Your P — breaks out in Verse and Prose,
 And with your Rheums your Fancy flows;
 Your Diet-drink for *Helicon* passes,
 And Hot-house is to you *Parnassus*.
 There, as on Muses sacred Hill,
 While *Cytherean* drops distill,

To

To pitch divine you raise your Muse
 Upon the Stool triumphant fir,
 And grow immortal while you live
 If Muses my Adorn my Fore-head,
 It makes not you our Graces floure
 If one Ship bore you find a Node,
 You strait break forth in smooth Epode,
 And ev'ry twitch of Limber Hags
 Produces sharper Epigrams.

Now Ovid, Virgil, now you grace
 With well-matched Rhimes, and pliant Phrase.
 Sometimes with Juvenal you bite,
 Oftner with Horace you delight:
 No torment can disturb your Mind,
 So steady is, and so kind
 That Greece, nor Rome could never show
 Such Learning, and such Temper too
 All their Libraries, and their Schools
 Their fighting, and their writing Fools
 Have left us no such generous Rules
 As from you only we may learn,
 VVho calmly sweat without Concern.

You in Love's Bower do possess
 Unenvy'd, perfect Happiness.
 Where you your self, your self employ,
 And in a Tub the World enjoy.
 These Verses to you, dearest Friend,
 From silent shady Groves I send,
 Lest you should think your self forgotten,
 As the Dead are, because you'r rotten.

Morose.

Why should men think me melancholly,
 Because I sleep, and eat, and walk alone?
 My design is to run from the Worlds Folly,
 To trouble no man with my own,
 To know Mankind, and be my self unknown.
 A Fop now plagues me with his dress,
 Bids me the price of Riband guess,
 Tells me how much he paid for Point,
 How oft he in the Glass did look,
 And what excessive Pains he took
 To hang ridiculous things on every Joynt.

One tells me where he sup'd last night,
 What Wine he drank, who was i'th' right
 About the cut of Dice, and who i'th' wrong,
 Whether the *Deux* or *Quater* ran more strong.
 I am not rid of this Fool long,
 But another sings me a damn'd empty Song.
 E're I could well cross the Street,
 Who the Devil should I meet,
 But a young Lord out of a Chair?
 With Arm in string, and many a Scar.
 He talks of Duels, tells me who
 Was only scratch'd, and who run through.
 Who should I light on next, but one
 That's the worst Poet in the Town?
 His Pocket's stuff'd with Guins of Rhyme,
 He tells you to a Hair what time
 'Twill ask to make a Play, or Prologue,
 Song, Satyr, Mask, Lampoon, or Collogue.
 He'll inform you on his Word,
 What he had of such a Lord,

Of such an Whore, of such a Dutchess,
 For Bombaste lines, and flatt'ring touches.
 That a great Person had the Conscience
 To give him nothing for his Nonseuse:
 What a new Play's worth, what a vamp'd one;
 As God would have it by comes —

Out of Horace, Ode 8. L. 1.

Lidia dic per omnes, &c.

By the same.

L *Idia*, I conjure you say
 Why haste you so to make away
 Poor *Sybaris* with Love?
 Why hates he now the open Air?
 Why Heat, and Clouds of Dust to bear,
 Does he no more approve?
 Why leaves he off his martial Pride?
 Why is he now afraid to ride
 Upon his Gallick Steed?

Why swims he not the *Tyber* o're?

Or wrestles as he did before?

Whence do his Fears proceed?

Why boasts he not his Limbs grown black

With bearing Arms, or his strong Back

With which he threw the Bar?

Is he like *Thetis* Son conceal'd,

And from all manly Sports withheld,

To keep him safe from VVar?

The PUNISHMENT.

By the same.

ON *Hebrus* Bank as *Orpheus* fate,
Mourning *Enridice's* hard Fate,
The Birds and Beasts did on his Musick wait,
And Trees and Stones became compassionate;
Yet he who all things else could move,
VWas quite insensible to love.

There

Therefore, ye Gods, ye justly did ordain,
 That he who Love and Women did despise,
 To the fair Sex should fall a Sacrifice,
 And for contempt of Pleasure, suffer Pain.

Part of *Ajax's* Speech, *Ovid Metam. l. 13.*

By the same.

THE Princes sat, whom martial throngs in-
 (close,

When *Ajax* Lord o'th' sevenfold Shield arose.
 With just disdain, and untam'd Passion swell'd,
Sigeum, and the Navy, he beheld.

Then lifting up his hands, Oh *Jove*! said he,
 Before this Fleet, can my Right question'd be
 And dares *Ulysses* too contend with me?

He, who when *Hector* all our Ships had fir'd,
 Far from the danger cowardly retir'd,
 While I alone the hostile Flame sustain'd,
 And sav'd the burning Navy with this hand.

He'll therefore find it much his safest Course,
 To trust to Tropes and Figures, not to Force.
 His Talent lies in Prating, mine in War,
 And yet you so unequal Judges are,
 That you prefer his Pedantry, and Art,
 Before my conqu'ring Arm, and gen'rous Heart.
 Of my Exploits I nothing need to say,
 For they were all perform'd in open day,
 You saw them; his, if any, were all done
 By night, told of himself, but seen by none.

Out of Sannazar.

By the same.

Neptrune saw Venice on the *Adria* stand,
 Firm as a Rock, and all the Sea command.
 Think'st thou, O *Jove*! said he, *Rome's* Walls
 excell?
 Or that proud Cliff whence false *Tarpia* fell?

Grant

Grant *Tyber* best, view both, and you will say,
That Men did those, Gods these Foundations lay.

Remedy of LOVE.

By the same.

Would you be quite cur'd of Love?
From your Mistress's sight remove.

To the open Fields repair,
Cool'd with Absence, and with Air,
You will soon be eas'd of Care.
Seek out in another place,
Something fit for your embrace,
Perhaps in a less charming face
You may find a pleasing Grace,
Wit, or Motion, Dress, or Art,
Thousand things that may divert
The torments of your throbbing Heart.

If in this no Ease you find,
But constant Love still plagues your Mind,

To your former flame return,
 See if still her eyes do burn
 With equal force, you'll find perchance,
 Less warmth in ev'ry amorous Glance ;
 Seeing oft what we desire
 Makes us less, and less admire,
 And will in time put out the fire.
 Visit her betimes each Morn,
 Stand by her when she does adorn
 Her head, perhaps some borrow'd Hair,
 Some ill-contriv'd, affected snare,
 Lewd Song on Table found, or Pray'r
 Nonsensical, may let you see,
 That what you thought Divinity
 Is but a piece of Puppetry.
 If still thy Passion does remain,
 And unseen charms thy Heart inchain,
 If she break thy Sleep by night,
 Fly again the Witches sight,
Opium take, that may invite

The

The gentle God to calm thy Soul,
 Peaceful slumbers Love controul.
 Have a care of purling Brooks,
 Of silent Groves, and awful Shade,
 They but to thy Torment add,
 Love does there with ease invade ;
 No Musick hear, no dying Looks
 Behold, read no romantick Books ;
 Books and Musick turn the Head,
 Fools only sing, and Mad-men read :
 They with false Notions fill the Brain,
 Are only fit to entertain
 Women, and Fops that are more vain.
 Love and Folly still are found
 In those to make the deepest Wound,
 Who think their Passions to allay
 By giving of them leave to sway
 A while ; but they like Winter Torrents grow,
 And all our Limits overflow.

Never

Never trust thy self alone,
 Frequent good Company, and Wine,
 In gen'rous Wines thy Passion drown,
 That will make thee all divine.
 Better 'tis to drink to Death,
 Than sigh, and whine away our Breath.
 In Friends and Bottles we may find
 More Joys than in all Womankind.
 A far enjoyment Women pall,
 Intolerable Plagues they'r all,
 Vain, foolish, fond, proud, whimsical,
 Dissembling, hypocritical.
 Wines by keeping them improve,
 And real Friends more firmly love.
 If one Vintage proves severe,
 We're doubly recompenc'd next year.
 If our dearest Friends we lose,
 Others may succeed to those.
 Women only, of all things,
 Have nothing to assuage their Stings.

Curs'd is the man that does pursue
 The short-liv'd Pleasures of their Charms;
 There is no Hell but in their Arms:
 For ever damned, damning Sex adieu.

Written on her M A S K.

By the same.

WELL may'st thou, envious Mask, be proud,
 That dost such killing Beauties shroud!
 Not *Phæbus*, when behind a Cloud,
 Of half those Glories robs our Eye,
 As behind thee concealed lye.
 I would have kept thee, but I find
 My fair *Elisa* so unkind,
 Thou wilt better Service do
 To keep her Charms from humane view:

For

For she is so strangely bright,
 So surprizing, so divine,
 That I know her very sight
 Soon will make all Hearts like mine.

To Mr. S. G.

By the same.

FAir Vertue, should I follow thee,
 I should be naked, and alone,
 For thou art not in Company,
 And scarce are to be found in one.

Thy Rules are too severe, and cold,
 To be embrac'd by vig'rous Youth,
 And Fraud and Avarice arm the old
 Against thy Justice and thy Truth.

He who by light of Reason led,
 Instructs himself in thy rough School,

Shall

Shall all his life-time beg his Bread,
And when he dies be thought a Fool.

Though in himself he's satisfied
With a calm Mind, and cheerful Heart,
The World will call his Virtue Pride,
His holy Life, Design and Art.

The Reign of Vice is absolute,
While good men vainly strive to rise;
They may declaim, they may dispute,
But shall continue poor, and wise.

Honours and Wealth were made by Fate
To wait on fawning Impudence,
To give insipid Coxcombs Weight,
And to supply the want of Sense.

Mighty *Pompey*, whose great Soul
Aim'd at the Liberty of *Rome*,
In vain did *Cæsar's* Arms controul,
And at *Pharselia* was o'recome.

His

His Vertue constant in distress
 In *Ptolemy* no pity bred,
 Who barely guided by Success,
 Secur'd his Peace with his Friends head:

Brutus, whom the Gods ordain'd
 To do what *Pompey* would have done,
 The gen'rous motion entertain'd,
 And stab'd the Tyrant on his Throne:

This god-like *Brutus* whose Delight
 Was Vertue which he had ador'd,
 Haunted by Spectres over night,
 Fell the next day on his own Sword:

If when his hope of Vict'ry lost,
 This Noble *Roman* could exclaim,
 Oh Vertue! whom I courted most,
 I find she's but an empty Name:

In a degen'rate Age like this,
 We wish more reason may conclude,
 That Fortune will attend on Vice,
 And Misery on those who dare be good.

A Gentleman going to his Country Farm, which he had not seen for some time before, at the Request of a Fair Lady writes these Verses.

Amynt as. **T**ell me *Damon*, lovely Swain,
 Prince of all our youthful Train,
 Why such a mighty Stranger grown
 To all our Pleasures, and your own?
 What Passion draws your Thoughts away
 From all that's lively, brisk, and gay?
 Why now no more upon the Plain
 Where you so well, so long did reign;
 Where all our Youths and Nymphs appear,
 So kind, so innocent, and fair.

Damon. My *Phillis* is not there.

Amynt as. There's *Daphne*, *Cloe*, *Lidia*,
 Is she more fair, more sweet than they?

Damon.

Damon. Yes, she than *Daphne* lovelier seems,
 Softer than *Cloe's* gentle'st Dreams;
 And with more artless Modesty
 Than *Lydia*, all these Charms does try:
 Such Charms could only *Venus* show,
 To *Paris*, one Mount *Ida's* Brow;
 When she with all her Graces strove
 To prove her self the Queen of *Love*;
 And did with Beauties more divine,
 Two Rival Goddesses out-shine.
 Such *Venus*, such does *Phyllis* prove,
Phyllis, the Queen of Me, and Love.

Amyntas. Unhappy *Damon*! then I find
 You have your Liberty resign'd,
 And only can the Honour have
 To be a tame and gentle Slave,
 And a good-natur'd Prisoner,
 To one as cruel as she's fair.

Damon. *Amyntas* no, I'm now set free
 From the uneasiest Flavery.

For while my Heart at large did range,
 It only did its Keeper change;
 To ev'ry she an easie prey,
 From whence it quickly fled away;
 Or got its freedom on Parole,
 To yield it self with less controul.
 But now tis late with Phillis laid,
 A Prisoner in a Palace made:
 (Strange Fate of Lovers, who can be
 Freed only by Captivity)
 Phillis, who does like *Cæsar* fight,
 Sees and subdues us with her sight;
 And like that mighty Conquerour,
 Is pleased her Captives to prefer,
 Nor is her Cruelty so great,
 To wound and kill without Regret,
 Fair as the Virgin-spring, and gay,
 Cheerful as the dawning day;
 Yet kind as fruitful Summer she,
 Or Autumn's Liberality;

Only the modest dam'd Presence
Of Maiden-head and Innocence.

Amyntas. Then happy *Damon* now I find,
Since you so constant, she so kind,
Let *Cupid* doubly gild that Dart
With which he wounds her tender heart.

Damon. See my *Amyntas*, 'tis for her
That of these Flocks I take such care:
For her alone 'tis that I bind,
About this Elm this amorous Vine;
May thus my *Phillis* round me twine,
For her I dig, and plough, and sow,
Things she and I, methinks, should do.
For her I graft this Plumb, and Pear,
As these, so may my *Phillis* bear.
These Peaches I inoculate,
And wish but one thing more of Fate.
Thus all my Thoughts does but improve
The World's great Manufacture, Love.

Whether in Love, Men or Women have the Advantage; they in making, or these in receiving, their Court:

Consider'd in a Dialogue betwixt Corinna and Lais.

Written by Mr. C. M.

Lais. **N**AY, surely Men in Love have much the start,

Theirs is the pleasanter and braver part;

We (Passive Creatures) must a Siege maintain,

Which won, the Victors as o're Vassals reign.

Where e're their Appetite does lead they rove,

Stop where they like, when Nature prompts
(make Love.

With boundless Will, and Fancy unconfin'd,

Sail through the Air, and wanton in the Wind;

Until they spy some beauteous, tempting Dame,

Then, with full Sails, pursue the noble Game,

Bristle each Feather, all their Wings display,
 And gripe in eager Arms the panting Prey.
 When they are cloy'd, they mount, they soar,
 are gone,
 And leave the injur'd slighted Maid to moan.
 If any dazzling Beauty fires the Town,
 Each Spark can try to make the Prize his own.
 No musty Customs his Delight controuls,
 To her, with Lacques clog'd, the Chariot rolls:
 We by dull Rules (contriv'd by men) confin'd,
 Must not pursue our Fancy, please our Mind,
 But modest and demure, receive at home
 The formal Visitants that dain to come :
 And all our Happiness dependeth still,
 Not on our own, but on anothers Will.

Corinna, I grant Men under less constraint than
 But 'tis constraint from Cares and Misery : (We
 For, the exercise of this their boasted Power
 Plunges in Woes, we never feel each hour.
 When before any stubborn Town they sit,
 If them the haughty Dame will not admit ;

What

What Tortures they endure, what lively pain
 Afflicts their Soul, and racks each trembling vein!
 The Pangs of Love are of so quick a sense
 As scarce the ensuing Joy can recompence.
 But we by happier Fate ne're suffer these,
 Embracing the Proposals if they please.
 It is not always in their power to win,
 But always is in ours to let them in;
 We either love not, or our Love obtains,
 Enjoy the sweet of it, without the Pains.

(fire,
Lis. Alas! they often mock with feign'd de-
 And warm the innocent Maid with painted fire.
 And when the blushing flag does shew she's won,
 Their work that only came to abuse, is done.
 The ill-natured Creatures leave the melting fair,
 To pine, and sigh her spotless Soul to Air.
 They, pleas'd (like *Nero*) see the Beauteous *Rome*
 In Flames their cruel hands did light, consume.

(Name,
Corinna. We practice 'this under a different
 In us 'tis Honour, but in them a Shame.

With false enticing Looks we gild the Bait,
 And having caught them, scorn, triumph, & hate;
 Ensnare to shew what powerful Charms we bear,
 Then flight, and damn them to a wild despair.
 And who the grateful Pleasure can despise,
 Of seeing humble Slaves in modest Guise
 And awful trembling to approach our Eyes;
 And by adoring make us Deities.
 Catch at each Glance, and hang on ev'ry Look
 As if from us their Destiny they took.
 Rate ev'ry Smile above a Monarch's Crown,
 And dread ours more than angry Heavens frown.

Lais. But add to these, the anguish of our mind,
 When forc'd to be to the dear Man unkind.
 When Parents envious Precepts do oblige,
 Against our Will, to hold out ten years Siege:
 Till all their dull Formalities are past,
 To yield on tedious Articles at last.
 To force our Nature, and belye our Heart,
 Stifle the raging Flame, and hide our smart,

Not daring what we most desire to own,
 Constrain'd on him, we languish for, to frown.

This, this is the Extremity of Pain,
 To suffer without power to complain.

In Love (as in the State) they only feel

The Rack, who dare not their hid thoughts re-
 (veal.

Corinna. Why should we thus against our Na-
 ture fight,

And vex our selves with this false *Parthian*
 flight?

Let us no more to Forms and Shadows strike,

If we the generous Assailant like,

Admit him; ne're disturb our selves to feign,

Nor make him waste his Vigour, to obtain.

Lais. So things would run too fast; the Game
 of Love

Does grateful with this Disadvantage prove:

'Tis such bewitching sport, so draws us in,

As 'tis; what would it be if all should win?

Did we not stop it thus, and make it keep

Within due bounds, the Play would be too deep,

And all our Stock and Fortune lost too soon,
Methinks, as 'tis, the stakes are quickly gone.

Corinna. 'Tis best then, things continue as they
Reformers sometimes mend, but oftner mar.

~~The Reck, who dare not their bid thoughts~~

On the Lords rejecting the Bill of Exclusion,
November the 15th. 1680.

Gods! this is great! These, these are they
Who truly, thus, their noble Blood display;
And by the Soul which they this day have shewn,
Make all the Glories of their Line their own.
These are *Old England's* Peers! Hearts that
despise

To be o re-aw'd by *Number* and by *Noise*;
No, they're too Brave, too Loyal, and too Wise,
Beauchamp and *Howard's* Courage, *Cecil's* Brain,
The Faith of *Vere*, still in the House remain:
Nor on the Churches Seats do less appear,
Grave *Morton's* Piety, and Prudence here.

Such

Such the lay-hands that dare support a Crown,
 And such the Conscience of the sacred Gown.

Thus did their mighty Ancestors combine (line.
 When force misplac'd the Crown from the right

Thus they stood fast to Truth, and never fail'd,
 Till the unblemish'd Rose of York prevail'd.

And must again that sad Dispute appear?

No, we are much too young for *Plato's* year.

Our *Renown'd* *Peerage* will not have it so;

The *Demi-Gods* and *Heroes* thunder, No.

What remote noise is this? Hark how it grows!

Nearer and louder now the Torrent flows.

All *Europe* shouts aloud Spring-Tides of Joy

Salute the *British* *Isle*, hark how they cry!

" *Fame* now is yours, more from one Law
 refus'd

" Than half the numerous Laws you ever
 us'd.

ELL

ELEGY,

*On the Death of Christopher Sherard, Esq;
 Son and Heir Apparent to the Right Ho-
 nourable Bennet Lord Sherrard, who died
 in the Sixteenth Year of his Age, Febr. 19.
 1681.*

AND is he dead? Is he already dead?
 Ah, too surprizing News, sudden as sad!
 When hopeful Vertue does abortive fall,
 We weep our own, and not his Funeral:
 The loss is ours, and all the Tears we shed
 Are more for them that live, than for the dead.
 Let it not then be said, untimely Fate
 Robb'd him of Honour, Title, or Estate,
 Or (what is more to Youth than all beside)
 Of an adored Beauty for his Bride.

Such

Such Blessings waited him, not few nor small,
 Yet our loss we may truly greater call;
 For we are robb'd of him that's more than all.
 Insolvent Fortune! let us count our Woe;
 Bankrupt of much which time will ever owe.
 A steady Friendship, Modesty above
 The Age we live in, A true *English* Love,
 A generous Heart, with an Address compleat,
 Great in his Lineage, yet more good than great:
 And above all (as the most sacred thing)
 A Soul devoted to his God and King.
 This Treasure had been ours had Fate delay'd,
 'Twas promis'd all, and had been surely paid.
 But he is gone, untimely ravish'd hence
 In the prime Bloom of Youth and Innocence!
 He dy'd a Virgin, free from modern Crimes,
 Clear and unsully'd in licentious Times. (here,
 Bring Flow'rs, ye spotless Maids, and strew 'em
 Strew all the Beauties of the blooming Year:
 Hither your Roses, mix'd with Lillies, bring,
 And on his Grave fix an eternal Spring;

Which

Which water'd with your Tears, may be encreas'd
 To a Perfume beyond the *Phoenix* Nest;
 Yet all those Odours far less sweet will be
 To us, than his own Name and Memory.

Farewell, Dear Youth! had you this Age sur-
 And to the years of our first Parents liv'd, (viv'd,
 Yet when at last your thread of Life had fail'd,
 You might have died more known, not more
 bewail'd.

Thus young *Marcellus* fell, *Rome's* darling Name,
 Ever lamented and belov'd by Fame;
 And thus (Ah, *Simile* too like!) thus died
Henry, *Britannia's* equal Hope and Pride.

On the *Romantick Office* of Credit, proposed by
 Dr. C. and his Partners, *An. Dom.* 1682.

Tell me, some Antiquary, who has heard
 How mankind liv'd ere *Saturn* wore a beard;
 Tell me, some grave Philosopher, whose sense
 Knows more of things than their bare rate in
 Pence; In

In the World's innocent Infancy what Trade
 Among its first Inhabitants was made?
 Was it not then, by the first trading Charter,
 That all Commerce was but Exchange & Barter?
 No Bankrupts then, none then for Trust did pray,
 When the same thing serv'd both for Sale and Pay.
 He who had something, in effect had all,
 The Credit Office then was general;
 Honey for Wool, and Sheep for Camels went;
 All Payments true, all taken on content.

Love was the price of Beauty then, not Gold;
 And Friendship was for Friendship only sold.
 Nothing of Fraud or Counterfeit was shewn:
 This was the Golden Age, e're Gold was known.
 But when from Earth the shining Metal came,
 And all Mankind throng'd to adore its Flame;
 Integrity was lost among the Crowd,
 And Fraud, as mystery of Trade, allow'd.
 With Money, which has dazzl'd humane Eyes,
 Came the Defects and Cheats of Merchandize.

Renown'd be then that Man, that wise Physician,
 Who cures our Trade in this decay'd Condition.
 Ever Renown'd be he, whose happy Brain
 Can, without Money, shew a way to gain.
 Alas! our Trade he may perhaps reduce,
 And cure Commerce to its first genuine use;
 But Love, with Gold, is so allay'd and base,
 He ne're can purge from that this new Dilgrace,
 Till *Plato's* year turns back the World's first face.

Occasioned by a Sight of his Majesty, walking near the River, in the time of the Oxford-Parliament.

When on his Banks *Majestick Panh'* espy'd,
 Old *Isis* stop'd the willing Tide;
 See there, blest Waters, see (he cry'd)
 My happy Arms contain
 Their *Great-Good-Master* once again!

Such

Such was the youthful Vigour which he wore
 When once my Royal Charge before :
 Go on, *blest Prince* ! the power of years defie ;—
 And could no more, but wept a while for Joy.

II.

Flow on, at last he said, lov'd Waters, flow,
 Tell it o're all the Plains below
 In joyful Murmurs as you go.
 Bid the sad *Swains* no more
 The *Dangers* of their *Flocks* deplore:
 They idly form *imaginary Fears*,
 Indulging Dreams of *Wolves* and *Bears*.
 Tell 'em, while they *His sacred Rest* annoy,
 Th' abuse that *Safety* which they ought to enjoy.

TO

Such was the youthful Vigour which he wore

Which once my Royal Charge bestore;

Go on, bless'd Prince! the power of tears deny;

And could no more, but weep a while for Joy.

TO CÆLIA.

I.

CÆLIA, tho' your conqu'ring Eyes

(Were you inclin'd to tyrannize,)

Might more enlarge your Sway,

Yet we, that Honour and free Will,

Which you make use of, and admit,

More cheerfully obey.

II.

So lone with Fire and Sword consume,

And spoil the Countries where they come,

A dreadful Name t'obtain;

But they who gentler Methods use,

Who strive by Parle to reduce,

The surer Conquest gain.

To a Gentleman, his Friend, who could decy-
pher any Character.

Henceforth (Brave Souls!) you who would
(fain repair

The loss we for proud Babel feel,
Your boundless Wit and Judgment henceforth

Some other Mysteries to reveal; (spare,
An Universal Character were needless now,
What this my Friend has found, will all the
(Business do.

With a malicious Subtlety confound
The awkward Hebrew with the Greek,

Scarce wilder Characters than those abound
In th' extravagant Arabick;

His wondrous Skill, by Demonstration, will decide,
Within, what lovely Face those Grosse (que Visages
hide.

III.

Let Egypt's Priests their Moral Sense convey
 In some Hieroglyphick Dress,
 Here write a Dove, an Eagle there let fly,
 (Dumb Creatures! sure they'll not confess;)
 He by the Posture, and the Flight, can quickly tell
 (Strange Augury!) what sage remarks within them
 (dwell.

IV.

Highly those Persons were esteem'd of old,
 Who an odd Oracle disclos'd,
 Or the Equivocations could unfold
 The Quibbling God of Wit propos'd; (ply,
 Their God of Wit, himself could not have made re-
 Had they propos'd to him this mighty Mystery.

V.

The Indians, who confounded once stood by,
 And cry'd it was by Magick done,
 When from his Letter they saw one descry
 His distant Friends Intention;

Could

Could they see ~~the~~ perform'd, they might with
(reason call,
My Friend, thy harmless *Magick*, *supernatural*.

VI.

Could (as they say) the *Sympathetick Stile*,
Swift as the *Light* that gilds the Day;
In the same *Instant* many a thousand Mile
Our *Will* to absent Friends convey;
Trust me, you'd know its *Errand*, or not let it pass,
As Men the *Light* it self confine to th' *Burning-*
(*glass*).

BUSINESS.

I.

Business! Awake it poisons all my Joys,
Asleep all pleasant *Dreams* destroys;
Where're I go, or whatsoe're I do,
Curst thing! it does in dreadful *Shapes* pursue.

All *Medicine* here would useleſs be,
 No *Counter-charm* can give me eaſe,
 No *Amulet* can me releaſe
 From this *Damn'd Hag* that rides and tortures me.

II.

I joyn'd with *Wits*, proclaiming *Open War*
 'Gainſt *Bus'neſs* and diſtracting *Care*;
 Their *Wine* (ſaid I) their *Wit* and *Jollity*,
 Will quite ſupplant my cruel *Enemy*:
 In vain I uſed thoſe *Allies*
 Their *Wine* and *Wit* improv'd my *Thought*,
 My cruel *Fancy* ſoon was taught,
 Ah me! *exquiſite Torments* to deviſe.

III.

Shall I in cloſe *Retirement* drive away
 With *Books* the Troubles of the Day?
 There I may hug my ſelf, and ſafely hear
 Thoſe *Storms* abroad where others *Shipwrack'd* are.

Ambition will an Entrance find;
 Tho from without no *Storms* surprife,
 And shake the *Learned* and the *Wife*,
 Within, that *Vapour* often shakes their *Mind*:

IV.

Shall I then try the *happy Shepherd's* Life?

He knows not *Bus'ness*, *Care*, or *Strife*;
 Few *Troubles*, and *short-liv'd*, afflict his *Mind*,
 So seldom 'tis his *Cloris* proves unkind!

I heard *one* cry but yesterday,
 Wringing his hands, *Undone*, *Undone*!

But, oh, the Cause of this great moan!
 The *French* had taken *what* shall's call't, *they*
 (say.)

V.

Bus'ness! to fly thee I would wildly roam

Where only the wild *Herd* does come,
Unthinking Beasts! — Yet 'twere in vain, I fear,
 (Who would have thought the *Shepherd* other
 [were?])

For I should soon *beneath* me see
 The *Bustle* *Insects* laden move,
 And *Careful Architects* above,
 Some building, some surveying e'ry Tree,

VI.

'Tis true I might in this forlorn *Retreat*
 Like those of old, the *Acorns* eat:
 But, oh! I ne'r should see those *Golden days*,
 When free from *Care*, like *Gods*, *Men* liv'd in ease!
 For while I laid me on the ground,
 And only meant to rest, my Ear
 Would distant noise of *Bus'ness* hear,
 And with *Advantage* catch the killing sound!

Hor.

*Hor. Ode 13. Lib. 4. In Lycen Meretricem
Vetulam.*

Audivère, Lyce, Dii—Translated.

I.

THEN Heaven has heard my Prayers, at last
 My Prayers are heard, and, *Lyce*, know
Lyce, your *barb'rous* *Reign* is past,
Time writes *Old Lady* on your *Brow*;
 Yet still y'affect your wanton Play,
 Still *paint* and *patch*, and would seem gay,
 Drink *lewdly* still, and with an awkward Voice
 Court Love, that hears unmov'd the tuneless
 (noise,

II.

Love better pleas'd on *Chia's* Face,
 Where still fresh blooming *Glories* *spring*,
 Whose charming Tongue hits ev'ry *Grace*,
Revels whole *Nights* to hear *her* sing ;

But from *thy* fading form he flies,
 (Which, like old Trees, sharp *Winter* dries,)
 Thy rotten Teeth, thy frightful wither'd Brow,
 Nor trusts his *Fire* too near thy *Hosry Snow*.

III.

In vain *rich Silks* are dawl'd with *Gold*,
Jewels assist thy *Eyes* in vain,
 When *New-years-day* locks up the *Old*
 No helps of *Art* releas't again.
 Where are thy *Charms*, thy *White* and *Red*,
 Thy lovely *Mien*? Ah! whither fled?
 What poor *Remains* are left of that *bright* *she*
 That was all *Love*, that of *my self* robb'd *me*!

IV.

Next *Cinara's* peerless *Face* and *mine*
 None could boast such winning ways,
 But *Fate*, to her *severely* kind,
 To short-liv'd *Beauty* match'd her *Days*!

And

And endless Lyce justly spares
 Beyond the Ravens hundred Years;
 While all the Fops that once ador'd her Flame,
 Laugh at her Snuff, and triumph in her Shame.

On a Fair Lady singing.

When *Isis* Murmurs first did reach my ear,
 I nothing but its hasty flight did fear;
 Whilst list'ning to the *Syrène* Streams I lay,
 My Life, like them, did gently glide away.
 But when th' inspiring Notes from *Calia* came,
 They kindled in me such a mighty Flame,
 As did my vital heat put out, so strong,
 Its very name would almost burn the Tongue.
 I thought I could, *Camelian*-like, have liv'd,
 On such sweet Air, ah me! I dye deceiv'd,
 And cheated of my Life; who'd think t' have
 found
 Death in her Voice, in such a balsam VVound?

Thus

Thus the vig'rous heat that *Bebek* meant should
warm

His Votaries, turns too often to their harm.

What various methods Fate's decrees fulfil!

Where is not Death if gentle *Celia* kill?

The Recantation not accepted.

When long I'd been with dreadful Ill-
prest,

And still my Murdres would deny me rest

When Friends in vain had try'd their Rest

And neither Art nor Nature gave me ease

I thought, I'm sure I wish'd, my end drew

And tho I could not live in Love, yet I

Firmly resolv'd in Charity to dye:

And thus bespake the angry Deity.

Love, I forgive thee, thou hast been but just,

Since thou wilt have me dye, I will and must.

I do confess I have deserv'd that smart,

And restless pain, which preys upon my heart,

And

And now to thee for cruel Mercy come,
 Dispatch, and quickly execute my doom.
 For what I've said, unfeignedly I grieve,
 Have pity then, condemn me not to live.
 The angry God heard this, and strait reply'd,
 Fond wretch! how oft did'st thou my power de-
 Tho both by Verbe and Temper too enclin'd (ride,
 To pay an Homage to all Womankind? (undo,
 Right Plots thou could'st with ease
 thy self the greater God o'th' two;
 eluded then by thee,
 throne, my Laws, and Majesty.
 It of their Offences bear,
 I'll force thee to despair)
 kes brightest Glories wear.
 shalt love, but she make no return,
 Such Hereticks as thou should always burn.

Catull.

Catull. ad Lesbiam 5.

Let's live, my *Lesbia*, whilst we may,
 And without Love beguile the day;
 Old *Cynicks* Censures let's despise,
 Whom none, besides themselves, think wise,
 The same Sun sets and rises, true,
 But 'twont be so with me and you;
 For when our Light is once withdrawn,
 Ne're hope to see another dawn.
 A thousand Kisses I would have,
 And next, my Dear, a hundred crave,
 And then another thousand, thou
 Another hundred must allow,
 A thousand add, a hundred more,
 (I would not be in Kisses poor.)
 When this w'have done, we'll mix them so,
 That we our selves shall never know
 What we to one another owe.
 There is no fear of any charm,
 The number will defend from harm.

On Cælia's Sickneſs.

Forgive me Heaven, if I now accuſe
 You of Injuſtice, ſince you thus abuſe
 That Goodneſs which deſerves much more
 Than you can ſpare out of your wealthy Store.
 If (what I dread to aſk) my Crimes alone
 Wou'd thoſe Evils ſhe hath undergone,
 Make me feel the greater ſmart,
 And me in this beſt, this tender'ſt part,
 Rather in my ſelf, than her,
 Much above my own prefer.
 Diſcompoſe her Mind, but I
 Bear it, ſo you'll paſs her by.
 Suffer whatever can be due,
 For I indeed have injur'd her and you.
 I'm ſoon diſpatch'd, if you'll but carry on
 That Work, which ſhe already hath begun.
 But now I think on't, both of us are free
 From future ſtrokes; ſhe by Divinity,

And

Thus the vig'rous heat that *Babel* meant should
warm

His Votaries, turns too often to their harm.

What various methods Fate's decrees fulfill!

Where is not Death if gentle *Celia* kill?

The Recantation not accepted.

When long I'd been with dreadful Ills oppress'd,

And still my Murdres would deny me rest,

When Friends in vain had try'd their Remedies,

And neither Art nor Nature gave me ease;

I thought, I'm sure I wish'd, my end drew nigh,

And tho I could not live in Love, yet I

Firmly resolv'd in Charity to dye:

And thus bespake the angry Deity.

Love, I forgive thee, thou hast been but just,

Since thou wilt have me dye, I will and must.

I do confess I have deserv'd that smart,

And restless pain, which preys upon my heart,

And

And now to thee for cruel Mercy come,
 Dispatch, and quickly execute my doom.
 For what I've said, unfeignedly I grieve,
 Have pity then, condemn me not to live.
 The angry God heard this, and strait reply'd,
 Fond wretch! how oft did'st thou my power de-
 Tho both by Verse and Temper too inclin'd (ride,
 To pay an Homage to all Womankind? (undo,
 My best-wrought Plots thou could'st with ease
 And thought'st thy self the greater God o'th' two;
 Some easie Fools deluded then by thee,
 Spurn'd at my Throne, my Laws, and Majesty.
 Thou shalt the guilt of their Offences bear,
 And she (because I'll force thee to despair)
 Shall all her Sexes brightest Glories wear.
 Thou still shalt love, but she make no return,
 Such Hereticks as thou should always burn.

Caull.

Catull. ad Lesbiam 5.

Let's live, my *Lesbia*, whilst we may,
 And without Love beguile the day;
 Old *Cynicks* Censures let's despise,
 Whom none, besides themselves, think wise,
 The same Sun sets and rises, true,
 But 'twont be so with me and you;
 For when our Light is once withdrawn,
 Ne're hope to see another dawn.
 A thousand Kisses I would have,
 And next, my Dear, a hundred crave,
 And then another thousand, thou
 Another hundred must allow,
 A thousand add, a hundred more,
 (I would not be in Kisses poor.)
 When this w'have done, we'll mix them so,
 That we our selves shall never know
 What we to one another owe.
 There is no fear of any charm,
 The number will defend from harm.

And I by Fate learn'd, that I am dead,

My soul long since to heav'n has fled.

On Cælia's Sickness.

Forgive me Heaven, if I now accuse
 You of Injustice, since you thus abuse
 That Goodness which deserves much more
 Than you can spare out of your wealthy Store.
 If (what I dread to ask) my Crimes alone
 Procur'd those Evils she hath undergone,
 And you to make me feel the greater smart,
 Would wound me in this best, this tender'st part,
 Chastise me rather in my self, than her,
 Whose Life I much above my own prefer.
 The Pain may discompose her Mind, but I
 Will gladly bear it, so you'll pass her by.
 On me inflict whatever can be due,
 For I indeed have injur'd her and you.
 I'm soon dispatch'd, if you'll but carry on
 That Work, which she already hath begun.
 But now I think on't, both of us are free
 From future strokes; she by Divinity,

And

And I by Fate secur'd, for I am dead,
My Soul long since to her, my Heaven, fled.

A SONG.

I.

THE God-like she shall still possess

My Soul, tho I in vain
Implore her help in my distress,

Yet I'll enjoy my Pain.

In humble Accents I'll adore

The Beauty I admire,

Tho I can never hope for more,

Who would not so expire?

..II.

Who strait gives o're when he is cross'd,

Deserves no Mercy sure,

But he, whose Love does then shine most,

When he despairs of Cure :

From Lust, or baser Int'rest, may
 Such hasty Flashes rise,
 But he who truly doth obey
 Rejoyces when he dies.

III.

Whilst angry Death doth for him wait,
 And sees his Bravery,
 The Flames that threaten him with Fate
 Do tremble more than he.
 Spectators, when they see him faint,
 His loudest Praises sing,
 So, of the Martyr make a Saint,
 And fall to worshipping.

L I F E.

TIS but a little space we have
 Betwixt the Cradle and the Grave;
 Yet are our Cares and Evils such,
 That ev'n that little is too much.

Here's

Here's nothing real, we may seem
 To live, but then that Life's a dream.
 We talk as if we something were,
 And whilst we talk we disappear.
 'Tis an ill Omen thought by some,
 If when into the World we come,
 We fall not headlong from the Womb.
 And 'tis not likely what's begun
 With rashness, should be carried on
 Without Precipitation.
 For one, we say is dead, we grieve,
 Yet know not what it is to live.
 We think that by our Sighs we shew
 The Love which we to him did owe,
 And kindly wish him to remove
 From his most blest'd Abode above.
 Then, that we may preserve his Fame,
 With Praises we embalm his Name.
 The Tomb-stone carries on the Cheat;
 And falsely says, *Here lies the Great*;
 When sordid Dust is there alone,
 The Soul's to a strange somewhere gone.

It sees, and wonders why we thus
Bemoan his Loss who pities us.

To a much-admired Lady:

I See my Error plainly now, for I,
Fool that I was! thought you at last must dye.
To leave this busie World behind is Death,
But that I've found will vanish with your breath;
Or should some few, by mighty chance survive,
I think 'twould scarce be worth their while to
Vertue I'm sure would not be understood, (live;
Nor could men know what 'twould be to be good.
Tho now they may to some Perfection grow,
Yet when you're dead, what can Example do?
Your present Influence I alone can prove,
Wit, Beauty, Goodness, 'cause they're yours, I love.

*To a very accomplished Lady.**Madam,*

WHen your transcendent worth I would
 (commend,
 Methinks the feeble Praise I upwards tend;
 Like panting Mists, beneath a Hill, doth rise,
 'Tis wing'd with Zeal, yet whilst aspiring, dies;
 It strives to reach your worth, but your great
 Doth baffle all its best endeavours' strain. (height
 Yet my fond Muse resolves her strength to try,
 Altho' she's sure in the Attempt to dye.
 And now she hath thus rashly ventur'd in,
 She knows not how, or where, she should begin,
 Is doubtful which should have the foremost place,
 The native smoothness of your Speech, or Face;
 The sweet lines that on your Cheeks do glow,
 Or those which in soft pleasing Accents flow;
 These must to one another yield, for we
 In both discern the self same Harmony.

Your

Your well-fram'd Body seems to her so fine,
 She thinks your glorious Soul doth thro' it shine,
 Doubts which of th' two she highest ought to set,
 The precious Jewel, or the Cabinet. (thence
 When she your unstain'd whiteness views, from
 She firmly gathers inward Innocence. **Sy,**
 She doth through Smiles your Patience clearly
 And reads your Wisdom in your searching eye;
 Knows how all Vertues by your Looks are dress'd,
 Or in resembling Characters express'd,
 But stay a while, yet hold unhappy Muse,
 And see whom thou thus humbly dost abuse:
 I'm sure thou dost unpardonably offend,
 And needs must come to a shameful end,
 Unless her Mercy do all those offences
 When she promis'd by her Sarcasms to forsake
 The World, and all its Pomp; and can you not
 Grieve she is dead, who only keeps her Vow;
 When teaching Fate shall its Advantage find,
 And most compassfully destroy Mankind.
 In you alone, Mirth then will scandal grow,
 And all men mourn, or sigh that they do so.

*To the same, immoderately mourning the
Death of a Relation.*

IN vain you keep your Sorrow fresh with Tears,
In vain renew your Trouble and our Fears,
For Heaven's sake leave, your Love no more
commend,

By making Grief so long out-live your Friend.
Whilst thus with hideous groans and doleful cries
You wound the yielding Air, with Tears your
eyes;

You must what she to Nature ow'd, forget,
Or else repine she dy'd no more in Debt.
When she in Baptism her first Vow did make,
She promis'd by her Sureties to forsake

The World, and all its Pomp; and can you now
Grieve she is dead, who only keeps her Vow?
When searching Fate shall its Advantage find,
And most compendiously destroy Mankind,
In you alone, Mirth then will Scandal grow,
And all men mourn, or feign that they do so.

Should

Should each of those shed but one single Tear,
 To whom you're known, that is, to whom you're
 The World would in an instant cover'd be (dear,
 With Waters, once more perish in a Sea.

Think then what fears already fill the Breast
 Of some, what haste you make to kill the rest.

Secret Grief.

I.

FArewel, fond Pleasures, I disdain
 Your Nets of Roses, loose my Chain,

And set my fetter'd Powers free

(For you and I shall ne're agree)

Tempt me no more, 'tis all in vain.

II.

The easie World with Charms assail,

Of Triumphs there you cannot fail,

On those to whom the Cheat's unknown

You will infallibly prevail.

But let my Solitude and me alone.

III.

Let the sad Cypress crown my Head,
 The deadly Poppy on my Temples shed,
 Through all my Veins its Juyce bespread.
 Could I retrieve my former years,
 I'd live them o're again in Tears.

IV.

In secret I'll enjoy my Grief,
 Not tell the Cause, nor ask relief.
 Though ne're so high the Streams should grow,
 Yet 'tis not fit the World should know
 The Spring from whence my Sorrows flow.

Mart. L. i. Ep 58.

(Life,
 Would *Flaccus* know, if I would change my
 What kind of Girl I'd chuse to make my
 I wou'd not have her be so fond to say (Wife,
 Yes, at first dash, nor dwell too long on Nay?
 These two Extreame I hate, then let her be
 'Twixt both, not too hard-hearted, nor too free.

The

The GRACES, or Hieron Theocriti
Idyll. 16.

Translated by Sir Edward Sherborn,
above forty years ago.

THE Muses, and the Muse-inspired Crew,
This always, as their best-lov'd Theam,
The Honour of immortal Gods to raise, (pursue
And crown the Actions of Good Men with Praise.
For Deities the Muses are, and use
(As such) to give to Deities their Dues.
We Poets are but Mortals, sing we then
The Deeds of god-like, tho' but mortal men.

None kindly yet our Graces entertain,
But send them unrewarded back again.
This made the Girls, when bare-foot they came
Chide me, for idly sending them to roam (home.
On sleeveless Errands: wearied here to stay,
They sigh their melancholy Souls away.

They loath their sordid Lodging, fume and fret
 'Cause for their Labours they can nothing get.
 For where's the generous Mortal now a-days
 That loves to hear a Poet's well-tun'd Lays?
 To find one such I know not; some, 'tis true,
 Love to be prais'd; none a good Deed will do.
 They value not their Honours, as of old.
 But are meer Slaves to Avarice and Gold.
 Just or unjust, all Practices they try
 For heaps of Treasure, but will rather dye
 Than part with the bare Scrapings of its Rust,
 To satisfy a needy Poet's Gust.
 If any chance a Boon of them to beg,
 They cry, *My Knee is nearer than my Leg.*
 Of what is mine, my self alone shall share,
 For their own Poets let the Gods take care.
 Who to another's Pray'r now lends an Ear?
 Not one. This Truth *Homer* to all makes clear;
 The best of Poets! tho the best he be,
 He gets not yet one single Cross from me. (Gold
 Mad men! what's Wealth, if still the hoarded
 From others under Lock and Key you hold?

None

None wife thinks this is the true use of it,
 Some part for proper Interest we should fit,
 And some apply to the Support of Wit :
 Some to our near Allies we should allow,
 To Strangers some, some to the Gods should vow,
 Set some for Hospitality a-part,
 To treat our Friends with open hand and heart :
 But chiefly to maintain the Muses Quire ;
 That when to the old Grave thou shalt retire,
 Thou may'st among the living gain Renown ;
 Nor mourn inglorious near sad *Acheron*,
 As some poor Ditcher with hard brawny hand,
 That cannot heavy Poverty withstand.

The great *Antiochus* in plenteous measure
 Supply'd his Subjects Wants from his own Trea-
 So King *Aleuas* ; many fat Drovers went (sure,
 Into his Stalls, and from his Stalls were sent.
 Infinite Flocks large Pastures did afford
 To furnish *Crion's* hospitable Board.
 No Pleasure yet from all this Princely store
 Could they receive, were their Souls wasted o're
 In *Charon's* Boat to the dark *Stygian* Shore.

But

But in obscure Oblivion they would lye,
 Depriv'd of all their Superfluity,
 'Mongst wretched Souls, whom no Time can, nor
 From their sad Miseries e're disengage, (Age
 If the great *Ceian* Poet had not been,
 And with his Praises made them live again.
 Ev'n the swift Coursers at th' *Olympick* Game
 Are registred in the Records of Fame.
 Who of the *Lycian* Princes e're had heard?
 Of *Cyrnus* with his flaxen Hair and Beard,
 Or *Priam's* Sons? forgot they had been long,
 Their Wars, and Battels, had not Poets sung.
Ulysses, who full six score Months was tost,
 And Time and Wealth 'mongst several Nations
 Who went to Hell alive, and by a flight (lost;
 From the fierce *Cyclops* Cave, made his safe flight,
 Had never been remembred but for us,
 Nor poor *Eumæus* or *Philæus* (known
 His Shepherd, and his Herdsman. Who had
 That to great Sould *Laertes* he was Son?
 Had not the *Ionian* Bard his Acts and Name
 Inroll'd in the eternal Book of Fame.

Glory

Glory on men is by the Muses spread,
 The living waste the Treasure of the dead :
 But easier 'tis for me to reckon o're (Shore,
 The Waves which the Wind drives against the
 Or wash a *Blackmoor* white, than e're perswade
 To good, a Slave to Avarice once made.

Then farewell such vile Scoundrels ! let them
 Obscur'd in base Illiberality : (lye
 Doating upon their vast, and ill-got store,
 Still vex'd with restless care of getting more.
 A good man's Love to me's a greater Grace
 Than many Mules or Horses for the Race.
 Yet willingly a man I'd seek, would make
 Me, and the Muses welcome for my sake :
 But those sweet Singers, without *Jove's* Advice,
 Will find the way too difficult and nice.
 Yet has not Heaven left off to turn its Sphears,
 Or ceas'd to measure time by Months and Years ;
 And happily there will a Man arise
 May need our Verse, nor will our Songs despise ;
 One, that in Actions greater may engage
 Than *Ajax* did, or stout *Achilles* wage

In

In *Simois* Fields; within whose Plains extent
 Of *Phrygian Ilus* stands the Monument.
 And now a *Punick* Race, near the Sun's set
 From *Libia's* Confines Wars dire horrors threat.
 Now *Syracusians* their short *Javelins* try,
 And Wicker Targets to their Arms apply.
 And 'mongst them, *Hieron*, equal to the best
 Of ancient Hero's, stands in Armour drest,
 A Horseman shadowing o're his glittering Crest.
 Oh mighty *Jove*! Father of Gods! Heav'ns King!
 And thou who from his midwiv'd Brain did'st
 Honour d *Minerva*! and thou *Proserpine*! (spring
 With Mother *Ceres*! under whose divine
 Protection still the mighty City stands,
 First rais'd by wealthy *Ephyrean* hands,
 Near *Lysimelia's* Lake, dread Pow'rs! expell
Sicilia's Foes: That they return'd may tell (fell;
 Their Wives and Children how their slain friends
 And let the Towns by hostile Arms destroy'd,
 By former Dwellers now be re-enjoy'd;
 That they may dress their fertile Fields, and breed
 Numberless bleating Flocks therein to feed.

Let

Let their horn'd Heards, call'd home at night
(from grafs,

Urge lazy Travellers to mend their pace.

Let now the fallowed Fields be sown again,
And freshly flourish with fair Crops of Grain,
Whilst labouring Mowers the rich Meadows
share,

Shrubs ecchoing with the shrill-voic'd Graf-
hopper.

Let ev'n the Name of War in all mouths cease,
Be no Arts cherish'd but the Arts of Peace :

Let Spiders rusty Arms in Cobwebs dress,
Let Poets *Hieron's* glorious Acts rehearse,

And spread his Fame throughout the Universe;
'Mongst whom I'll sing for one ; tho I not reach
So high as some whom *Jove's* fair Daughters
Who love *Sicilian Arcthusa's* Name teach ;

To chant, and *Hieron's* valiant Acts proclaim.

Ana-

Anacreon's Odes paraphras'd.

A G E.

Od. 47. Φιλῶ γέροντα, &c.

I Like the Youth that does improve
 His Blood with Wine, his Heat with Love
 I like the Man that Age beguiles,
 And owes his Wrinkles to his Smiles,
 That his dry'd Veins with Grapes repairs,
 And gilds with Oyl his whit'ned Hairs,
 That keeps dark fullen Care his Slave,
 And dances down into the Grave.
 He, though his Head in Snow be drest,
 Fresh, flow'ry Youth keeps in his Breast
 Fresh Youth he keeps, and sweetest Fire,
 Life's heat maintaining by desire.
 So *Aetna's* Head is silver'd o're with Snow,
 But Flowers smile, and Flames break forth below.

A G E.

A G E R

Od. 34. *Myrtae puzos, &c.*

THo in pale Whites my Face appear,
 Tho thine the fairest Flowers wear,
 Tho Winter here, there Summer grow,
 Fly not, thy Fire will melt my Snow,
 From my warm Snow no more retreat,
 The Sun, when whitest, darts most heat.
 My paler Locks commend with thine,
 And with thy Gold my Silver twine.
 See how the Lillies white as me,
 See how the Roses red as thee,
 Married in this Garland twine,
 And growing Snow and Blood combine!
 Such should our mix'd Embraces be,
 Chequ'ring *Anacreon* with thee.

DRINK-

DRINKING.

Od. 25. *Othello's* *my*, &c.

Fill up the Glass, when I drink deep
 My drowned Cares, before me, sleep.
 I'll know no Cares, nor Grief, nor Tears,
 Sweet Oyls shall swim above salt Tears.
 Since I must dye, come, let me live,
 Garlands and Wine the Victim give.
 Garlands, which, like me, must wither,
 Then let's smile, then fade together.
 Wine, that's mortal as I,
 But let it not before me dye.
 Fill up the Glass; while Care's asleep
 I'll drink it, as my cold Grave, deep.

THE FIRST
ELEGY
OF

Ovid's *Amorum*.

Translated into

ENGLISH

By Mr. *Ballou*, Fellow of *Kings Colledge*
in *CAMBRIDGE*.

TO sing of *Mars* and his Heroic Trains
My Muse began, and in becoming strains,
With equal pace the numbers took their way
Slow, but Majestic, grave without delay.

M

While

While *Cupid* at the fond endeavour smil'd,
And of a Foot the later Verse beguil'd.
Ambitious Boy (said I) t'usurp a power,
O'er Poetry the Muses only Dower.
As well may *Venus* claim the right of Arms,
Pallace preside o'er Love and Beauty's Charms.
Ceres for Woods forgo the fertile Field,
Woods with *Diana* to the Fields may yield.
Mars with *Apollo* change his deadly Spear,
For the soft Musick of his warbling Lyre.
Too great a Rule already you possess,
Nor does your wild Ambition Covet less.
Or is your Lawful Empire unconfi'd,
And by a right to all, our Temple joyn'd?
Scarce now *Apollo* is your Harp secure,
O'er mine already he has stoln a power.
When great Heroic Notes my Strings would play,
He strikes; the Strings to softer Notes give way.
Tyrant! to force me thus to sing of Love,
Which my unskillfull Breast did never prove.

No tender Maid affords to me blest joys,
 Nor gentle Youth my softer hours employs.
 He heard, and from his sounding Quiver drew
 An Arrow, to the fatal purpose true :
 Fly thou t'his idle heart (said he,) and find
 A subject fit t'employ his wounded mind.
 Wretch that I was! to tempt that Archers skill;
 Ah now what Tyranny of Love I feel!
 Farewell all Warlike numbers, warlike things,
 Love tunes my heart to my enervate strings,
 With Myrtle Crown'd, my Muse, on measures move
 Soft and uneven, fit for gentle Love:

M 2

ELEGY.

He heard, and from his sounding Quiver drew
 At a bow, the fatal wound to me
ELEGY II.

What's this that thus of Sleep bereaves
 my night?

The Cloaths upon my Bed uneasie sit,
 Unwonted hardness does my pillow seize
 And to my tossing head affords no ease.
 Am I to Love insensibly berray'd,
 Which has this sudden alteration made?
 'Tis Love I see by cunning treach'rous art
 Has shot his secret Arrows to my heart.
 And must I yield, or striving feed the Flame,
 Which by compliance gentle grows and tame?
 So motion does incense the Torches fire,
 Which of it self would quietly expire.
 The Ox at first impatient of the Yoke,
 Groans with the oft regeminated stroke.

The willing Horse with easie bridle plays,
 Whilst the sharp curb th' unruly mouth obeys.
 So whilst we struggle with the Yoke of Love,
 It by reluctance does more grievous prove.
 I yield, I yield, your new got prey receive,
 Into your Chains my willing hands I give.
 Cease the no Victory with Arms to gain,
 Who naked sue your Mercy to obtain.
 Go too, about your Temples Myrtle twine;
 To the light airy Chariot fully joyn
 Your Mothers Doves; methinks with graceful
 pride,
 I see you through the Streets in Triumph ride,
 With dextrous art the yoaked couple guide.
 A goodly Train in long procession go
 Of vanquish'd Men and Maids, a Pompous show :
 With these I'll mix my self, my Bonds no less
 Than Body shall my Captive Mind confess.
 Wisdom and Honour, Modesty and Scorn
 Your foes, betim'd in Fetters shall be born.

All things your awful presence then shall fear,
The Croud your Conquests with applause de-
clare.

Madness, enticing Flattery, Mistake,
(*Switzers* to Love) your Martial Train shall make.
With these an easie Victory you gain,
(Weak without these) o'er Gods as well as Men,
Your Mother then with joy from Heav'n shall pour
Upon your head a rose fragrant Shower.

A Golden Mantle shall your shoulders wear,
And Gems bedeck your gaudy Plumes and Hair.
Your presence then will no few fires create,
As flames to all that's nigh't disperse their heat.
Your darts unbidden then their flights shall take,
And as you pass new bleeding Lovers make.
So *Bacchus* Triumph'd from the *Indian* Shore
You Birds, Him fierce *Armenian* Tygers bore.
In me to throw away your power, spare,
Who might a part in this your Triumph bear,
See how the Godlike *Cesar* your own blood,
To those he Conquers gracious is and good.

E L E O Y

E L E G Y III.

By the same.

Great Goddess *Venus* hearken to a prayer,
Whose justice may deserve a friendly ear;
Let her I Love (what juster thing can be)
A gentle Passion entertain for me.
Or by her kind compliance make me wear
For ever her soft Chains, which now I bear.
So would I never wish to be set free:
Ah pleasing bonds! ah sweet Captivity!
Me for her constant Servant she'd approve,
Knew she with what sincerity I Love.
What tho no ancient names my Lineage grace,
Nor can I boast the Author of my Race,
My Fortune small, no Parents for me fear
To spend, what would enrich their growing Heir.

I bring you *Phæbus*, and the Sisters nine,
A Love unfeign'd, which makes me only thine,
Unwav'ring Faith, an unpolluted name,
Naked simplicity, ingenuous Shame,
You, you alone shall please, no Rival Love
Yours from my constant breast shall ever move.
With you the years which Fate allows I'd live,
Nor wish you dying, longer to survive.
Be thou the happy subject of my Muse,
Your name a worthy Genius will infuse.
To frighted *Io* maugre *Juno's* hate,
My Verse shall give an everlasting date,
Ages to come shall tell *Callisto's* Rape
Secure of Hurt under a feather'd shape.
How to *Europa* *Jove* in Horned Shroud,
Soft, gentle fires in hollow murmurs low'd.
We two immortal shall remain, when dead,
And future times our joyned names shall read,

ELEGY

E L E G Y IV.

By the same.

Your Husband too with us is bid a guest
 To Supper, may this Supper be his last;
 And must I but an idle witness be
 Of his rude touches, which I least would see?
 Your gentle head within his bosom laid,
 With his soul Arms about your Neck display'd,
 No wonder now that Savage Monstrous Guests,
 Strain'd with their Gore the *Thracian* Nuptial
 Feasts.
 Ingenuously bred, and form'd a Man,
 I scarce my itching hands from force restrain.
 Yet now before a Lovers Lesson hear,
 Nor let the Winds my vain Instructions bear;

Steal out before, let him be sure come last,
May be you won't repent your early hast.
When, to the Bed you go, where he is laid,
With looks demure give me the gentle tread.
Observe my Nods, the Language of my Face,
Which can so well my inward thoughts express.
My eyes and hands shall act the vocal part,
By their dumb Rhet'rick you may learn my heart.
If to your fancy some kind thought has brought
Th' enhanced pleasures, which my Love had
wrought,
With gentle taps upon your cheeks, declare,
When I shall say or do, what you approve,
The Mystick Ring about your finger move.
When to your Husband some ill hap you pray,
Fear not upon the board your hands to lay.
What's fill'd by him, sip, and give him the rest,
When e're you lack the Boy will please you best.
Return'd by you I first bespeak the glass,
And where your lips has touch'd enjoy the place.

There to be sure I'll meet you, or be met,
What ever Hold you can, be sure to get,
Shou'd you to melting kisses once give way,
I fear my injur'd Love I should betray.
Fly out, and frantick cry, cease wanton, know
Those kisses to my self are only due.
Yet this I'd see; did he but so much dare,
But more my patience would, or could not bear.
And thus my fears so numberless are grown,
Who all the ways and arts of Love have known.
No fear of this in you, yet ev'n to shun
Suspicion, keep your Garments always down;
Still ask your Man to drink, but let no kiss
Purchase the favour with unequal price.
Whilst yet he drinks, into his Cup infuse
More Wine, inviting sleep and soft repose.
Occasion then it self will teach us, how
We should improve it to the best employ.
When you begin to rise, we'll all rise too
Midst of the Press you least observ'd may go,

And

And thus for Plots industrious I have been,
 Which a few coming hours will render vain.
 The night now envious to my hopes, comes on,
 And I divorc'd from her must lye alone.
 Her Husbands Pris'ner she must be all night;
 Yet to the door I'll follow her in fight.
 Then he shall clasp you in his rude embrace;
 And rifle all the sweets upon your face,
 Exact the pleasures which to Laws you owe,
 But freely to my Love a gift bestow;
 Yet do not easie, but as forc't comply
 To the cold duty of a drudgery.
 If wishes can prevail, a starv'd delight
 Shall be the Harvest of his toilsome night,
 Whate'er his Fortune is, to me deny
 That he enjoy'd you, I'll believe the lye.

ELEGY

E L E G Y V.

By the same.

ONe day in Summer, about twelve at Noon,
 Upon my Bed for ease I laid me down;
 The Window half shut, gave a doubtful light,
 Such as past Sun-set and before 'tis Night;
 As when in Woods through the thick boughy
 shade,
 Some glimmerings of broken light are made,
 Such as emboldens modest Virgins shame,
 When to my Chamber lol *Cordina* came,
 Like fair *Sewirawis* to her *Alcove*,
 To meet the sweet embraces of her Love.
 Scarce cover'd with a thin and loose array,
 Her Hairs dishevel'd on her shoulders play;

Her

Her covering (tho such as did not quite
Conceal the blissful object of my sight)
Striving to pull away, she'd still retain,
And fought to cover what she would have seen.
Till struggling she, unwilling to o'rcome,
By her own Treachery at last she's won,
When (lo !) uncover'd as she stood and bare,
No fault in all her Body did appear,
What Shoulders, Arms, salute my dazled eyes !
How fit for touch, her Breasts would proudly
rise !
Taper her Waste, her Belly smooth and plain,
Which two plump Pillars proudly did sustain.
What needs there more ? when nothing there I see
But rais'd my fancy to an extasie.
What follow'd after, is not hard to guess
Weari'd, we panting lay, and took our ease,
Give me ye Gods, many such noons as these.

Libri Primi

Ovid. Amor.

E L E G I A Prima.

When first of Arms, and bloody Wars
I writ,
In lofty numbers, for the Subject fit,
And every Verse did run with equal feet.
The God of Love laugh'd at my vain essay,
And in a humour stole one foot away.
Who gave you cruel Boy, o'er Verse such Pow'rs?
We are *Apollo's* Subjects, and not yours?
What if the Queen of Beauty should invade
Minerva's Province; She usurp her Trade?
How could rough Armour suit with soft desire?
Or bold *Virago's* gentle Love inspire?

Should

Should *Ceres* Rule in Woods, *Diana* in the
Field,

Wild Beasts might range at large; the Corn no
Crop would yield.

Who'd Arm *Apollo* with a pointed Spear,

Whilst Wars fierce God plays on the Muses
Lyre.

Great was you Child, too great your Power be-
fore,

Why should your fond Ambition wish for
more?

Is it 'cause every thing must stoop to thee?

Nor even the Muses Songs and Groves be free;

No sooner was my Poem well begun,

And the first Line did promise much to come,

But the blind God my well-tun'd Harp un-
strung.

I have no Theme, which softer Airs require,

Such as sweet Boys—

And lovely Virgins can alone inspire:

Th

Thus I complain'd: when Love from's Quiver
drew

A well-chose Arrow to my ruine meant,
With all his the strong-knit Bow he bent,
Which at my heart the fatal weapon threw.

Then saying with a Smile Maliciously ;

There is a Subject for your Poetry :

Alas, alas, it was too sure a Dart ;

I burn, and Love Reigns in my Conquer'd heart :

O for the tender *Elegiack* vein

And long adieus to the Heroic strain,

Deck thee, my Muse, with Mirtle from the Shore
Sacred to *Venus*, and her young Amour.

N

Libri

Libri Primi

ELEGIA Secunda.

WHat can this mean, what makes my
 Thus naked lie without a Coverlid?
 What makes me pass the live-long nights away
 In tedious expectation of the day,
 Whilst my Rackt Limbs with never ceasing pain
 Turn to this side, and then to that again?
 Sure I should know, if Love disturb'd my Rest;
 Unless it slyly stole into my Breast;
 'Tis so, for now I feel the pointed Dart:
 Tyrannic Love raging in every part.
 What, must I yield to the incroaching bane?
 Or by Reluctance aggravate my flame?

Well,

Well, I will yield; my Chains with Patience wear,
The burden's light which we're resolv'd to bear.
So I've observ'd resisted Fires to rage,
Which, let alone, would suddenly assuage.

The stubborn Ox that's haughty Neck can't bow,
Does suffer more than he that draws the Plough.
Th' unruly Horse that can't endure the Rein
Is broke at last, and that with greater pain:

Love more severely does chastise the Proud
Than those that humbly have his power allow'd.

O Love, I grant, I am a Convert grown:

Enslav'd and Fetter'd, I approach your Throne.

Forbear your Arms; for Peace I humbly sue,

Oh don't so mean a Victory pursue,

From which no Honour ever can accrue.

With Mirle Chaplets then enwreath thy hair,

The God of War a Chariot shall prepare,

And Venus Doves shall wing you through the Air.

The World with loud applause your Triumph see,

Whilst you make Love and War so well agree.

Young Men, and Maids, that did your Empire
 Scorn,
 Shall your Triumphal Chariot-wheels adorn.
 I, 'mongst the rest, your late made Captive,
 bound,
 Proclaim your grandeur with a bleeding wound.
 And every Passion be a Prisoner led,
 All that have ever from Loves Ensigns fled.
 All things before your mighty Power shall fly:
 The vulgar with their throats shall rend the Sky,
Io Trinmph, Io Cupid, cry.
 Error, and Fury, and allurements too
 These shall Attendants of your Triumph be
 These are the Soldiers always follow'd you.
 By which you've even o'ercome the Deity:
 Should these advantages be took away,
 The God of Love might sometimes lose the day.
 Your Beauteous Mother from above will spread
 Eternal blooming Roses on your head.
 Here all your dazzling Glories you unfold,
 Bedeck'd with Roses, Jewels, and with Gold,

The yet unconquer'd World you shall subdue;
Who, in your March, shall wounded follow
you.

The scorching fire does so infectious grow,
That you must wound, whether you will, or no.
Such was the Triumph of Wines Conquering
God,

When, drawn by Tygers, he o'er *Ganges* Rode.
Since then I'm part of your Illustrious Train,
O spend no more Artillerys in vain.
Behold *Augustus Caesar's* Glorious Charms
Those who're reduc'd by his All-Conquering
Arms,
With God-like Mercy he defends from harms.

Libri Primi

ELEGIA Tertia.

I Ask no more ; than that the Fair I love,
 Would love again ; or so propitious prove
 As might be some encouragement to love.

Ah, 'tis too much, and I presume too far !

Let but my Mistress my Addresses bear,

And *Cytherea* hear my humble Prayer.

Accept th' eternal Service that I bring :

Accept my heart, the Faithful Offering.

What, tho I don't an ancient Lineage boast

Or any Titles that enlarge my name ?

But am maintain'd at an inferiour cost,

And have no wealth to usher in my claim ;

Yet on *Apello*, and the Mighty Nine,

(Without forgetting the great God of Wine,)

P O E M S.

183

On these, (with Loves assistance,) I'll rely;
 Almighty Love will all defects supply:
 Unblemish'd Faith, and Life without a stain;
 Plain-dealing, Modest, and of Honest name.
 I ne'er can an inconstant Rover prove:
 Trust me; you're all that I shall ever Love.
 Oh, may I spend the remnant of my days
 Employ'd by you, in singing of your Praise!
 How would the Glorious Theme my Senses fire,
 And each perfection would my Muse inspire?
 Io, affrighted at her horrid form,
 And *Leda's* Swan, the Poets Verse adorn;
 With fair *Europa*, who by *Jove* betray'd,
 Was o'er the Sea by tye feign'd Bull convey'd.
 Nay, we two shall, by our Immortal Name,
 For after Ages, fill the mouth of Fame.

Libri Primi,

ELEGIA Quinta.

T Was in the midst of an hot Summers day,
 As on my Bed, for soft repose, I lay.
 The half-shut Casements cast a glimmering light,
 As the declining Sun, on Verge of night;
 Or when he forces out a narrow way
 Through thickest Groves; or, as at dawn of day:
 Such a retreat the timorous Maid desires,
 And such false lights, to hide her glowing fires:
 When, lo, *Corinna* came, in loose Attire,
 Down her fair neck hung her long dangling hair:
 In such a charming dress was *Lais* seen,
 With such a graceful, and Majestic mien,
 March'd to her Throne, the fam'd *Assyrian*
 Queen.

I seiz'd her Gown, which was so wondrous fine,
It scarce did seem t' obstruct a Love Design,
Yet she close kept, and hug'd the slender Aid,
But fought, as if of Conquest much afraid;
So by faint struggling was the Fort betray'd.
When she had laid that useless Garment by,
And the fair Prospect blest'd my longing eye;
My gazing Opticks met with nothing there
But what intire perfection did appear.
What Neck, what Arms I clasp'd; and what a
Breast
Form'd and design'd by Nature to be prest!
In what fine order her whole Frame did lye!
How strait her Waist! how vigorous a Thigh!
What needs there more?
I took a full survey of all her Charms,
And grasp'd her naked Body in my Arms.
What then ensu'd is easie to be guess,
By joint consent we laid our selves to rest,
With such refreshing Noons, may I be ever blest.

To Mr. R. D.

A T

CAMBRIDGE.

W HEN, dearest Friend, oh when shall I
be blest

With thee and *Damon*, Silence, Shade, and Rest?

Free from the painful Pleasures of the Town,

Amidst chaste Groves, and harmless Wit lie down;

Wit which in Scandal never shows its head,

Nor blasts the Fame of some too Virtuous Maid:

Eccho forgets that e'er she was undone,

'Tis so long since she cou'd repeat a moan:

Cham never swells with Tears, nor the bleak Air,

Storms with the sighs of the forsaken Fair,

Like

Like other Passions, Love you can subdue,
And what enslaves the World submits to you;
Nor do you ever with false fires betray,
And the poor heedless gazer lead astray;
Rich and Luxurious like our Isle within,
Your business is not Foreign Realms to win.
But keep your own, nor lavish out your Store
To gain that, which if gotten, makes you poor.
Pale as the Horned Moon is *Hymens* light,
And wares as fast, is scarce at full one night,
Your Star does at his Summer Solstice stay,
Shines out, and makes but one continued day;
Pleasing and gay as the Sun-gilded Skies
As mild and sweet as Love-sick Virgins Eyes,
As undisturb'd as sleeping Hermits are,
As wholly free from the fatigue of care,
As fixt as the Decrees of Providence
Are all your happy hours, for they are granted
thence.
Without your Pens *Hobbits* confounded are,
So much of Nature, and so little War.
You

You are not fram'd of jarring Elements,
All Soul, all Peace, all Friendship, Wit, and Sence,
You so agree, so very much are one,
As the Triumphant Singers round the Heav'nly
Throne.

Ye clash like Mankinds disagreeing Prayers,
And feign as many Jealousies and Fears,
As Lovers Cloy'd, or States-men in Disgrace,
Desire of change is writ in every face;
Dissatisfi'd or *Whig* as *Israelite*,
As unsuccessful as a *Teckelite*;
For spight of Cravat string we lose the day,
No Dress can win, or *Billet-deux* betray.
But after all the rage of sighs and tears,
Kind *Str*—— calms our grief, and lulls our cares,
When well experienc'd Strumpet takes upon her
To quench the flame kindled by Maid of Honour;
Yet like the *Dutch*, after a loss we swell,
Unrigg'd or burnt, we blow the Trumpet still,
And Triumph for a leaky Fish-boat ta'en,
As if it were the Royal Sovereign.

The

The pleasures of the Park, Plays, drawing Rome
Be much as new as th' Instrument at home,
Which some for forty Winters scrape upon.
Pretty amuzements and stand him in stead,
Whom modish Sir ne'er taught to write or read.
If I could tell to twelve, I'd rather stand,
With a lean Pike-staff in my leaner hand,
Counting the tedious hours before the Gate,
Then cringe above stairs to the saucy Grant,
Not she who knows her strength, and finds you
love,
Is more impertinently insolent,
Then is his Lorship, when you come to move
The smallest Suit which he has power to
Tho' e'er you ask, both so well bred Appear
You'd think that you affront 'em if you fear.
So Rook at Neals fawns on unborrowing Cull
So a Brave Man is Cap'd and knee'd by Bull,
So subtil sharer smil'd on drudging Poet
Before the Houses joyning. Sir! you know it.

THE SOLDIER.

*Writ in April, 1684. when our English Vol-
unteers went into Flanders.*

THE melting Lute is on the *Willows* hung,
Forfaken weeping Virgins sigh in vain,
For all the Youth with point of Honour stung
Dance to the Drum and Trumpet o'er the *Main*.

The phantasm Honour leads them all astray,
From Downy Beds in midst of dismal night,
To seek out Treasure hid in Fields which they
Will scarcely find by such a Wild-fire light.

Like pulling Girls, they tremble at a Name,
(For Whore and Coward both of them does
fright,)
And Sacrifice their Pleasure to their Fame,
As Self-denying as an Anchorite.

Eating

Eating they scorn, despise their Wine and Wench,
And beg to Famish in a Foreign Land,
Digging their way to th' Devil in a Trench,
With Pains and Sweat they labour to be damn'd.

Not the first Tiller, when the teeming Earth
Swell'd with the new infused Poisonous Curse,
Was ever blest with a more hopeful Birth
Of Glorious Mischiefs, then our Warriors.

Hardly as he they earn their Bread, as he
Cast out and Vagrants, and on some we see
Heav'n sets a Mark that they should not be slain,
As the Damn'd live to Eternize their Pain,

Revenge or Emulation might seduce,
And work to Parricide the wretched Cain,
But nothing can our Murtherers excuse,
Not even the Butchers mean pretence of Gain.

For

For poor and ragg'd as wandring Rogues they
are,

As their own Colours, shatter'd, lost, and torn,
Furl'd up, and laid aside after the War,
When they have leave to rot, repent and mourn.

A happy Nations greatest Blessing, Peace
Is their great Curse; so a becalmed Boat
Starves in the midst of Sun-shine, whilst the Seas
Laugh all around to see her idly float.

Like little pilfiring Thieves, they meanly live
On Fire and Shipwrecks, for they basely steal
What they pretend to save, and so contrive
To snatch to Morrow's miserable Meal.

They flock in millions when a Storm is near,
Like Winter-fowl they love an angry Skie,
But vanish when the Halcions appear,
And when good days appear, with Envie die.

PHILANDER
AND
EIRENE.

Tune, tune my strings, Divine Harmonious
Love,
Who tun'st the Angels Harps and Hearts above;
Sing what a Youth thy Slave *Philander* was;
What Beauties blossom'd on *Eirene's* face.
May's loveliest Morn can no such Prospect yield,
When the young Flowers shine in the laughing
Field,
When the Springs noblest Glories are display'd,
And Nature takes a Pride to be Survey'd.
The richest sweetness of the Earth and Skies
Sprung from her Rosic Breath, and Heavenly
Eyes;

Incense she might have been to angry Jove
For all Mankind, and charm'd him into Love.
Such natural goodness overflow'd her mind,
And a dear Innocence so sweetly kind;
That when she pray'd, if Mercy would not hear,
Its fairest Image it disown'd in her.
Untouch'd and white, Chaste as the coldest Snow,
That sparkles upon lofty *Heaven's* Brow,
And its pure Maiden-Innocence maintains
In midst of fiery light, and breath of flames;
But yet as humble as the Vale that lies
Before the foot of that proud Precipice;
Which pleas'd, and pleasing with its Meads and
Springs
Smiles in its Flowers, and in its Fountains sings.
Such gentle meekness beautifi'd her Soul,
That like her Lutes soft Harmony it stole
The heedless hearts, and in sure Fetters bound
All that approach'd the dear Enchanted Ground.
Descending Heav'n did round about her stand,
And listning Angels waited her Command.

Who

Who came to learn of her to moan and speak,
And when she sung they followed every shake;
Like her they try'd to soften every grace,
Melt ev'ry fall, and ev'ry Beauty raise;
So Hallelujahs were improv'd by her,
And to her voice they tun'd the sweetest Sphere.
Tho Dreams, or Humane Frailty never taught
Her spotless Virgin-soul a guilty thought,
Yet she could blush, which to Philosophize
Was but the Angels beaming from her eyes,
Breeding, which others toil in Courts to gain,
And oft with loss of Honour seek in vain,
Nature had hung about her with such ease,
That tho her thoughts were ne'er employ'd to
 please,
Yet like a Net by chance thrown on some Mead,
Where many joyful feather'd fingers breed,
Our flut'ring Souls without design she took,
And surely kill'd with every random Look.
Breeding is untaught Nature well repress,
And charms the most, when negligently dress.

Since Nature's self in all she did was seen,
 What Court her Dress or Motion could refine?
 Or if she had not been so rich in Charms,
 Why should she travel for Offensive Arms?
 When Pity sour'd the Joy of Victory,
 Weeping o'er those, who at her feet would dye,
 Whom Pride and Vanity could never move,
 And who was deaf to every sound of Love;
 Before *Philander* trembled in her Heart,
 And touch'd the String, which charm'd so nice a
 part;
Philander in whose face was fairly writ
 Good Nature, Honour, Manliness, and Wit;
 And when a long acquaintance brought him near,
 You saw them in a larger Character;
 Within there Reign'd a Soul, which, like the Star
 That Rules some Heroes Birth, rode high and
 clear:
 And in a Thousand generous Actions shown,
 That (much against his Nature) made him
 known.

His friend in a distress he would relieve,

His friend ne'er knew from whom he should receive

The Favour, till *Philander* did repeat

The Fact so oft, he could not hide the Cheat.

So little us'd to boast, or to proclaim

His Deeds, and Trumpet to the World his Fame;

That him you must like Fairy gifts conceal,

The way to forfeit all was to reveal.

He had both seen the Camp, and Court of *France*;

But came not back a Gay Br. *Fopling* thence,

Or noisie Bully, when he lov'd or fought,

'Twas done with all the silence, that he thought

His instant secret business might conceal,

Like one who took in either case a disappointment
ill.

For he did neither Love nor Fight in jest,

But always found just Motives in his Breast;

And then advanc'd with the same vigorous heat

His Mistress, or his Enemy to meet,

And yet with all the ease, that does attend
His Graceful fair, righted his fame or friend.

The black and guilty only fear to die,

He ran the risk with that serenity,

Which well became a Man at peace within,

And frighted by no Monster of a Sin,

For no believing Maid was e'er undone

By Perjuries from his persuasive Tongue,

His Honesty, his Business, or his Ease,

To Vanity he would not Sacrifice,

Nor for the Glory of a fine intrigue

Wear out his mind in a ten years fatigue ;

Fawn and Dissemble like a Whigg at Court,

And Witness, like fire murr'ring Oaths in sport,

Nor basely praise every little Cheat

Us'd by the Wife, the Politick, and Great,

To steal into a weak, ill-guarded Town,

The rich in fairer Mansions of their own,

Yet still they will betray, that by these Arts

They may attain the name of Men of Parts.

Philander set his heart upon the Place,
 If in a Siege he ever shew'd his face;
 He lay before the Fort, because he there
 Had Treasur'd up his Soul, and could not bear
 A separation, every minute kill'd,
 Which the pale Youth from his best part with-
 held.
 Then he would talk and kneel, protest and swear
 Each Tree had sence, and every Stone could hear;
 And as of old good *Moses* Charm'd the Rock,
 And rapid Rivers issued where he struck,
Philander touch'd it too with such an Art,
 That Kindness sprung out of the hardest heart;
 For he would weep a Torrent of wild Woes,
 Which like the Stream that from *Vesuvius* flows,
 Burnt all before it, raging with his crys,
 Fir'd by his Passion, driven by his sighs.
 At other times like some soft murmuring Brook,
 In whose fair face the Nymphs their faces look:
 He charm'd the listning Maid into a Dream,
 In which she cou'd see nothing else but him,

To him committed every tender thought,
And the conversion which his Tongue had
wrought;
And us'd him like a secret Confessor,
Whisper'd her melting wishes in his Ear.

One Am'rous Ev'ning of the joyful Spring
Did many friendly Nymphs together bring;
Musick they had to Triumph or to Mourn,
To celebrate the ravage of their Scorn,
Or tell the Shades in a sad moving strain
The falleness of a too much favour'd Swain;
Whilst our *Eirene*, (for that fair was one)
In undisturb'd and clear reflections shone;
No cloudy Passion hung upon her mind,
Which to that Eminency was refin'd,
That with full day it rose upon her face,
And gilded every Feature with its Rays;
And yet, so mild and peaceful flow'd the beams,
In such soft gentle kind, and quiet streams,

As the still Air, on which that Ev'ning lay
 When these young Angels gave a loose to Play,
 And that was calm as Infants rock'd asleep,
 Beauty in aw the angry Winds did keep,
 Who silently in admiration stood,
 And fear'd to tell their mighty joy aloud,
 Lest crouding fellow-Winds should drive them
 thence,

And share the view of so much Excellence;
 Nor came they empty-handed to adore,
 But the perfumes of both the Indies bore,
 And at the feet of these fair Charmers cast,
 The sweets of all the Countrys they had past:
 Tho like great Monarchs, who with vast ex-
 pence

Shew their respect, and their Magnificence,
 And make rich Presents to their Brother-Kings,
 Who least of all Mankind can want such things.
 The officious Winds a needless Tribute paid,
 Perfuming what cou'd never want their aid;

For all the Shades were made of *Jessamin*,
 Roses, and Oranges, and Columbine,
 Under whose roots lay the kind Camomile,
 And thousand other humble Flowers did smile,
 Caressing the gay fragrant youthful grass,
 And shedding Honey-dew upon its face.
 This Paradise thus happy ev'ry way
 In the soft Arms of a smooth River lay,
 Whose Murmurs gently chid the cruel heart,
 That sympathiz'd not with a Shepherd's smart;
 And to the Rocks, and Grotto's would complain
 Of *Sylvia's* hate, or *Amoret's* disdain;
 And oft in lucky melting minutes move
 The listning Nymph to lend an ear to Love:
Eirene sat by his green Flow'ry side,
 Who swell'd so high with Pleasure, or with Pride,
 That 'twas respect alone the Lover staid
 From running o'er to Snatch the careless Maid,
 Whilst she unmindful of the danger near,
 And safe in Innocence, exempt from fear,

Sung

Sung to her Lute Harmonious tales of Love,
That with the natural sweetness of the Grove,
Crept on the downy bottom of the Air,
And a new Heavenly Clime created there;
Commission'd Angels, when their task was done,
Wondring they should arrive at home so soon
Staid here, mistaken in their happy Seat,
Or else unwilling to find out the cheat;
Would gladly the abodes above forgoe
To be for ever ravish'd thus below,
And then she smil'd, and look'd the sweetest
things,
Good nature trickled from the rising Springs
Of her kind Eyes, and gliding on her Face
Diffus'd it self in softest tenderness.
So have I seen a silver water run
Through Natures blooming Beauties, whilst the
Sun
Shining upon it with his youthful beams
Plaid like her eyes among the gilded Streams,

Her rising Breasts on *Cupid's* Wings were made,
Hiding the little Loves in Ambush laid ;
Who heav'd and panted when their Bows they
drew,
And as they mov'd, Millions of Arrows flew :
The points they had from her bewitching Eyes,
And all the Feathers from her Lute and Voice,
To such a sight, in such a minute came
The young *Philander* guided by the Fame
Of these assembled Beauties, and his Star
Led him directly to the fatal Fair,
Led him where bright *Eirene* did appear.
He found the danger, and wou'd have retir'd,
But 'twas in vain, for he had seen and heard,
It was in vain to fly, he might as soon
His Shadow, or his secret thoughts out-run ;
So being round beset with murth'ring Charms,
He sought the sacred refuge of her Arms ;
With bended knees and soul the humble Swain
Kneel'd to the lovely Author of his pain ;

He fix'd his eyes upon her Heavenly face,
His heart leapt up, and through those eyes wou'd
gaze,
Till melted by the Starry Fire, that sprung
From the bright Maid, it flow'd out of his
Tongue.

Phil. Oh thou art sure a blossom in the Spring
Of Joyful Heaven, by the eternal King,
To glad Mankind sent mercifully down,
And on the Banks of Life's fair Stream halt grown;
The dear refreshing moisture yet I see
Hanging on either Lip, from either Eye.
Fresh Life yet flows, ten thousand Angels still
Bath in their native Flood, and drink their fill.
Oh! thou all Heav'n, tell, tell thy ravish'd slave
What kind of Worship thou expect'st to have;
Speak, and thy Cherubs dancing on thy Tongue
Amongst thy words in charming notes shall throng,
Speak that my heart may spring into a Joy,
Which nothing but thy silence can destroy;

The happy Youth never made Love in vain,
 The Graces taught him all the Arts to gain.
 Abounding pleasure leap'd through every part,
 And raptures revell'd at *Eirene's* heart,
 Which upwards flew, and perch'd upon her eye,
 For fair *Eirene* knew not to disguise
 Her thoughts, nor would her self and Lover vex
 With the afflicted coldness of her Sex.
Philander could perceive with extasie
 That his dear Mistress would not let him die;
 But yet to try the ground on which he stood,
 And that he might be sure he grasp'd no Cloud,
 That he would prove his Fortune, thus proceed
 To learn what Fate his fair one had decreed.

Phil. If in your Breast you have resolv'd my
 death,

Wait to *Elizium*, wait me with that Breath
 Which charms the World, sing to your Lute my
 doom,

In that sweet drest let my Destruction come,

P O E M S.

207

So op'ning Heav'n with all its Choirs and Spheres
Shall wing me from the Earth above the Stars.
Thus far the Lover; thus the heedless Maid
The budding kindness of her soul betrai'd.

Birtens. Tell me, ye softer Powers above,

Tell me what unfledg'd thing
Begins within my Breast to move,
And try its tender wing?

Tell me why this unusual heat
Thus creeps about my heart,
And why that heart indulges it
And fondly takes its part?

What God-head could *Philander* melt

To such a flood of sighs,
That gliding with the Tide unfelt,
He might my Soul surprize?

Perfidious Musick took my Ear,
And bent it to his Song;

Musick my friend, my darling care
Betray'd me on his Tongue.

But

But now they look'd how late the Ev'ning grew,
 Ill-natur'd Scandal, and the falling dew
 Frighted the fearful Nymphs away in haste,
 Lest this their Beauty, that their Fame should
 blast.

Eirene snatch'd a minute to bestow
 A tender smile, and a good natur'd bow
 Upon the ravish'd Youth, who drunk with Bliss
 Reel'd home, and thought the Universe was his.

Great Power who couldst transform the mighty
 Jove

To Showers, or softer feathers for his Love.
 Thou only in this figure couldst have stole
 Through Rocks of Ice, the Chaste *Eirene's* Soul,
Philander's was the only shape could move,
Philander newly moulded o'er in Love;
 The quickest Pulse of Love beat in his blood,
 In rowling Waves Love from his Language flow'd,
 From his black eyes fair Love and Rapture broke,
 And in his talking looks plain Passion spoke.

How

How alter'd then must cold *Eirene* be,
Who catch'd the flaming Meteor from his Eye,
On whose hot Beams the Youth himself did dart;
And flew in circling fire into her heart;
Her burning heart boil'd over at her eyes,
And all its Sweets distill'd in Tears and Sighs;
In every Chrystal drop *Philander* shone,
Philander's Image could be seen alone;
Her flame and fancy glittering on the dew,
Painted the lovely Phantom finer too
Than e'er the Sun a gaudy Rainbow drew.
She saw him in that Glass with what a Mien,
With what an easie greatness he came in
At the late meeting, what a haughtiness,
And graceful Majesty sat on his face,
But at her sight how humble was his Love!
Like *Alexander* supplicating *Jove*,
His trembling soul before her feet he hurl'd,
To gain a greater Conquest than the World,

And he continued this humility,
 For to the Earth he fix'd his bended knee,
 The two great Lights above saw him adore,
 But never saw such Constancy before,
 He Worship'd with a Beggars fervency,
 And would take heaven by importunity,
 The Heav'n of Love was open'd to his Prayers,
 And kind *Eirene* laid aside her fears,
 To ease the Youth of his, thus doubly won
 By mighty Merit; and by suffering long,
 At first her cautious friends a Lesson read
 Of Ruin'd Maids; by perjur'd Men betray'd
 And frighted back her passion to her heart,
 But there *Philanders* Image took its part,
 And aided by her self grew so strong,
 It drove her Love out of her yielding Tongue,
 Her soul and heart her kindest thoughts express,
 Melted on ev'ry feature of her face,
 But that he should not doubt his happiness,
 Her eyes and Tongue his Conquest thus confess.

Esrene. Oh my *Philander* ope your Brest,

I can no longer keep my heart,

Why do you call it from its nest

With such a soft resistless Art?

It sighs and looks it self away,

Dissolving with each word I speak;

Oh! take it, take it, if you stay

You will have nothing left to take.

There will be no injustice done,

Tho you have fir'd its native house,

If you will lodge it in your own,

Where it can only find repose.

And there i'll rest secure from harm,

Let angry Winds roar as they will,

That Tongue can ev'ry Tempest charm,

Those Eyes the blackest Cloud dispell.

Then the bright Nymph, with all her blaze of
Charms

Shot like a falling Star into his Arms ;
He crush'd her killing Beauties to his Breast,
And all her sweets into his Bosom prest ;
Her willing Soul out of her Lips he drew,
Which wing'd with Joy to her *Philander* flew ;
And then an innocent Revenge he tries,
Attempts to kiss the fire, out of her Eyes ;
And he devour'd a fierce unruly flame,
Which all her Charms let loose could scarcely
tame.

'Tis well he had the liberty at least
The living Nectar of her Lips to taste ;
To quaff her breath, and drink her flowing heart,
Which broke the Banks, and gush'd from ev'ry
part ;

And this was all he wish'd, his Heav'nly fire
Was purg'd from ev'ry loose unchast desire,
Eirenes eyes had purify'd the Air ;
He breath'd in the clear Sun-shine of his Fair.

Eirene

Eirene could the dross and dregs remove,
Extracting the pure spirit of his Love ;
And that was all divine, and would not mix
With the gross inclinations of his Sex.
Thus Angel-like the Youth and Virgin lov'd,
And pleasure to the highest pitch improv'd ;
The circling Year roul'd in its usual round,
And still their Eyes fix'd on each other found ;
The circling Year did various seasons bring,
But their young Love was always in the Spring,
It never alter'd but from bliss to bliss,
No angry Sky blasted their happiness ;
For whilst *Eirene* smil'd his Heav'n was clear,
And she would always smile when he was near.

O F

Divine Poefie,

Two CANTO'S

By Mr. WALLER.

*Occasioned upon fight of the Fifty third Chapter
of Ifaiah, turn'd into Verfe by a Lady.*

Canto I.

POets we praife, when in their Verfe we find
Some great imployment of a worthy mind;
Angels have been inquisitive to know
The Secrets which this Oracle does fhew.

What was to come the Prophet did declare,
Which ſhe describes as if ſhe had been there,

Had

Had seen the wounds which to the Readers view
She draws so lively that they bleed anew.

As *Iole* thrives which on the Oak takes hold,
So with the Prophets may her Lines grow old,
If they should die, who can the World forgive?
Such Pious Lines when wanton *Sappho's* live.

Who with his breath his Image did inspire,
Expects it should foment a nobler fire,
Not Love which Brutes as well as Men may know,
But love like his to whom that breath we owe.

Verse so design'd on that high Subject wrote,
Is the perfection of an ardent thought;
The Smoak which we from burning Incense raise,
When we compleat the Sacrifice of Praise.

That he does Reign all Creatures should re-
joyce,
And we with Songs supply their want of Voice;
In boundless verse the Fancy soars too high
For any Object but the Deity.

What Mortal can with Heav'n pretend to share
In the Superlatives of Wise and Fair?
As meaner Subjects when with these we grace,
A Giants habit on a Dwarf we place.

Sacred should be the product of our Muse,
Like that sweet Oil above all private use,
On pain of Death forbidden to be made
But when it should be on the Altar laid;
Verse shews a rich inestimable Vein,
When dropt from Heav'n 'tis thither sent again.

Of Bounty 'tis that he admits our praise
Which does not him, but us that yield it raise,
For as that Angel up to Heaven did rise,
Born on the flame of *Mannoa's* Sacrifice,
So wing'd with Praise we penetrate the Sky,
Teach Cloud and Stars to Praise him as we fly;
The whole Creation by our Fall made groan,
His Praise to Eccho and suspend their Moan,

The Church Triumphant and the Church below

In Songs of Praise their present Union show ;
 Their Joys are full, our Expectation long,
 In Life we differ, but we joyn in Song ;
 Angels and we assisted by this art
 May sing together tho we dwelt apart.

Thus we reach Heav'n while Vainer Poems
 must

No higher rise than winds may lift the dust,
 From that they spring, this from his Breath that
 gave

To the first dust th' immortal soul, we have ;
 His Praise well sung our great endeavour here
 Shakes off the Dust, and makes that Breath appear.

Canto 2.

HE that did first this way of Writing
 grace,
 Convers'd with the Almighty face to face,
 Wonders he did in Sacred Verse unfold,
 When he had more than Eighty Winters told,
 The

The Writer feels no dire effects of Age,
Nor Verse that flows from so Divine a rage.

Eldest of Poets he, beheld the Light,
When first it Triumph'd o'er eternal night,
Chaos he saw and could distinctly tell
How that Confusion into order fell,
As if consulted which he has express'd
The Work of the Creator, and his Rest,
How the Flood drown'd the first offending Race,
Which might the Figure of our Globe deface;
For new made Earth, so even and so fair,
Less equal now uncertain makes the Air;
Surpris'd with Heat and unexpected Cold,
Early Distempers make our Youth look Old,
Our days so evil and so few, may tell
That on the Ruins of that World we dwell.
Strong as the Oaks that nourish'd them, and
high,
That long-liv'd Race did on their force rely,
Neglecting

Neglecting Heav'n, but we of shorter date
Should be more mindful of impendent Fate,
To Worms that crawl upon this Rubbish here,
This span of Life may yet too long appear
Enough to humble, and to make us great,
If it prepare us for a Nobler Seat;
Which well observing, he in numerous Lines
Taught wretched Man how fast his Life declines;
In whom he dwelt before the World was made,
And may again retire when that shall fade.

The lasting Iliads have not liv'd so long
As his and *Deborah's* triumphant Song:
Delphos unknown, no Muse could them inspire,
But that which Governs the Cœlestial Choir;
Heaven to the Pious did this Art reveal,
And from their store succeeding Poets steal.
Homer's Scamander from the *Trojans* fought,
And swell'd so high by her old *Kishon* taught,
His River scarce could fierce *Achilles* stay,
Hers more successful swept her foes away.

The

The Host of Heav'n, his *Phebus* and his *Mars*
 He Arms, instructed by her fighting Stars,
 She led them all against the common foe,
 But he misled by what he saw below ;
 The Powers above like wretched men divides
 And breaks their union into different sides,
 The Noblest Parts which in his Heroes shine
 May be but Copies of that Heroine.
Homer himself, and *Agamemnon* she
 The Writer could, and the Commander be.

Death she relates in a sublimer strain
 Than all the Tales the boldest Greek could
 feign,
 For what she sung that Spirit did endight,
 Which gave her Courage and Success in Fight :
 A double Garland Crowns the matchless Dame,
 From Heav'n her Poem and her Conquest came,
 Tho of the *Jews* she merit most esteem,
 Yet here the *Christian* has the greater Theme ;

Her

Her Martial Song describes how *Sifera* fell,
This sings our Triumph over Death and Hell.

The Rising Light employ'd the Sacred Breath
Of the blest Virgin and *Elizabeth* :
In Songs of Joy the Angels sung his Birth,
Here how he treated was upon the Earth
Trembling, we read the Afflictions and the Scorn
Which for our Guilt so patiently was born,
Conception, Birth, and Suffering all belong,
Tho' various parts, to one Celestial Song ;
And she well using so Divine an Art,
Has in the Confort sung the Tragic part.

As *Hannahs* Seed was vow'd to Sacred use,
So here this Lady Consecrates her Muse,
With like reward may Heaven her Bed adorn
With fruit as fair as by her Muse is born.

A N S W E R
Mr. Waller.

Now I shall live indeed; not by my skill
 But wisely you your Prophetic fulfill,
 And kindly careful of my growing Fame,
 Have twist'd it with your immortal name.
 What brainless Critick dares his Envy raise
 To blast a Style which you encline to praise?
 The Powers of Envy I will now defie,
 Since rais'd by you to Immortality,
 Once mention'd in your Verse I cannot die.
 You with the flame of your Poetic fire
 Purge off my dross, and leave the Sence entire,

You

P O E M S.

223

You praise what's worthy praise, the rest omit,
And teach th' ill-natur'd World how to forget;
The World whose peevish memories still strike
At what is worst, omitting what they like.

Parent of *English* Poetic alone,

To you we owe the Art we call our own;

All who before you came, as hoarsely sung,

As if by *Mars*, *Apollo's* Harp was rung,

And tun'd to Drums loud Echoes and Alarms,

But you have taught us soft and lasting Charm

Pride of the past, life of the present age,

I'm both inclin'd by swift Poetick rage,

And gratitude, to give due praise to you,

But I'm too weak to pay the debt I owe:

Down haughty Muse! canst thou behold the Sun?

Ah no! withdraw, thy threatening danger shun,

He like an Eagle us'd to face the light,

Ere he adopts thee, tries thy tender sight;

Yet

Yet mounted on his wings thou now wilt dare
 To tempt thy fate, tho sure to perish there,
 How hard it is to teach a Muse despair;
 So the vain Fly who gilded flame admires,
 Approaches, and a Sacrifice expires.
 Think, haughty Muse, think what is now thy
 theme,
 What it is thou canst offer worthy him;
 Worthy of *Phæbus* and his darling Son,
 Or rather, of his Master, and thy own,
 Whose Silver hairs more Glory to him give
 Than from his Golden Beams he can receive,
 Who taught both Ages, and with God-like
 force
 Has stopt the mighty Flood of Folly's Source,
 Whose sprouting Laurels grew more fresh and
 gay
 The oftner they salute the Sun's bright ray,
 Their thriving Leaves grow young with every
 day.

His sprightly wit grows young with every
dawn,

For ever active, and for ever young,

His Numbers smooth, his sense for ever strong.

Cease haughty Muse, in vain thou dost aspire
To add thy smoak to his immortal fire;

Cease, but if thou no worthier Offering make,

Ineed not silence who want power to speak.

The

The Change.

Here! since it must be so, take thy last look;
 My heart such deep impressions took,
 Thou never wilt behold me more;
 No part will be the same
 As it appear'd when first I came;
 So alter'd shall I be, from what I was before.

2.

A few sad hours so great a change will make,
 Me from my self thou wilt mistake;
 And think some other Rival come,
 Who must as wretched be,
 Because he does resemble me:

And thus I twice condemn'd, must bear the fatal
 doom.

3.

Destructive Fair! thou wilt alone do more,

Than Grief or Sickness could before :

That drooping form, which now appears

Young as an Infant Spring

Will be, (while you such ruine bring)

As old in days, as was *Methusalem* in years.

4.

Dear Cruel Maid farewell : I know my doom,

Yet ne'ertheless once more will come :

Yes, I'll return and let you see,

What I have said will prove

Too true, th' effects of injur'd Love :

And possibly your softning heart may pity me.

5.

Tho fain I'd be more blest before I dye;

In Death I'll my last refuge try :

And then, like old *Aegyptians*, Thou,

(When no way else can move)

To my pale Corps will kinder prove ;

And more perhaps upon my Tomb, than my
Frail house bestow—

Excusing himself to his MISTRESS,
for being JEALOUS.

Beauty, My Dear, has such subduing charms,
Its weakest Force the strongest Guard dis-
arms.

O'er *Jove* himself it bears Imperial Sway,
As the great Thunderer, Gods and Men obey;
Through *Adamantine* Walls, and Tow'rs of Brass,
His Sacred Fire dissolv'd the yielding Mass.

A Show'r of Gold, with pregnant Love reliev'd
The Beauteous Virgin that in Fetters griev'd,
So much the tender Maid, a God could move
To so much Pity, and to so much Love:
And if she could a Deity perswade,
How vast a Conquest would thy Charms have
made!

Fair *Danaë* then had stood neglected by,
And thou hadst charm'd thy sacred Lovers Eye;

Upon

Upon himself a brave Revenge hadst turn'd,
And in thy flames th' Olympic Ruler burn'd.
But thanks eternal, to the Powers above,
That now their own immortal Beings Love :
For should they as of old descend to chuse,
How dear a Treasure should I quickly lose ?
Their Starry Thrones, Heav'n's brightest Forms
would leave,
And take all Shapes, that could thy heart deceive.
Blame not my Passion, nor condemn my care,
All precious blessings are preserv'd with fear ;
The rude unfruitful heaps of rolling Sand
Unguarded lie, upon the naked Strand :
But how defended is the golden Ore,
That shines on wealthy *Tagus* glitt'ring Shore !
So in a mean deform'd ignoble breast,
The quiet Lover may securely rest :
But what distrust and fears may justly rise,
When Charms like thine tempt all beholders eyes !
An Approbation only is Desire ;
All wishing to enjoy, what all admire :

And if so far the boundless will extends,
What will not Man, to gain his lawless ends?
Alluring Stratagems, and treacherous Snares
Are the chief bus'ness the vile Sex prepares:
Their Words, their Actions, ev'ry looks design;
In all as false, as are their Oaths in Wine.
What Story is not full of Womens Woes,
By plighted Faith betray'd, and broken Vows?
Religion, that does always fruitful prove,
Has not so many Hypocrites, as Love;
The pamper'd Priest that's Perjur'd at the Shrine,
Would break a thousand times more Vows at
thine.

I know thy Beauty, and our own deceit,
Thou art all Truth, and we all a Cheat.
Tho fix'd as Rocks thy Sacred Vertues are,
Experience cannot but our Vices fear.
What Flatteries, nor subtil'st Arts can't gain,
Vile Man can with infernal Malice stain:
Prudence should therefore nicest things remove,
And be more jealous than the tenderest Love.
Observing

Observing Eyes, false measures often take;
And base construction from good actions make:
Erect and strait, in vain the substance shews;
If thence the least oblique shadow flows;
For, to compleat our Joys, we are, 'tis known,
More blest by others Judgments than our own;
Unconquered Adamants in vain we wear,
If like adul'trate Christsals they appear:
A rightful Homage to Loves beauteous Throne
Should all the World with awful distance own;
While thou art pure, and spotless in my Arms,
Not Health, nor Riches have such pow'rful
Charms:

Goodness and Vertue, not the Gods above,
Shall with more tenderness for ever love:
But by their blest abode, if ev'n in thought
I could believe thou wouldst commit a fault;
Had'st thou abandon'd all the Joys of Heav'n,
And for my sake from Paradise been driv'n,
Thou should'st the blackest Feind in Hell embrace
Sooner than I'd behold thy guilty Face;

Ev'n one Crime, hadst thou an Angels Charms,
Would sep'rate me for ever from thy Arms.

"For Fate and Love on such a point depend,

"If one Link break, both the great Unions end!

Down at one leap, from highest Heav'n to Hell,

The brightest Hi'rarchy of Angels fell:

How soon by disobedience destroy'd,

Was the blest state the first great Pair enjoy'd!

That one sad act, which we so much deplore,

Brought a propension to a thousand more:

But did not Souls, that once receive a stain,

Tho cleans'd; more easily defile again;

The lesser God requires th' Almighty doom,

Time past, time present, and the time to come.

His Laws are stricter than the Court of Heav'n;

There sin Original is scarce forgiv'n:

Tho thou (my Life's fair Guardian) dearer art,

Than the warm ruddy drops that feed my heart;

With all thy Charms, how easie could I part,

If their first blooming sweets had been destroy'd;

Tho lawfully without a Crime enjoy'd!

True

True Love its Beauteous Object must invade,
As did the Sun the World, when first 'twas made:
All gay and innocent in Virgin state,
As fix'd and constant as eternal Fate:
No Tyrant (my dear Sovereign!) e'er could have,
A more obedient, faithful, humble Slave:
And yet that God-like Pow'r, that joyns our
souls,
And all inferiour faculties controuls;
In ev'ry nice desire must be obey'd,
And as much Homage to thy Subject paid,
As if he the Worlds Empire singly swai'd:
As undisturb'd, un-rival'd in his Throne,
As the great Prince that rul'd the Globe alone.
One smile tho forc'd from those subduing eyes,
Would forfeit all which they have taken prize;
Ev'ry kind look my soul esteems so dear,
It hardly can a Sisters kisses bear:
Methinks there should be found some other way,
Our Loves to distant Kindred to convey;

Scarcely canst thou lull a tender Infants cries,
But streight uneasie pains begin to rise:
Nothing methinks should fill those snowy Arms,
But he that has command of all thy Charms:
Ev'n thou (what's strange!) canst scarce permitted be
To love thy self; but leave it all to me:
And oh! if Fate does to my Will give power,
While Joys of Crowns pass unregarded by:
Round thy soft Limbs my greedy Arms shall twine
And Martyrs Souls not be more blest than mine;
Through the vast Lab'rinth of thy sweets I'll rove,
And give, and take all the delights of Love:
Not the young Monarch when in Triumph led,
With glitt'ring Diadems round his shining
head;
In all the Glories of his Regal State,
Can think himself more happy, or more great:
Thy tender Breast is a far softer Throne;
And at each kiss, methinks the World's my own.

In that dear Centre all those pleasures move,
That fill the Earth and the wide Spheres above;
There does such soft and tender Goddess dwell,
'Twould draw an Anch'rite from his lonely Cell;
Nor has thy Beauty less amazing Charms;
The Conqu'ror there wou'd stop his vengeful
Arms;
Ravish'd in sweets, to be a Slave would choose,
Rather than Triumph o'er his vanquish'd Foes.
Had I more Kingdoms, Crowns and Scepters won,
Than did of old great *Philip's* Conquering Son:
With half my Empires I with ease could part;
But not with the least Province of thy heart;
My Soul's diffus'd through all the crimson Sphere,
And fix'd in ev'ry lab'ring Fibre there.
No Joys nor Comforts can admittance find,
Till they are first with that dear Image sign'd;
Fates greatest blessings but a moment last,
And when they're once enjoy'd, the pleasure's
past.

The same dull Joy's repeated o'er and o'er,
And pleasures little — when beheld before ;
But thy dear Bosom like *Elysian* Springs,
An ever-flowing Tide of Pleasure brings :
One would have thought that ere the lab'ring
Sun
Through his vast Regions could so oft have run,
The riches that one breast could keep in store,
With lesser pains might have been ranfack'd o're ;
But such an infinite Mass does there abound,
That 'tis but running an Eternal round,
Like vital spirit, through the Form 'tis spread,
And ne'er can cease till life it self is fled.
No Fate nor Accident o'er-comes thy Skill,
In Joys and Sorrows thou art charming still ;
And 'tis hard judging which has greatest pow'r,
Thy Tears to wound the heart, or Smiles to cure.

CONTENT.

CONTENT.

E Nough, enough, ye Gods, I need no more ;
 Nor has this World a greater store :
 Your Bounteous hands have largely given
 One sovereign Remedy, that can
 Make bless'd the wretchedst state of Man ;
 And shew, in this dark Globe, the brightest glimpse
 of Heav'n.
 Forgive what's past, and if I e'er again
 Be found in the least murmuring strain ;
 If ever I repine that Fate
 Me ne'r in pompous Triumph led,
 Nor Crown'd a poor *Plebeian* head,
 Avenging Powers ! resume her back, and make me
 great.

Which

Which of you all, ye dreaded Sons of Earth

(Who from the Gods derive your Birth)

From Coronations wou'd not fly,

Throw your unweildy Scepters down,

And scorn the most Imperial Crown,

For the vast Realms of bliss, that in her bosom lie.

Welcome thou brightest Diadem, thou wealth,

Thou truest honour, fame, and health,

Welcome thou only gift of Heaven ;

Thou wondrous Ark that still contains

The blessing of all natures pains ;

Thou dear Celestial Food, in whom all sweets
were given.

Welcome true happiness, without allay ;

Thou bright and everlasting day :

Oh ! may I thus be ever blest ;

Thusvolv'd in endless pleasures, feel

My wither'd Arms around thee still ;

And see my aged head grown hoary on thy breast

The Inconstant.

NO, Flatter not, nor me more Constant
call

Than the false Winds that smile on all,

Because but one dear She I Love;

One that might fix those winds, and make a Sta-
tue move.

The quickning Sun (who with his genial
heat

Nature's vast Of-spring does beget)

Is to one Object more inclin'd,

Than all my Love does me to that dear Creature
bind,

3.

The same kind visit that he makes to day,
 Ten thousand times he does repeat:
 In endless rounds, his glorious Throne
 Adorns one rude uncomely Globe of Earth
 alone.

4.

But my self constant and ungovern'd Flame,
 Ne'er meets her twice as she's the same:
 Still wandering like Columbus, I
 Some rich and unknown Land in that bright
 World descry,

Ten thousand Offerings to her I've made,
 Ten thousand more too shall be paid:
 Yet I ne'er did, nor never will
 More than one Sacrifice to one dear Vertue
 kill.

6. Ev'ry

6.

Ev'ry embrace, and ev'ry melting kiss,

Tasts of some unexperienc'd bliss:

Not the first pledge of Nuptial Love

Can more transporting be, than our last joys will
proye.

7.

The num'rous graces of her outward part

Can hardly be summ'd up by Art:

But when I her Soul's vertues see,

My dazled sight is lost in vast Infinity.

8.

There every Grace, and every Beauty dwells;

Ev'n Nature there her self excells,

In her delightful charming breast,

Banish'd from Paradise, an Angel might be blest.

9.

A thousand sweets hung blooming on her Eye;

In ev'ry part ten thousand lie:

R

10. The

The wise, industrious, laden Bee
 'Midst all the floury Spring finds less variety.

10.

Numberless Unity! Beauty in her
 One or ten thousand names will bear;
 One milky way runs through the Skie,
 Or else Millions of Stars make up the Galaxy.

11.

There as i'th' Golden age of Saturn's Reign,
 Does Nature's first blest state remain:
 All things in Heavenly Order move,
 And like that peaceful World, compos'd of truth
 and Love.

12.

Ev'ry sad Morn beholds me richly drest,
 With some new pleasure in her breast:
 Nor can I e'er its sweets devour
 From ev'ry look fresh blossoms spring, from ev'ry
 breath a Flower.

13.

Like Spirits in the Air I boldly move,
 Through all the Labyrinths of Love:
 Here of its Gold I rob the West;
 And there steal the sweet Odours of the perfum'd
 East.

14.

All the dear business of my Life is done;
 Through the whole Sex in one I've run:
 And 'twas indeed a happy doom
 To find such boundless Treasures in so little
 room.

R 2

T O

T O
L U C I N D A
Fanning her self.

SO the loud Tyrant of the Winds does sweep
The face of Heav'n, and tols the raging
Deep:

Swift with stern blasts, tho undiscern'd they flie,
Shaking the trembling Regions of the Sky:

With equal force tho with unequal Fate,
Danger and safety both at once create:

Here Ship-wreck'd Vessels o'er the Rocks are
spread,

And burden'd Shores all cover'd with the dead;
There singing Mariners with prosperous Tide
And swelling Sails into safe Harbour ride.

Here mighty Cedars and vast Oaks are found
 Rooted in Skys, and Branch'd in wounded
 ground,

While tender twigs by their compliance find
 A better Fate from the destructive wind;
 Strong blasts put out the smaller sparks of fire,
 But make great flames with greater force aspire;
 Thus the success of that fair hand's the same,
 It cools thy heat, but raises up my Fame.

R 3 T H E

The Resolve.

BE gone fond Love; I'll dote no more,
On the proud Nymphs disdainful Eyes;
Nor that relentless heart adore,
That moves not, even when mine dies.
No longer I'll her cruel frowns sustain;
Nor rouse the harden'd stone eternally in vain.

Since she is deaf to ev'ry prayer,
And will not my just Passion hear:
No longer at her feet I'll lie,
But to some shady Desert fly:
Where I'll the listning Rocks and Mountains tell
In sighs and groans, the torments that I feel.

There Heaven's melodious chearful Chöre
Will hear my sad complaining Lyre:

And

And while my Obsequies they sing,
And in each Grove my sorrows ring:
I'll mourn my Woes in some forsaken Cave,
And in the dismal shades prepare my gloomy
Grave.

But Tears will wear the hardest Stone,
And every Vale attend my Moan;
No longer shall I beg in vain,
Condoling sounds deplore my pain:
Fair *Eccò*'s tender voice will kinder be,
I love my Nymph said I, — I love again says she.

Parting with LUCINDA.

HOld thy sweet Voice, while that commands my stay

I never shall have power to force my way.

So well those eloquent soft tears perswade,

Thy Tongues dear Rhetorick is a needless aid ;

Thy Beauty has alas ! such powerful Charms,

I could for ever live within thy Arms ;

Dwell on thy balmy Lips, and in thy Breast,

Resign my Soul to everlasting Rest :

Didst thou but know what unexpressive pains

My tortur'd Soul in leaving thee sustains ;

Thy tender mercy would relieve my heart,

And strive to make it easier to part.

How many long farewels we both have spoke !

How many kisses for the last have took !

And

And Oh! unless thou wilt my pains increase,
Till I shall never more behold thy face;
That dear destroying flood of Sorrow, cease.
Take off thy trembling Limbs; and let me try
What torments they endure, when Mortals die:
Tho from thy Arms ev'ry embrace does prove
The utmost force of cruelty, and Love;
If then thou wilt any true kindness shew,
Pronounce the fatal word, and bid me go.
My charming Sovereign I must obey;
And such an absolute Obedience pay,
My heart, Oh wondrous proof! shall cease to
grieve,
And all the Mass of Beauty leave:
Why shouldst thou harbour such presaging fears
When there's not one ill-boding sign appears;
No threatening Storms, no gath'ring Tempests rise;
But in the heavenly regions of thy Eyes.
The gentle Gales o'er the smooth Ocean move,
Soft as thy dear protesting vows of Love;

Nor needst thou dread lest the now courting wind
In this fair season I less constant find.

Ere thrice the Sun shall reach his Azure Bed,
Waving Powers recline his drooping head,

With out-stretch'd wings my Saint I will pursue,
Swifter than he, to his Lov'd *Daphne* flew :

More native wealth doth this fair Breast contain
Than all the ravish'd Treasures of the Main.

Not so delightful was the Sacred Tree,
Nor God-like Knowledge could more tempting
be :

Through this vast *Eden*, could I freely move,
And stretch th' unbounded Empire of my Love;
With thee alone I had much rather fall,
Than live for ever, and enjoy it all :

With flaming Arms, did threatning Angels stand
Ready to execute their dire Command,

By Heav'ns a vengeance I with ease might die,
But from thy Paradise could never fly,

No my dear Charmer; Love's mysterious Chain
Ill fortune strives to separate in vain.

Tho

Tho for a while we must in absence mourn,
Like a well freighted Vessel, I'll return;
My weary Bark shall in this Haven rest;
And unlade all its Treasures in thy Breast.
Triumphant Sorrow then no more shall Reign;
With richest balm of Love I'll ease thy pain;
Eternal Raptures shall thy heart surprize,
And dancing joys adorn thy smiling Eyes.
Panting in bliss, shall thy delightful arms
Diffuse their sacred and long treasur'd charms;
Fates utmost Malice nobly we'll subdue,
And sweet revenge the sweetest ways pursue.

The

The VISIT.

WElcome, dear heart, Oh welcome to
my Arms,

Since thou wast Captiv'd by *Lucinda's* Charms;

How great a Stranger hast thou been!

'Tis now five tedious mournful years,

Since thou forsookst me, drown'd in Tears:

I thought, I'll swear, I never more should thee have
seen.

Ten thousand thanks to thee, ten thousand more

When next thou seest thy fair one, give to her,

Who cou'd believe that thou wouldst come,

From the bright Palace of her Breast,

Where thou such sweet delights possessest;

And visit the old Mansions of thy Native home.

What entertainment can I give thee here;

Thee, who hast feasted on such Joys with her?

Like a bright Monarch from his Court,

Thou leav'st the splendor of a Crown,

And bliss, that waits upon a Throne,

For the cold Winter Fields, for the dull Coun-
tries Sport. 'Twas

'Twas kindly done of thee, and kind of her

To let thee give me one dear visit more ;

So glad I am thou liv'st so well,

When e'er I die (as may it be

Long before her my Destiny)

My soul shall take thy place, and there for ever
dwell.

Blest be the Fate, blest the propitious hand,

That led thee to that fair delightful Land !

The sweetest Spice on Rocks there grows ;

And fruit delicious all the year,

Do loaded stems Luxuriant bear ;

Around the Verdant Plains Ambrosia and Honey
flows.

I know, kind Visiter, thou can'st to tell

Me, all the Joys that in that bosom dwell :

But there's so infinite a store,

Should Heav'n assist the bold desire,

So long a time it would require,

Alas, thou ne'er wouldst see thy dearest Mistress
more.

By Charles How, Esq;

WE wish for Happiness in vain,
The greatest blessings we obtain

Pass quick, and leave the sharpest pain;

All our hopes are Fortune's prey,

'Tis long ere Sorrow finds relief;

Time from bliss flies fast away,

But slowly moves with grief:

Alas! now *Gloriana's* gone,

Life has no Charms for me,

The blessing of her Sex alone,

The curst from pains can free;

Her presence gives surprising Joy,

But grief does those she leaves destroy,

Blest with her Charms whilst others are,

Her absence will prevent Despair,

Ending my wretched Life and Care.

By

By the Same.

WHat Scorn appears, in those fair eyes,
 Where native sweetness us'd to flow,
 If your adorer you despise,
 On whom will you your Love bestow?
 Ah! let not your severe disdain
 Kill him who lives alone for you;
 Inglorious Conquests they obtain,
 Who murder slaves they first subdue.

Welcome to thirsty Fields kind showers,
 To chearful Birds the morning light,
 Returning Suns to withering flowers,
 To me the charming *Celia's* sight.
 The Floods against their Streams may turn,
 The Gods may cease to be obey'd,
 But think not cruel Nymph your scorn
 Can quench the flames your beauty made.

A
SARANADE.

By the Same.

Soft notes and gently rais'd, lest some harsh
found

The fair *Corinna's* rest do rudely wound ;

Diffuse a peaceful calmness through each part,

Touch all the Springs of a soft Virgins heart,

Tune every Pulse and kindle all her blood,

And swell the torrents of the living Flood ;

Glide through her Dreams, and o'er her Fancies
move,

And stir up all the Images of Love.

Thus feeble Man does his advantage take

To gain in sleep, what he must lose awake ;

A

When

When Night and Shades shut up *Corinna's* Charming,
 Then is the proper't time to take up Arms;
 But Night and Shades her Beauties can't conceal,
 Night has peculiar Graces to reveal;
 Ten thousand Raptures do attend this time;
 Too strong for Fancy, and too full for Rhime:

At the Imperial Camp.

W Hile you are listening to the still A-

Q Ue, please you tell in joining Arms

Subbing Force make hall the World afraid,

A Castle supporting which does hold your way,

Your Pallas brought higher on the wings of Fame,

To the gentle Sex scarce a Name?

But such a Name as Virtue does control,

For ought his Virtue can move such a Soul,

As yours, whose Glory has the Sovereign Power,

To lead you forth this Field to war,

To that undaunted Courage, which I love,

Has in your face been vigorous and strong.

And

hen

T O M Y

Lord LANSDOWNE

At the Imperial Camp.

WHilst you are listning to the shrill A-
larms

Of War, pleasing your self in shining Arms;
 Subduing Foes make half the World afraid,
 A Cause supporting which does need your aid;
 Your Praise brought hither on the wings of Fame,
 In all the gentle Sex creates a Flame;
 But such a flame as Virtue does controul,
 For nought but Virtue can move such a Soul
 As yours, where Glory has the Sovereign sway,
 So I without a blush this Tribute pay
 To that undaunted Courage, which so long
 Has in your race been vigorous and strong;

And

And as the Wool oft dipt in *Tyrian* dye,
 A Colour gains so noble and so high,
 Nor Time nor Art can make it lose the grain,
 So fix'd in you their Virtues do remain,
 To which so many of your own are joyn'd,
 The World for you no parallel can find.

W
 And I have only kept her Nation
 She envied not, nor was there cause
 In full perfection, yet should forward
 But when more grown, they boldly did invade
 Her Empire, and her State their subject made:
 S
 N
 The Vanity of Science to labour
 But found it led to both a fervent love
 And was their Virtues, and the more they lov'd

On the sight and Sculpture of
Mr. GIBBON'S own most ex-
cellent Head, in MARBLE.

By Mr. Johnson.

When Arts were but in Embryo, yet
unknown,
And Nature only kept her station:
She envy'd not, nor was there cause that she,
In full perfection, yet should froward be;
But when more grown, they boldly did invade
Her Empire, and her State their Subject made:
Promoting new designs, and pressing on,
With Triumph in her imitation,
Did then incens'd, her Dignity insert;
The Vanity of Science to subvert,
But found success to both a servant prov'd;
She was their Mistress, and the thing they lov'd.

For

For when Old Time his Daughter, Truth, un-
veil'd;

Whose Sovereign warmth all grosser damps ex-
hal'd:

The World in fancy, took such lofty flights
As did presume to equal Nature's Rights;

Which now our happy subject will afford,

Great *Gibbons* is our Theme, and signa word;

Bless'd in his brave endeavours, (not inclin'd

To serve Ambition, but a gen'rous mind)

And by his Birth-right prompted; which his Soul

To gain, does all his fervent heat controul;

The Ages Glory, and our Nations Pride,

In Foreign Courts, with wonder magnifi'd;

The Sun which lends the inferior Orbs their light,

Fame's Horizontal Line, and point of sight;

View him but in one, his Statue-head,

You'll find him there, in all, by Nature led;

Who seems ennobl'd by a secret Flame,

His zeal, to Sacrifice to her great Name:

For which, if ever she has yet been known
To love, or doat on any, he is one.

That sure *Minerva* adds her Deity,

To Crown his Genius with that Mystery :

Which is so well improv'd by his bold hand,

That all the Graces wait on his command.

So strong, yet soft ; so easie, yet not tame ;

Look but on Nature, it appears the same,

If not to Art a debtor, for each grace,

The *Magnet* of a well-resembled face,

Strictly correct ; but in a careless dress,

With Freedom great, and not in Action less.

Choice and select ; and in its order new ;

As if it Govern'd Sense, and Motion knew ;

Would yield to touch, or won't to speech go on,

Striving to imitate perfection.

Repleat with wonder, not to be conceal'd ;

Time has not ceas'd, but Miracles reveal'd :

Hold then, my Mute, thy Accents sound but weak,

To teach thee skill, thy wants the Stone will speak.

The

The Denial.

GOOD Heavens! what shall I do?

My Service was before too hard,
And now I want a stronger guard,
E'en my own heart is turn'd a Rebel too.

Like Travellers, when long
They have some distant Nation known;
The Treach'rous Foot forgets its own,
And learns a cruel, barbarous foreign Tongue.

Still when I call it home,
Her cold Dominion it prefers,
And answers in no speech but hers;
Cries, No, 'tis all in vain, I will not come.

Kissing his Mistress

N Ay, my *Lucinda*, give not o'er,
 There yet remains a thousand more
 And endless is thy Heavenly store. **M**
 The gentle Subsidy we laid,
 Must Ev'ry day be justly pay'd:
 Till then, if I cease kissing thee,
 May I, this moment, cease to be.
 These lost endearments Nature chose,
 Free from all succeeding woes,
 Thus, harmless murm'ring Turtles Love,
 And Bill, and Cooe, in every Grove.
 Thus the chaste industrious Bees,
 Of pregnant Shrubs, and spicy trees;
 The Virgin sweetness still devour,
 Yet fragrant stands, the blushing flower.

This lovely odoriferous Cell,

(Round which the Ruby Portals swell)

Does more delicious Nectar fill,

Than can Hyblean Hives distill.

Thus press'd, their divine Liquors flow;

And thy chaste Lips more balmy grow:

Thus may we ever, ever waste

Those precious sweets, that ever last,

That can dissolve her Marble heart;

It does to hard appear,

The mighty General of War,

Cut out his long impetuous way.

Where Mountains upon Mountains lay;

And melted frozen Rocks with lesser pain

Than I for her have suffer'd, and yet all in vain

Despair.

The wretched Miller never kept his Gold,

(The he does that as precious hold)

In Chains is grown as the

Back up that fatal Treachery.

Despair.

WHat shall I do to learn some power-
ful Art,

That can dissolve her Marble heart ?

It does so hard appear,

The mighty General of War,

Cut out his long unbeaten way,

Where Mountains upon Mountains lay ;

And melted frozen Rocks with lesser pain

Than I for her have suffer'd, and yet all in vain.

Despair

The wretched'st Miser never kept his Gold,

(Tho he does that as precious hold)

In Chains so strong as she

Bars up that fatal Treasury.

Obdurate Walls and Pillars are

More soft and penetrable far,

Than her hard Breast, cold as the freezing
North,

Where Nature nought but Snow, and Chri-
stal Ice brings forth.

Sure the Infernal Adamantine gate,

Where guilty Souls are kept by Fate,

Can't be more fortifi'd

With massie Bars than she's with Pride;

So firm and wondrous strong in her,

The weakest part does still appear;

It almost seems a work of lesser pain.

To leap the mighty Gulph, and Heav'n by force
obtain.

Cruel injustice! her destructive Cave

Lets none return but to the Grave:

And

And as that dreadful door,
 When once 'tis shut ne'er opens more;
 So she has acted Death's hard part,
 And let her Breast take in my Heart,
 Which now in vain alas! must ever burn
 In fiercest flames of Love; and ne'er return.

Where guilty Souls are kept by Fate,
 Can't be more forc'd
 With mass'd Bars than she with Pride;
 So firm and wondrous strong in her,
 The weakest part does still appear;
 It almost seems a work of lesser pain.
 To cast the mighty Gulp, and Heav'nly force
 Obtain.

Cruel injustice! her destructive Cave
 Let none return but to the Grave.

But yet tis just and in

Seeing you merit it

To the same punishment you should submit

To Lucinda.

A H cruel Nymph! how canst thou punish
me

To such a barbarous degree,

For the same crime that you

Your self as often do;

And yet unjustly go unpunish'd to!

I tortur'd am, because I can't remove

My fatal irresistible Love:

Yet you confess you wou'd

Love me too, if you cou'd;

But cannot make your heart do what it shou'd.

'Tis hard indeed, our Passions to command,

And Fate's Almighty Power withstand;

But

But yet 'tis just and fit,

Seeing you merit it,

To the same punishment you should submit.

Such Consequing charms adorn that beauteous
face

In ev'ry Feature's such a grace,

To me 'twould harder prove,

My Passion to remove,

Than 'twould for you to be more kind, and
Love.

A

Em

Embracing his Mistress.

Now, I can scorn the splendor of a Crown,
And laugh at the dull pomp of vain Re-
nown;

The toil of Arms and the litigious Gown.

How hateful the rude acclamations are!

The vile, unjust, unlearn'd unpeaceful Bar;

The noise of Triumph, and stern din of War;

How worthless are the sands of *Tagus* Shore,

The richest orient Pearls, and all the store

Of glittering Pebbles, or *Barbatic* Ore.

This costly Jewel higher value yields:

A surer basis of bright glory builds,

Than proudest gaudy Courts, or Martial Fields.

No

No greater blessing could to Mortal fall:

I now methinks am *Cæsar*, *Cræsus*; all

That we can happy, or delightful call.

Had the great Conqueror reach'd the *British* Shore,

And his Victorious Arms had triumph'd o'er

This World of Bliss; — he ne'er had wept for
more.

Bless'd far beyond the state of bustle crowds,

My lofty head, like towering *Atlas* shrouds

Its airy top, amidst aspiring Clouds.

Oh maist thou ever thus supported be,

While thus my humble, suppliant, bending knee

Bears up the Universal Globe, in thee:

The Unalterable.

NO, Dearest! never fear; I'll always be
Faithful, as Heav'n to dying Saints, to thee;

No Fate shall e'er divide

: The Sacred knot our Souls have ty'd:

My heart shall prove as constant to my Fair,
As others to their Mistresses unconstant are.

Not all thy Sexes Charms shall tempt me more;
I'll ever thee, and Heav'n for thee, adore;

Content with my blest'd Fate,

Despise the Worlds vain Pageant state:

And since the Gods no greater bliss can send,
Like Twins we'll both our lives together end.

Thy Sex, alas! is a false Lottery,

Where thousand Blancks for one small Prize we
see:

T

Scarce

Scarce can th' unerring Gods
 Direct our choice 'gainst such odds;
 And since kind Fate gave me so vast a Lot,
 Who'd hazard the rich Gem, so hardly got?

If e'er I should from thy bright charms remove,
 From thy dear Constancy, thy fervent Love;
 And feel the proud disdain,
 With which your Sex rewards our pain;
 Good Heavens! what might avenging fury do!
 Curse thee, as well as them, for being Woman, too.

T O

CORINNA

Excusing himself for not Loving her.

Pardon, thou brightest Star throughout our
Skies!

Thou charming Idol of adoring Eyes;

Pardon the barren soil, if Beams Divine

From such a Heav'n of Beauty dein

To cast their sacred influence; yet shine

Upon the bare unfruitful Land in vain

Long with unwearied toyls, my heart has strove,

To bear the fertile gleab of grateful Love:

Long have I laboured to obey

The Righteous Laws of his imperial sway:

T 2

But

But still we strive in vain ; for lo
The bright *Lucinda* long ago
In mystic charms has trod the sacred round ;
And now behold ! the Fairy ground,
To ev'ry Tillers hand is barren found.

2.

Condemn not me, but our too cruel Fate
That let such Beauty charm my eyes too late
I was alas ! a wretched Bankrupt made,
Before my first great debt of Love was paid :
She charg'd me with so vast a score,
That still I'm bound to her for more :
And if I must compound with you,
For less than is your due ;
The starving indigent for pity save,
Who such a fatal Judgment gave
To one, who never will release her slave.

3. Did

3.

Did not that Monarch, Love, still rule alone,
 Thou shouldst have half dominion in her Throne;
 By all the World she can't be dispossest;
 Nor will admit a Rival in my Breast:
 So absolute my lovely Sovereign's grown;
 Not only all my power, but will is gone.

For notwithstanding the sad pain,
 That I for her dear sake sustain;
 Would she her self unkindly part
 With the least Atome of my conquer'd heart,
 I sooner could a separation make
 Twixt Soul and Body, than that License take.

4.

Goe, fair *Corinna*, with thy Beauty goe,
 And shew thy pow'r o're some unvanquish'd
 Foe:

Such bright inflaming charms can't choofe
But win a heart where there's a heart to lofe.

Mine had thy willing Victim been,
Had it not firft that Heavenly Creature feen,
There I beheld a fatal Conqueror

Whofe Beauty had not only power
To gain the Bartel, and my heart fudue,
But keep the Victory for ever too.

5.

Urge not the greater Happinefs that I
Might in your Paflion more than hers enjoy;
The calmefl feafons, and the sweetefl reft,

In any other Breaf,;

Would be far worfe to me than the dread
forms

Of Ruin, Death, and wild devouring
Storms,

Within the Radiant Zone of her delightful
arms.

But oh! The blustering Winds can only
fly,

Round the low Regions of that starry Sky;

The mild favorian gentle Air

Is always bright, serene and clear;

Within the Glorious Orb of that Celestial
Sphere.

Alas! the very Miseries and Pain,

Which my afflicted heart did long sustain;

So much the mighty power of Love can
do,

Were then my sweetest pleasures too:

Not all the blessings which kind Heav'n can
give,

Or Man from thence receive,

Can more delight, more happiness create

Than I, for her dear sake,

Could in my utter Ruin take;

If Love were the kind cause of our destructive
Fate.

6.

Blame not my Passion, nor condemn my Zeal,
 Could my heart speak, 'twould greater thoughts
 reveal;

Those secret Transports I should then relate,
 That raise my Soul above a Mortal State:

Hadst thou as happy as I been,
 And that fair Creature in her blooming Beauty
 seen:

In all her Grace and Majesty,

Before she ruin'd it for me;

Ev'n thou too would'st confess

Th' effects of such a cause could not be less.

Nature erected her delightful Arms,

So wondrously adorn'd with heav'nly
 charms;

That like *Herculian* Pillars, they might
 shew

Th' admiring World she can no farther
 go:

But

But with *Pigmalion*, stand her self amazed
At the stupendious Form her joyful hand has
rais'd,

What service would I pay! what wondrous Love!
Should I not so ungrateful prove

To that Terrestrial Angel, who below,
Does such a Glorious Image shew,
Of Saints eternal Faith, and Innocence above;
Or could there an Exchange in Passions be;
What recompence would I return to thee!
With fervent Zeal from an unbounded heart,
Should noble Friendship act a Lovers part,
Nay, now methinks I have so great a sense
Of all thy Love and Excellence,
That even that dear she,

Who's more than all the World to me,
Alas! hardly two grains more than thee.

For tho I love you less,
That Passion does as much express:

For

For if in Love, as in Religion,
 The Gods accept the Will alone;
 No Martyr ever dy'd
 With greater zeal than I have liv'd.
 Thee, kind *Corinna*, I adore
 As much as e'er I can, and I Love her no more:

T O

L U C I N D A.

G O on, Fair Maid, persist in your disdain,
At the first stroke my heart was slain,
And all your Pride and Scorn can do no more

Than what your frowns have done before.

Tho like first Atoms which compounded thee,

This wretched Body mangled be ;

When Life's departed, with all sense of pain ;

You, the dead Carcass wound in vain.

When threatening Comets burn ; no small disease

On the Contagious World does seize.

Devouring Plagues with livid ruin waft

The spotted Race of Man and Beast,

Nor do thy eyes portend a milder doom,

Where'er their fatal beams o'ercome.

When from those raging Stars one frown you dart

It's able to destroy the stoutest heart.

The

The Captive.

WHat shall I do to give my soul some rest?

This cruel barbarous Tyrant, Love,
Now it has got possession of my breast,

Will never from its Throne remove.

I must, alas! the sad disease endure,
Whose raging pain, no sov'reign Balm can cure.

At first it lodg'd in my unwary eyes;

And like a slave obey'd my Will:

But streight did the proud Basilisk surprize

That seat of Life, it soon will kill.

O'er my whole Form th' Imperial Viper reigns,
And spreads its poison through my burning veins.

When

When it invaded first my lab'ring heart,

To stop the fatal Course I strove ;

And gave away the dear infected part,

To her, whom more than that, I love.

Now sure, thought I, for ever from my Breast

Is banish'd that unkind disquiet Guest.

But all my pleasing hopes, alas, were cross:

As disarm'd Patients feel the pain

Of the same Limb they many years have lost,

My Torment still returns again :

And now I find it is increas'd so high,

'Twill ne'er leave me, till I leave that, and die.

The

The Command.

NO, no ; bold heart, forbear ; rather than
 speak,

Thou shalt with pain and silence break ;
 My Passion's rais'd so dangerously high,

Thou must for ever speechless lie :

On Penalty of a worse death,

Use not the least complaining breath ;

But silent as the Grave, with all thy Sorrows dye ;

Alas ! shouldst thou begin, what tongue could tell

The raging pangs of Love I feel ?

More Torment ev'ry dismal hour does bear,

Than thou couldst in an Age declare.

Great sorrows overwhelm the tongue ;

And wouldst thou do me so much wrong,

To let her know by halves, what I endure for
 her ?

O N

LUCINDA'S

Singing at CHURCH.

TELL me no more of soft harmonious spheres;
Or *Sirens* voices that enchant our ears:

From her sweet tongue such tuneful Musick
springs,

Angels might cease while the bright Charmer
sings.

Hark how the Temples sacred Roof rebounds,
With warbling Ecchoes, and seraphic sounds ;
Methinks the well-pleas'd Gods themselves attend
To hear a Heav'nly voice from Earth ascend.

Delighted Saints, move from their Mansions there
To be partakers of our Pleasures here.

Pleasures so charming that they plainly prove
What entertainment we shall find above.

Such

Such Beauteous Forms, Elyſian Fields adorn;

And ſuch ſweet notes awake the Morn.

Ceafe, dull Devotion ceaſe; we need no more,

The ſacred Deities, for Heav'n implore.

While thus her voice wounds the Melodious Air,

Our Souls muſt think themſelves already there.

No humane tongue could ever entertain

The Divine Powers in ſo divine a ſtrain;

Nor does ſhe glorify the Gods alone;

For while ſhe ſings Heav'n's Praiſes; ſhe ſings her
own.

Angels might ceaſe while the bright Chorus
ſings.

Hark how the Temple ſacred Reſounds
With warbling Echoes, and ſeraphic ſounds;

Me thinks the well-pleas'd God himſelf is ſung
To hear a heav'nly voice from Earth aſcend.

Delighted ſaints move from their Manſions there

The partakers of our Pleaſures here.

Pleaſures to charming that they plainly move

What entertainment we ſhall find above.

Such

The Convert.

VV Hen first I saw *Lucinda's* face,
And view'd the dastling glories
there;

She seem'd of a Diviner Race,
Than that which Nature planted here.
With Sacred Homage down I fell,
Wondring whence such a Form could spring :
Tell me, I cry'd, fair Vision, tell
The dread Commands from Heav'n you bring:

For if past sins may be forgiven ;
By this bright Evidence I know,
The careful Gods have made a Heav'n,
That made such Angels for it too.

U

Vicissi-

Vicissitude.

VV Ho that ere Fortune's Trait'rous
smiles has try'd

Can hope for any constant Bliss

In such a faithless World as this;

Or in the surest promises of treach'rous Fate con-
fide?

The tott'ring Globe turns with the rolling
Spheres,

And the same Motion may be seen

Concentric too, from us within;

Exalted now with Hopes, and then depress'd with
Fears.

Eternal Change revolves with ev'ry day :

The most Triumphant Glorious Crown,

Is in a moment tumbld down;

And shrines of burnish'd Gold to mouldring
Earth decay.

Ev'n

Ev'n I, my self, who would not change the Fate
Auspicious Stars ordain'd my Birth,
With any Mortal Man on Earth;
'Midst all my joys can't boast of a much happier
state.

When my *Lucinda* smiles, no Prince can be,
So blest on his Imperial Throne;
But if she chance to dart a Frown,
The wretched'st Slave alive's an Emperour to me.

T O

The CURE worse than the DISEASE.

AS they, whom raging Feavers burn,
Drink cooling things for ease,
Which make a fiercer heat return,
And heighten their disease :

In hopes to cure my tort'ring pain,
A worse Experiment I found :
Running upon the Sword again,
That gave me first my wound.

The

The Denial:

Hold, hold ; my dear Destroyer, hold ;
I do confess I was too bold :

My violent Passion rais'd so high,
That, in the mighty Transport, I,
Feeling my troubled Breast so full,

Let my tongue speak the language of my Soul.

Stop, dearest, stop that fatal breath ;

Prefaging Omens bode my Death :

Tho I would give my Life to hear

That charming voice which now I fear ;

As Criminals expect their doom.

I wish to know, but dread the Fate to come.

THE
Royal Canticle,
OR, THE
SONG
OF
SOLOMON,
CANTO I.

Sponsa.

JOyn thy life-breathing Lips to mine,
Thy Love excells the Joys of Wine;
Thy Odours, oh how redolent !
Attract me with their pleasing Scent.

These

These sweetly flowing from thy Name,
Our Virgins with desire enflame:
Oh! draw me, my Belov'd, and we
With winged feet will follow thee.
Thy Loving Spouse at length great King
Into thy Royal Chamber bring.
Then shall our Souls intranc'd with joy
In thy due Praise their Zeal employ,
Thy celebrated Love recite,
Which more than rosie Cups delight.
Who Truth and Sacred Justice prize,
To thee their hearts shall Sacrifice;
You Daughters of *Jerusalem*,
You Branches of that Holy Stem;
Though Black in Favour, I excell,
Black as the Tents of *Ismael*;
Yet Graceful as the burnish'd Throne,
And Ornaments of *Solomon*;
Despise not my discolour'd look
From the Enamour'd Sun I took.

My Mothers Sons envy'd my worth,
 And swoln with Malice, thrust me forth
 To keep their Vines in heat of day,
 While ah! mine own neglected lay.
 More Lov'd than all of Humane Breed,
 Oh tell me where thy Flocks do feed!
 Where rest they? in what graceful shade
 When scorching Beams the Fields invade?
 Why should I stray and turn to those,
 Thy seeming Friends, and real Foes?

Sponsus.

Oh! thou the fairest of thy Kind,
 I will inform thy troubled mind.
 Follow the way my Flocks have led,
 And in their steps securely tread:
 Thy Kids feed on the faithful Plains
 Beside the Sheep-cots of our Swains.
 Thou Love, art like the Gen'rous Steeds
 Which Pharaoh for his Chariot breeds;

Harness'd

Harnes'd in rich Caparisons.

How shine thy Cheeks with sparkling Stones!

That vie in Beauty with thy Tears:

Thy Neck the Oceans Treasure wears;

I will a Golden Zone impart,

Enamell'd with a bleeding heart.

Sponsa.

While he the Prince of Bounty Feasts

And entertains his happy Guests :

My Spikenard shall perfume his hair,

Whose Odours fill the ambient Air:

All night his Sacred head shall rest

Betwixt the Pillows of my Breast.

Not Myrrh new bleeding from the Tree

So accetpable is to me ;

Nor *Camphire* Clusters when they blow,

Which in *Engeddi's* Vineyard grow.

Sponsus

Sponsus.

Thy Beauty, Love, allures my sight
 And sheds a Firmament of Light;
 In either sits a Silver Dove
 So mild, so full of artless Love.

Sponsa.

Thou, oh my Love! art fairer far,
 Thou, as the Sun, I, but a Star;
 Come my delight, our pregnant Bed
 Is with green buds and Violets spread;
 Our Cedar Roofs are richly gilt,
 Our Galleries of Cypress built.

C A N T. II.

C A N T O II.

Sponsus.

I Am the Lily of the Vale,
The Rose of *Sharons* fragrant Dale.

Love as th' unfully'd Lily shews,
Which in a Brake of Brambles grows:
My Love so darkens all that are
By erring Men admir'd for fair.

Sponsa.

Love, as the Tree which Citrons bears
Amidst the barren Shrubs appears,
So my Belov'd excells the Race
Of Man in ev'ry winning Grace:
In his desired Shade I rest,
And with his fruit my Palate feast:

He

He brought me to his Magazines,
Replenish'd with refreshing Wines,
And over me a tender Maid,
The Ensign of his Love displaid ;
With Flagons, oh ! revive my Powers,
And strow my Bed with Fruits and Flowers ;
Whose taste and smell may cordial prove,
For, oh ! my Soul is sick of Love :
Beneath my Head thy left Arm place,
And gently with thy right embrace.

Sponsus.

You Daughters of Jerusalem,
You Branches of that Holy Stem ;
I by the Mountain Roes, and by
The Hinds that through the Forrest fly,
Adjure you that you silence keep,
Nor, till he call, disturb his sleep.

Sponsa

Sponsa.

Is it a Dream, or do I hear
The voice that so delights mine ear?
Lo he his steps o'er Hills extends,
And bounding from the Cliffs descends:
Now like a Roe outstrips the Wind,
And leaves the well-breath'd Hart behind;
Behold, without my dearest stays,
And through the Casement darts his Rays.
Thus as his words his Looks invite,
Oh! thou the Crown of my Delight.
Arise my Love, My fair one rise,
Our bliss with every Minute flies,
Lo the sharp Winter now is gone,
Those threatning Tempests over-blown;
Hark how the Airs Musicians sing,
The Advent of the flowry Spring:
Chast Turtles lodg'd in shady Groves,
Now murmur to their Faithful Loves.

Green Figs on sprouting Trees appear
And Vines sweet smelling Blossoms bear :
Arise my Love, my fair one rise,
Our bliss with ev'ry minute flies:
Oh thou my Love, whom Terror locks
Within the Crannies of the Rocks:
Come forth, now like thy self appear,
And with thy voice delight mine Ear ;
Thy Voice is Musick, and thy face
All conquers with transcending Grace :
Approach and timely rescue make,
These Foxes, these young Foxes take,
Who thus our tender Grapes destroy,
Our present hope and future Joy.
I am my Loves, and he is mine,
So mutually our Souls combine.
He whose affection words exceeds,
His Dear among the Lillies feeds.
Until the Morning paint the Skie
And Nights repulsed shadows flie.

Return to me my only Dear,
 And with the Morning-Star appear,
 Run like a youthful Hart upon
 The tops of lofty *Lebanon*.

C A N T O III

Sponsa.

STretch'd on my restless Bed all Night,
 I vainly sought my Souls' delight,
 Then rose, the City search'd, no Street,
 No Corner my unwearied feet
 Untrodden left, yet could not find
 The only comfort of my mind;
 The Watch, and those that walk't the Round
 Me in my Soul's Distraction found,
 Of whom, with Passion I enquir'd,
 Saw you the Man so much desir'd?
 Nor many steps had farther past,
 But found my Love, and held him fast;

Fast

Fast held, till I, the so long sought
Had to my Mothers Mansion brought,
In that adorned Chamber laid
Of her who gave me Life I said,
You Daughters of *Jerusalem*,
You branches of that Holy Stem,
I, by the Mountain Roes, and by
The Hinds which through the Forrest flie,
Adjure you that you silence keep,
Nor, till he call, disturb his sleep.

Chorus.

Who's this whose feet the Hills ascend
From Desarts, leaning on her Friend?
Who's this that like the Morning shews,
When she her Paths with Roses strews?
More fair than the replenish'd Moon,
More radiant than the Sun at Noon;
Not Armies with their Ensigns spread
Display such Beauty mix'd with dread.

Sponsa.

Sponſa

Behold the Bed he reſts upon,
The Royal Bed of *Solomon*,
Twice fifty Soldiers that excell
In Valour, Sons of *Israel*;
So dreadful to his Enemies,
Their Swords well mounted on their Thighs;
His Perſon guard from the affright
And Treasons of concealing Night:
King *Solomon* a Chariot made
With Trees from *Lebanon* convey'd;
The Pillars Silver, and the Throne
With Gold of *Indian Ophir* ſhone,
With *Tyrian* Purple ceil'd above,
For *Sion* Daughters pay'd with Love;
Come Holy Virgins, oh come forth,
Behold a Spectacle of worth:
Behold the Royal *Solomon*
High mounted on his Glorious Throne;

Crown'd with the Crown his Mother plac'd
 On his smooth Brows with Gems inlac'd;
 At that solemnized Nuptial Feast,
 When Joy his ravish'd Soul possest.

C A N T O IV.

Sponsus.

HOW fair art thou, how wondrous fair
 Thy Dove-like Eyes in Shades of Hair!
 Thy dangling Curles appears like Flocks
 Of climbing Goats from *Gileads* Rocks:
 Thy Teeth like Sheep in their return
 From *Chifon*, wash'd and smoothly shorn;
 None mark'd her Barren, none of all,
 But equal Twins at once let fall;
 Thy Cheeks like Punick Apples are
 Which blush beneath thy flowing hair:
 Thy Lips like threads of Scarlet show
 Whence Graceful Accents sweetly flow,
 Thy

Thy Neck like *David's* Armory,
With polish'd Marble rais'd on high ;
Whose Wall a Thousand Shields adorn
By Worthies oft in Battel born ;
Thy Breasts two twins new wearied show,
There grazing where the Lillies grow ;
Untill the Morning paint the Sky,
And Nights repining Shadows flie :
I to the Mountains will retire,
Where bleeding Trees Perfumes expire.
My Spouse, let us at length be gone,
Leave we the fragrant *Lebanon* :
Look down from *Amana*, look down
From *Shemis* top, from *Hermans* Crown,
From Hills where dreadful Lions rave,
And from the Mountain-Leopards Cave ;
Thou, who my Spouse and Sister art,
How hast thou ravish'd my sick heart !
Struck with one glance of thy bright Eyes,
One hair of thine like Fetters ties :

Thy Beauty Sister is Divine,
Thy Love my Spouse more strong than Wine :
Thy Odour's far more redolent
Than Spices from *Panehea* sent,
Thy Lips with Honey-dew o'er-flow,
Thy Breasts celestial Milk bestow ;
Thy Robes a sweeter Odour cast
Than *Lebanon* with Cedars grace't ;
My Love my mutual Vows assur'd,
A Garden is with strength immur'd.
A Christal Fountain, a clear Spring,
Shut up, and Seal'd with my own Ring,
An Orchard stor'd with pleasant fruit,
Pomegranate Trees extend their Roots,
Where sweetly smelling *Campfire* blows
And never-dying *Spikenard* grows,
Sweet *Spikenard*, *Crocus* newly blown,
Sweet *Calannus* and *Cinnamon*.
Those Trees which Sacred Incence shed,
And Tears of *Myrrh* perfume our Bed.

Sponsa.

Those livings Springs from thee proceed,
 Whose Rills, our Plants with moisture feed,
 Like those clear streams which issue from
 The Fountain, fruitful *Lebanon*:
 You cooler Winds blow from the North,
 You dropping Southern Gales break forth,
 On this our Garden gently blow,
 And through the Land rich Odours throw.

C A N T O V.

Sponsus.

MY Spouse, my Sister thou who art
 The Joy and Treasure of my heart;
 I to my Garden have retir'd,
 Reap'd Spices which perfumes expir'd:
 Sweet Gums from Trees profusely shed
 On dropping Combs of Honey fed;
 Drinks Mornings-Milk and new-press'd Wine,
 Oh friends who like desires combine.

Eat, drink, drink freely, nor remove
Till you be all inflam'd with Love.

Sponſa.

Altho I ſleep, my Paſſions wake,
For he who call'd thus ſadly ſpake;
My Spouſe, my Siſter, thou more mild
Than Gall-leſs Doves, my undefil'd;
Oh let me enter, Night hath ſhed
Her dew on my uncover'd head,
Which from my drenched Locks diſtills
While freezing Snow my Boſom fills;
Can I aſſent to thy requeſt,
Diſrob'd and newly laid to reſt?
Shall I now cloath my feet again,
And feet ſo lovely waſh'd diſtain?
But when I had his hand diſcern'd
Benumn'd with Cold, my Bowels yearn'd,
I roſe, nor longer could defer
T'unlock the door, perfum'd with Myrrh;

But ah! when open'd, he was gone
 But whither, by no foot-step shewn,
 The Watch, and those that walk't the Round
 In this pursuit th' afflicted found,
 Smote, wounded, and prophanely tore
 The Sable Veil my Sorrow wore.
 You Virgins of fair *Solyia*,
 I charge you, if you see him, say
 That I his Spouse am sick of Love,
 And with your Tears his Pity move.

Chorus.

Oh thou of all thy Sex most fair!
 Can none with thy belov'd compare?
 Doth he so much our Love transcend,
 That we should him alone intend?

Spoinsa.

Loe in his face the blushing Rose
 Joyn'd with the Virgin Lilly grows:
 Among a Myriad he appears,
 The chief that Beauty's Ensign bears;

His head adorn'd with burnish'd Gold,
 Which curls of shining hair infold;
 Black as Ravens shining Wings,
 His eyes like Doves by Christal Springs;
 His Cheeks with Spice and Flowers compare,
 His Lips like Roses dropping Myrrh,
 His hands the wandring Eye invites,
 Like Rings which flame with Chrysolites;
 His Belly polish'd Ivory
 Where Saphires mixt with Coral lye,
 His Legs like Marble Pillars plac'd
 On Bases with pure Gold inchas'd,
 His looks like Cedars planted on
 The top of lofty Lebanon.
 His Tongue the Ear with Musick feeds,
 And he in ev'ry part exceeds.
 You Daughters of Jerusalem
 You Branches of that Holy Stem,
 Such is my Love and Praises Theme.

C A N T O VI

Chorus.

FAir Virgin parallell'd by none,
 Oh! whither's thy Beloved gone,
 Direct our forward Zeal, that we
 May joyn in his pursuit with thee.

Sponfa.

I to my pleasant Garden went,
 Where Spices breath a fragrant scent;
 There gather'd Flowers feasts in the shade,
 On beds of bruised Spices laid;
 I am my Loves and he is mine,
 So mutually our Souls combine.
 He whose Affection Speech exceeds
 His Dear, among the Lillies feeds.

Sponfus

Sponsus.

Not Regal *Tirza* *Israel's*

Delight, thy Beauty Love excells:

Not thou Divine *Jerusalem*

That art of all the World the Gem

Nor Armies with their Ensigns spread

Display such Beauty mix'd with red,

Oh turn from me thy wounding eyes,

In every glance an Arrow flies.

Thy shining hair appears like Flocks

Of climbing Goats from *Giliads* Rock,

Thy Teeth like Sheep in their return

From *Chison*, wash'd and smoothy thorn,

Nor mark'd for Barren, none of all

But equal Twins at once let fall;

Thy Cheeks like Punic Apples are,

Which blush beneath thy flowing hair.

They boast of many, Queens great store,

Of Concubines, and Virgins more,

Than

P O E M S.

315

Than can be told, my undefil'd
Is all in one the only Child
Of her fair Mother, and brought forth
To shew the world an unknown worth.
Queens, Virgins, Concubines beheld,
Admir'd, and Bless'd th' unparallell'd.

Chorus.

Who's this who like the Morning shews,
When she her path with Roses strews;
More fair than the replenish'd Moon,
More radiant than the Sun at Noon;
No Armies with their Ensignes spread
At once such Beauty, Fear, and Dread.

Sponsa.

I to my pleasant Garden went
Where Nutmegs breath a fragrant scent,

To

To see the Gen'rous Fruits which grac'd
 The pregnant Vale with Gems inchac'd,
 To see the Vines disclose their Gems
 And Granates blossom on their Stems:
 When unawares and half amaz'd
 Methought my ravish'd Soul was rais'd
 Up to a Chariot swift as winds,
 Drawn by my Peoples willing minds,

Chorus. Who's this who hails me thus?

When she her path with Roses strews?

Return fair *Shulamite*, return
 To us who for thy absence mourn!
 What see you in the *Shulamite*?
 Two Armies prevalent in Fight.

2. 1. 1.

CANTO VII.

CANTO VII

Sponsus.

O H Princess! thou than Life more dear,
 How beautiful thy feet appear;
 When they with purple Ribbands bound,
 In Golden Sandals print the Ground;
 Thy Joynts like Jewels which impart
 To wondring Eyes the Workmans Art.
 Thy Navell's like a Mazer fill'd,
 With Juice from rarest Fruits distill'd;
 Thy Bell's like an heap of Wheat
 With never fading Lillies set;
 Thy Breasts two Twins new wearied show,
 Which fell at once from one fair Doe;
 Thy Neck an Ivory Tower displays,
 Thine Eyes do shine with equal Rays.
 Like *Hesbbons* Pools by *Bathrabin*,
 Where Silver-Scaled Fishes swim.

Thy

Thy Nose presents that Tower upon
The top of Flow'ry Lebanon,
Which all the pleasant Plain Surveys,
Where *Abana* her Streams displays :
Thy Head like *Carmel* cloath'd with shade,
Whose Tresses *Tyrian* Fillets bray'd.
The King from *Cypress* Galleries
This Chain of strong Affection tyes :
How Pleasant, oh ! how exquisite
Thy Beauty's fram'd for sweet delight :
Thy Stature's like an upright Palm,
Thy Breasts like Clusters dropping Balm.
I will ascend the Palms high Crown,
Whose Boughs victorious Hands renown ;
And from the spreading Branches Root
Will gather her delicious Fruit.
Thy Breasts shall like ripe Clusters swell,
Thy Breath like new-pull'd Citrons smell ;
Choice Wines shall from thy Palate spring,
Most acceptable to the King ;

Which

Which sweetly shall descend, and make
The Dumb to speak, the Dead to wake.

III Sponsa. CANTO

I, my belov'd, am only thine,
And thou, by just Exchange, art mine. O
Come let us tread the pleasant Fields,
Taste we what Fruits the Country yields;
And in the Villages repose
When shades of Nights all forms inclose,
Then with the early Morn repair
To our new Vineyard, see if there
The tender Vines disclose their Gems;
And Granates blossom on their Stems:
Then where no Frosts our Springs destroy
Shalt thou alone my Love enjoy.
How sweet a smell our Mandrakes yield,
Our Gates with various Fruits are fill'd.
Fruits that are old, Fruits from the Tree
Now gather'd, all preserved for thee.

CANTO VIII.

CANTO VIII.

Sponfa.

OH! had we from one Mother sprung,
 Both at her Breasts together hung,
 Then should we, meeting in the street,
 With unreprieved Kisses greet,
 And to my Mothers House conduct,
 Where thou thy Sister should instruct:
 Then would I spiced Wines produce,
 And my Pomegranates purple use.
 Thy left Arm for my Pillow plac'd,
 And gently with thy right embrac'd.
 You Virgins born in *Sion's* Towers,
 I charge you by the chief of Powers,
 That you a constant Silence keep,
 Nor till he call disturb his Sleep.

Chorus.

Who's this whose Feet the Hills ascend
From Desarts leaning on her Friend.

Sponsa.

I, my belov'd, first rais'd thee
From under the Pome-Citron Tree.
Thy careful Mother in that Shade
With Anguish her fair Burden laid.
Be I, oh thou my better part,
A Seal imprest upon thy heart:
May I thy Fingers Signet prove,
For Death is not more strong than Love;
The Grave not so insatiate
As Jealousies inflam'd Debate.
Should falling Clouds with Floods conspire,
Their Waters could not quench Love's Fire;
Nor all in Natures Treasury
The Freedom of Affection buy.
We have a Sister immature
That hath no Breasts, as yet obscure.

Y

What

What Ornaments shall we bestow
When Mortals her Endowments know.

Sponsus.

On her, if strongly built to bear,
We will a Silver Palace rear,
Or if a Door to deck her Fume,
We'll Leaves of carved Cedar frame.

Sponsa.

I am a firm Foundation
For my belov'd to build upon.
My Breasts are Towers, I his Delight,
His Object and sole Favourite.

Sponsus.

Late in *Baal-hamon*, *Solomon*
Let forth his Vineyards ev'ry one
For Fruits and Wines, there yearly made
A thousand silver Sheckles paid.

Spon

Sponsa.

This Vineyard, this which I possess,
 With diligence I daily dress;
 Thou *Solomon* shalt have thy due,
 Two hundred more remain for you
 Out of the Surplus of our Gains
 Who in our Vineyard took such pains.

Sponsus.

Oh! thou that in the Garden liv'st,
 And life-infusing Counsel giv'st
 To those that in thy Songs rejoyce,
 To me address thy cheerful Voice.

Sponsa.

Come, my belov'd! Oh, come away!
 Love is impatient of Delay,
 Rume like a youthful Hart or Roe
 On Hills where precious Spices grow:

The last Parting of Hector with Andromache and his Son Astyanax, when he went to assault the Grecians in their Camp; in the end of which Expedition, he was slain by Achilles.

HECTOR, tho warn'd by an approaching Cry
That to Troy Walls the conqu'ring Greeks
(drew nigh,
One Visit to his Princess makes in haste,
Some *Damon* told him this would be his last:
But her he (pressing thro' the crowded streets)
Neither at home, or in the Circle meets,
Nor at the Altars, where the Royal Train
Made Prayers and Vows to angry Powers in vain
She, half distracted with the loud alarms
(*Astyanax* came in his Nurses Arms)
Runs to a Turret whose commanding height
Presented all the Battel to her sight,
Advancing Grecians, and the Trojans flight.

Here *Hector* finds her with a Lovers Pace,
 She flies, and breathless, sinks in his Embrace:
 The Nurse came after, with her Princely care,
 As *Hesperus* fresh: promising, and fair,
Hector in little, with paternal Joy
 He blest in silent Smiles the lovely Boy.
Andromache come to her self again,
 Pressing his hand, did gently thus complain:
 My dearest Lord, believe a careful Wife,
 You are too lavish of your precious Life:
 You formost into every danger run,
 Of me regardless, and your little Son.
 Shortly the *Greeks*, what none can singly do,
 Will compass, pointing all the War at you.
 But before that day comes (Heavens) may I have
 The mournful Priviledge of an early Grave:
 For I, of your dear Company bereft,
 Have no Reserve, no second Comfort left.
 My Father, who did in *Cilicia* reign,
 By fierce *Achilles* was in Battel slain:

But yet his Arms that Conquerour not spoil,
 But paid just Honour to his Funeral Pile :
 Wood-Nymphs in rows of Elms have planted
 A poor memorial of a powerful Prince : (since
 Seven Brothers who seven Legions did command,
 Follow'd their Father's Fortune by his hand
 My Mother too, who after them did reign,
 With a vast Treasure was redem'd in vain,
 For she soon clos'd her Empire, and her Breath,
 By Wretches last good Fortune—sudden death.
 Thus Father, Mother, Brothers, all are gone,
 But they seem all reviv'd in you alone.
 To gain you, those Endearments I have sold,
 And like the Purchase if the Title hold.
 Have pity then, here in this Tower abide, (vide
 And round the Walls and Works your Troops di-
 Just now the *Greeks*, by both their Generals led,
Ajax, Idomeneus, Diomedes,
 With all their most experienc'd Troops & brave,
 Three fierce Assaults upon the out-works gave ;

Some

Some God their Courage to this pitch did raise,
Or this is one of *Troys* unhappy days.

Hector reply'd, all this you've said, and more
I have revolv'd in serious Thoughts before.

But not my Foes upon that Plain I fear

So much as Female Men and Women here ;

For they, if I should once decline the Fight,

Will call wise Conduct Cowardise and Flight ;

Others may methods chuse the most secure,

My Life no middle Courses can endure.

Urg'd by my own and my great Father's Name,

I must add something to our ancient Fame ;

And in *Troys* Cause engag'd, I cannot fly,

With it will conquer, or must for it dye :

But yet some boding Geniis does portend

To all my Pains an unsuccessful end, tend ?

For how can man with heavenly Powers con-

The day advances with the swiftest pace,

Which *Troy* and all her Glories shall deface,

Which *Asia's* sacred Empire shall confound,

And these proud Towers lay level with the
ground :

But all compar'd with you does scarce appear
 When I preface your case I learn to fear,
 When you by some proud Conqu'ror shall be led
 'A mournful Captive to a Master's Bed. (doom
 Perhaps some haughty Dame your hands shall
 To weave *Troy's* downfall in a *Grecian* Loom.
 Or lower yet, you may be forc'd to bring
 Water to *Argos* from *Hiperius* spring;
 And as you measure out the tedious way,
 Some one shall, pointing to his Neighbour, say,
 See to what Fortune *Hector's* Wife is brought,
 The famous General that for *Ilium* fought:
 This will renew your sorrows without end,
 Depriv'd in such a day of such a Friend.
 But this is Fancy, or before it I
 Low in the Dust will with my Country lye.
 Then to his Infant he his Arms addrest,
 The Child clung crying to his Nurser's Breast,
 Scar'd at the burnish'd Arms and threatening
 Crest.

This made them smile, whilst *Hector* doth unbrace
 His shining Helmet, and disclose his Face;

Then

Then dancing the pleas'd Infant in the Air,
Kiss'd him, and to the Gods conceiv'd this pray'r:

Jove, and you heavenly Powers, whoever hear
Hector's Request with a propitious ear,
Grant, this my Child in Honour and Renown
May equal me, wear and deserve the Crown:
And when from some great Action he shall come
Laden with hostile Spoils in Triumph home,
May *Trojans* say, *Hector* great things hath done,
But he's obscur'd by his illustrious Son.

This will rejoyce his tender Mothers heart,
And sense of Joy to my pale Ghost impart.

Then in the Mothers Arms he puts the Child,
With troubl'd Joy in flowing Tears she smil'd.

Beauty and Grief shew'd all their pomp & pride
Whilst the soft Passions did her Face divide.

This melted *Hector's* stubborn Courage down,
But soon recovering, with a Lover's Frown,

Madam, says he, these Fancies put away,
I cannot dye before my fatal day.

Hea-

Heaven, when we first in our vital Breath,
 Decrees the way, and moment of our Death:
 Women should fill their Heads with Womens
 Cares,
 And leave to men (unquestion'd) Mens Affairs.
 A Truncheon sutes not with a Ladies hand,
 War is my Province that in chief Command.
 With humble Majesty the Queen withdrew,
 Does with long wishing Eyes his steps pursue:
 All sad she to her Cabinet returns. (mourns.
 And with prophetick Tears approaching Evils
 Then tells all to her Maids, officious they
 His Funeral Rights to living Hector pay;
 Whilst forth he rushes through the Gate,
 Does his own part, and leaves the rest to
 Fate.

To

To the late KING, at King's Colledge.

When Greatness from its Throne and State
To inferiour Mortal condescends,
Its Zeal does heighten, not abate,
Of Subjects it makes humble Friends.
What can't rise higher, whilst it like Heaven
complies!
By condescending thus does seem to rise.

II.

Soin first Monarchs heavenly strain
Did Father through the King appear,
They did by double Title reign,
And Duty did the work of Fear.
The Loyal-Subject-Brethren only strove
Who should run swiftest in the Race of Love.

III.

III.

Would giddy Faction then redress
 With equal Guilt and Impudence,
 Sad Grievance ! their own happiness
 Traytors to gratitude and sense.
 Giants indeed rebellious Standards bore,
 But Pigmeys ne're did Heaven invade before.

IV.

Thanks to their rage, it makes us know
 How well our Prince is lov'd and loves ;
 Thus shades bright Colours better show,
 And Fear fruition oft improves.
 Fresh Joys we feel, still fresh Devotions pay,
 Your Life is one long Coronation-day.

Cupid

Cupid arm'd, *A-la-modern.*

I.

TIr'd that the Insolence of Love
 Made me a Butt for every dart,
 And my tame Patience more to prove,
 Would make his Quiver of my Heart :
 At last by War my Fortune I would try,
 And in the Bed of Honour nobly dye.

II.

By a new regular design
 My heart all Wound I fortify'd,
 And safe retrench'd within my Line,
 His old Artillery defy'd.
 The angry God would his lost Slave regain,
 But summon'd Shaft, and stern'd my heart in
 (vain.

III.

III.

Till taught by a fair cruel Dame
 His useles Bow away he throws,
 Takes the new Engines fraught with Flame,
 Which *Mars* discharges on his Foes,
 Against my Heart does a strong Batt'ry raise,
 And furiously from *Celia's* he plays.

IV.

So soon so large a Breach they make,
 So far they certain Ruine send,
 That *Celia* Heaven it self might take,
 Nor could *Jove* his own Breast defend.
 How then, alas ! can a weak heart, like mine,
 Storm'd by such Charms, but without terms re-
 (sign.

*An Ode, in Imitation of Pindar, on the Death
of the Right Honourable Thomas Earl of
Ossory.*

I.

What strains at sacred *Pisa's* spring,
The *Swan* that often sung with tuneful
To his enchanting Lyre, did sing (breath
Of God, of Hero, or of Heaven-born King,
With Verses cheaply purchas'd, tho by death :
Or rather (since to a pious Hero we,
Just, tho late Oblations bring)
What Tears the *Muses Prophet Royal* shed
On *Saul's* anointed Head,
And thought a *Crown* poor recompence for a
When by a power miraculous he (friend :
(The power of *Faith* and *Poetry*)
Upon the Clouds an *Interdict* did lay,
And bid Mount *Gilboa*
To rear his naked Back parch'd to the angry sky :
Such

Such Numbers *Priestesses* of *fame* inspire,
 Such *Ossory* does deserve, & *Ormond* such desire;
 Such *Flanders* bloody Plains, and *Mons*, and *Brit-
 tish Seas* require.

And ye Poetick Candidates of Fame,
 If you would build a lasting Name,
 This Subject choose; as the *dark Womb*
 Of the old Prophets *Vital Tomb*

Could Life restore, to *Ossory's* Life can give,
 And by his *Genius* many an Age even this dead
 (Verse shall live.

II.

Then tell, ye Heavenly Sisters, ye can tell,
 (For we below
 In the dark *Vale* of *Hearsay* dwell,
 And nothing know)

Tell when great *Ossory's* enlarged Shade
 Through Heavens *Arch* his *Triumphant Entry*
 How noble *Brutus* ancient Race (made,
 (To shew peculiar Worth peculiar Grace)
Rose up and offer'd the first place.

Tell

Tell how the fainted *Hero* (whom
 The *pious* Tales of *Fabulous Rome*
 Greater to make have almost nothing made)
 Embrac'd his Successor; and swear

None worthier did his *Mystick Ensigns* wear.

Tell how the Nymphs that with soft *silver* oars

Ply round th' *Ebude's*, & cold *Mona's* shores,

On the *Seas Oracle*, the Mouth of *Thames*,

The noble *Shamans*, or *spart* *Liffy's* streams,

Their *Guardian* did lament, and tear

Their sea-green Hair,

This second grief to great *Pans* death th' afflicted
 (*Nymphs* did hear.

Bid sad *Juverne* raise a Monument

As *Teneriff* high, wide as her Isles extent.

Bid her be sure her Title prove,

Lest her pretence as fabulous seem as lying *Crete's*
 (to *Jove*.

III.

Nature with her Commission brisk and gay,

When th' *blest* Earth saluted new-born Day,

And the *Worlds Eye*, the youthful *Sun*,
Unspotted with ill Sights the race did run,
Profuse, in Birds and Flowers her art did show,
 She painted *then* the gawdy Bow :

But most in Man, (whom we her Abstract call)
 She of the *precious stuff* was prodigal :

Her Kings but few removes from *Jove*, her Prin-
 ces *Heroes* all.

But now (so sparingly that seed is sown,
 The soyl *spent*, or she *covetous* grown,
 Or *Vice* hath spoil'd the *Strain*, or Fate

Hath given the World for *desperate*.)

Sh^e hath shrunk the *short* dimensions of a Man,

And to an *Inch* reduc'd our *Span*,

A Number, an inglorious Rout,

Faint *Shadows* of our Ancestors, alas! we stalk

If by some mighty effort she (about!

Produce at last one *Ossory*.

(Like *Stars* which in our Hemisphear

Gaz'd at, half known, strait disappear)

So late he enters, so soon quits the Stage, (Age.

He leaves a Nation *desolate*, and quite *undoes* the

Early young Offer enter'd Vertues race
Swiftly began, yet still encreas'd his pace
And when no other Rival he could find
Strove with himself, and left himself behind.

With confirmed Steps t' his Prince he went
Into a noble Banishment.

The Country then of all was excellent.

But sure the Stars and Fortune have

Small influence on the virtuous and the brave;

Ev'n Reason turns to whiffome ment.

By Vertues strong digestion hear

The more with *Hezuler* Stordemo *Juna* strove,

The more she prov'd the mighty Seed of Jove.

The Policy of **Tiber* and the **Arno*, **Italian Rivers.*
**French Rivers.*

The Courtship of the *Seine* & *Marne*.

What *solia ferious* the sage **Hebe* hath, **Spanish.*

And *Germany* of ancient Faith

With *Brutish* Gallantry conjoin'd,

Did in the *Chymic* Furnace of his Mind

A high Elixir make, than each more precious and

refin'd.

Z z

V.

V.

As when that Annual Chaos, Winter, lies,
 Whilst the soft *Phaëdon* do mount the Skies;
 And *Philomel* to Western Gales does sing
 The Advent of the Heaven-born Spring,
 Such Joy blest *Charles* did to his Subjects bring.
 Then many a Hero whom no storms could shake,
 Who from his sufferings did new Courage take,
 Dissolv'd in the soft Lap of Pleasure lay,
 As Ice, the Winters Chills, in Summers day
 Is by the amorous Sunbeams kiss'd away.
 But not so *Osborn*, *Christiana* & his Mind
 Fortune adverse did brave, disputing her kind.
 Not *Amor* to the *Amor*,
 Or Park the conscious Mart of Love,
 Not so the Princes Levee with first light,
 Flashed an aspiring Favourite,
 As you where honourable danger lay,
 And to the Temple of high flame did mark the
 fragrant way.

Go, thy winged Charior, quickly Muse, prepare,
 Lo, a vast Fleet consumes the Eastern Air ;
 Base *Hollanders* Great *Britains* Rights invade ;
 See what Returns for Liberty they made !
 Viperous Brood ! but *Vipers* we do find
 Bely'd ; Ingratitude is proper to Mankind.
 Embarque i'th' Ship where *Osses* goes,
 To check the *Parricidal* Foes :
 Not as the Grave *Venetian* takes his way,
 With many a Barge, and many a *Gondola* ;
 Whilst painted *Bucenturs* in state does move,
 And to the *Adriatick* Maid makes Love.
 As *Jove* he comes to th' *Theban* Dame,
 Dreadfully gay with light'nings pointed flame:
 Unhappy they who to his Embraces came,
 One would have thought I have heard his Ca-
 (non roar,
Etna were torn from the *Trinacrian* Shore ;
 And freed *Typhæus* a new War did move
 Against the upper and the nether *Jove*.

The *Nereids* trembled in their watry Bed,
 In the Isles roots they hid their Head,
 And (like the *Hollanders*) agast from their own
(Guardian fled.)
 Lo, a vast Fleet continues the Eastern Air;

VII.
 Bale *Hollanders* Great Britain Rights invade;

But narrow is one Element,

Compared to a well form'd Souls extent;

Narrow the Rarry Firmament.

Fate brings (to keep the balance of the Age)

With *Monsters* equal *Heroes* on the Stage:

The *Western Sultan* powerful grows,

A Torrent, all things overflows;

But *Mons* in bloody Characters his fatal limits

You check'd the Monarch in his full Career,

Fierce *Luxemburg* wondred, and turn'd to

Alas! he knew not *Ossory* was there;

Sad the ripe Harvest of his Fame he yields,

The Harvest of so many bloody Fields.

To merit such a Conquerour long he grew

And gather'd Laurels to be worn by you;

And freed *Yphraim* a new World did move

Cursting out the upper and the nether Jew.

Curfing juſt Heaven, dropping with bloody
(Sweat

The ſad remains withdraws of his Deſeat,

And more than all his *Victories* he values this
(Retreat.

VIII.

(State,

Great Excellence oft proves dangerous to the

A Comet *Vertue* when hung out by Fate

To it ſelf and others ruine does create.

But ſilent he, yet active as the Day,

Born to command, and willing to obey.

Nature to him the happy temper gave,

All-kind he was as proſperous Love,

Gentle as *Venus* gentleſt Dove,

In fight beyond a fancied Hero brave.

Thou *Virgin Mother-Church*, which now doſt

The ſwelling Surges of a double Tide, (ride

Safe only becauſe daſh'd on either ſide,

O what a Friend now in thy day

Hath Fate in offery ſnatch'd away!

And ye who holy *Friendship* do adore,
 His equal you will never see, before
 You *Ossery* shall in Heaven rejoyn, ne're to be
 (parted more.

I X.

* *Febris acuta, virulenta.*

Accursed *Fever*, Deaths * *sharp-poisoned Dart*,

Accursed *Fruit*, accursed *Earth*,

Which to the fatal Tree gave birth ;

What *Mine* of strange *confusion* have you laid

In the most regular Breast that 'ere was made !

Those *Eyes*, from which swift *Lightning* once
 (did part,

To melt the temper'd Steel, or harder Heart,

Like *wasting* Meteors now portend (end.

With *blood-shot* Beams his own approaching

The Seat where *Honours* Records lay,

Where was design'd the Fall of *Africa*, (they

(Scarce Heavens Decrees more firmly set than

Like *Parchments* in the *Fire* now *strunk* away

Those * *Purple* Waves, which like the *Nile*

From his *undiscover'd* Head * *His Blood.*

Health and *fresh* *Honours* on its Soil did shed,


And bid all *Egypt* smile ;

Now

Now with *Passions* waves from all their way,
 And to the **King* o'th' little World a Mortal Tri-
 * *His Heart.* bute pay.
 Who the wide Passion knows of humane kind;

Injustly we accuse the *Sovereign Law* (draw.
 Which all things to their proper place draws
 Full ripe for Heaven he spurn'd the Earth,
 The monumental seat of miscall'd Birth.

No Art, no Violence, can controul
 (Though on it Ostr you, and Pelian rous)
 Th' ascending motion of a Heaven-born Soul.
 His Fever like *Elias* fiery Carre,
 (Whilst the sad-Prophets mourn him from afar)
 Kindled his Funeral Pile into a Star.

Others may praise the Feats of mortal breath,
 But I the opportunity of Death,
 He saw not popular Fury threat the Stage, 
 Nor Epidemick Madness seize the Age.
 He liv'd not till his Wreaths did grow
 Wither'd and pale upon his Brow,

As Pompey and great Scipio.

Few,

*Few, Heavens choice Favourites, the privi-
ledge have,
To bring their Fame untainted to their Grave.*

*Who the wild Passions knows of humane kind,
Fortune and false Mortality*

*This truth will find,
When wanted most and best betor'd, 'tis happiest
(then to dye.*

*No Art, no Violence, can controul
The Piscatory Eclogues of Sanazarius.*

The first Eclogue entituled Phillis.

By Mr. Tate.

Inscrib'd to Dr. Conquest.

*O Con'd my lab'ring Muse a Verse impart
Bright as thy Wit and gen'rous as thy Heart,
Such Numbers Conquest, (if such Streins can be)
May with Success describe thy Art and Thee.*

Ar-

Artist and Friend, in Thee complest appears,
 Of Soul and Converse both so frank and clear;
 That no fear'd prize the Health you give, so dear;
 Unbaid thy Care a while, and with Delight
 Hear what thy own Apollo did indite
 To Sanazarus on Sebethe's Shore,
 Nor seem'st thou hast the Marrian Shepherd more;
 Indulge the Youth, who from the Hills first brought
 The Muses down, and Arts of Fishing taught
 Who made the briny spreading Coast his own,
 And without Rival wears his Samphire Crown.

Lycidas and Mycon.

Lyc. A late without the help of Sail or Oar,
 I tided in my Fish-boat to the Shore,
 Where shoals of Mullet with each Flood repair,
 With doleful Cries the Ravens fill'd the Air,
 The Seamews perch'd upon the Rocks complain'd,
 The Dolphins from their wonted sport refrain'd,

The

The day drew on that for such Rites did crave,
 In which we left dear *Phillis* in the Grave;
 The day that to cold Earth did *Phillis* give,
 And (Wretches!) yet we yet endure to live.
 The Drudgery of Life we yet sustain,
Pylemon's self hopes yet to taste of Joy again.

My. The same befell me coasting here along,
 The Choughs joyn'd Notes as in a Funeral Song;
 Even they her Obsequies would celebrate,
 They sung her Praises and bewail'd her Fate.

Lyc. Ah, dearest *Myron*! when that precious
 Breath

Expir'd, how lovely was the Pomp of Death!
 I saw, and in my Fancy see her now,
 Stretch'd on the Bier, with Garlands on her brow,
 What Hands! what faded Cheeks did I survey!
 Eyes clos'd in Night that were the life of Day:
 Yet Grief not dash'd these wretched Limbs the
 while,

Against the Rocks, nor hurl'd me on her Pile
 To burn with her dear Reliques, happy pain!
 Nor pitying *Tritons* plunge me in the Main.

Mye.

My. Yet *Lycidas*, this Lot we must prefer
 To that ignoble Fate that threatned her
 The Grave to *Lycor's* smoaky Cell has charms,
 And Deathless rugged than *Amyntus* Arms.
 Think, *Lycidas*, how wou'd your Passion brook,
 On some bleak Rock to see her cast the Hook:
 Or in some Tempest-beaten Cavern set,
 Fitting new Corks: and darning the torn Net.
 Or rather let your Muse adorn her Hearse:
 And now the Season claims your sacred Verse,
 Repeat some charming strain, (much heretofore
 Your Love inspir'd) and since, your sorrow more.
 Here let us sit, these Sands are soft and dry,
 And lo! the Winds and Waves attentive lye.

Lyc. What numbers I conceiv'd upon the view
 Of this fair Tomb (as last to shore I drew)
 I shall repeat, while you with pious Care
 Bestow these Myrtles, mix'd with Cypress there.

My. Take dear Remains, these Treasures of the
 deep,
 Remov'd from *Thetis* Bed with thee to sleep,

Am.

Amber and Corall, Pearls and Shells, that Vye
 In Colours with the Pageant of the Sky,
 Now for your Song, the Mornings work is o're,
 And *Mylant's* come to dry his Net on Shore.
 O *Lyd.* Ye Goddesses that in these floods, reside,
 What secret Cell will you for me provide,
 Where I may grieve, yet none beheld my Grief,
 What wilt thou, *Glauke*, do for my Relief,
 What Herbs wilt thou prescribe, whose potent
 An equal Wonder may in me produce?
 Amongst your sinny People I would rove,
 And change my shape to loose my hopeless Love.
 What have I here to do by *Phyllis* left,
 Of past Delights, and future Hopes bereft?
 What Charms can Earth produce, what Reason
 (what I now as still as) can I give,
 That this forlorn abandon'd Wretch should live?
 Or can it e're account for half my Pain,
 To stretch on Sedge, and view the rowling Main,
 Or breath my Grievs to this cold Tomb in vain?
 Are these, O *Venus*, best my wair'd Joys,
 My Bride, and promis'd Race of cheerful Boys?
 What

What cruel Pow'r with *Phillis* did convey,
 My Rest, my Life, and Hope, Life's Life, away
 Now for expected Bliss, without Relief
 Eternal Night succeeds, eternal Grief.
 These Arms prepar'd her blooming youth to fold,
 Till both by unperceiv'd Degrees grew old.
 For these Delights, behold a marble frame,
 For *Phillis* now is nothing but a Name!
 Ne're seen but when with overweening Brain
 I catch at her in Dreams, and Wake to Pain.
 What Region dost thou bless, what Land or Sea,
 Where shall I take my Course in search of thee?
 For thy dear sake the populous Town did please,
 Now thou art gone Mankind is my Disease.
 The solitary Rocks and Desert Shore
 Are now my Joy; and when the Billows roar,
 When in their Sheds my Brother-Fishers sleep,
 That time I chuse to launch into the deep.
 Farewel all Lands, the tempting Syrges swell,
 Ew'n thou that hold'st my *Phillis* Urn, farewel:
 But first to raging Waves with pious Care
 I sacrifice my *Phillis* Tomb to spare.

With

With Presents then the Monument I grace
While dancing Sea-Nymphs consecrate the
Place,

Gently, ye Floods, the sacred Shrine embrace.

But thou, whatever Seat thou dost possess,

Whether the starry Regions thou dost blest,

Or angle where *Elisian* Currents glide,

Or rob th' enamell'd Borders of their Pride,

For wreaths that thy more lovely Locks divide;

O! speed our Toils, and condescend to be

The Fisherman's propitious Deity.

Calm Tides and ever plenteous Shoals allow,

Nor *Venus* shall be more ador'd than thou.

Seven days with grateful Wine the Seas we'll dye,

Our Boats and Nets in sacred Ease laid by.

Mean time, this Verse I'll to thy Tomb impart

Which from next Rocks some Brother of the Art

(While there he shrouds his Tackle from the rain,

Shall sighing read, yet read and sigh again.

My. O Lycidas! how charming is thy strain!

So *Halcyons* mourn, and dying Swans complain;

So may thy flood-net speed to thy desire;
 And Sands yield Shell-fish when the Floods retire;
 But see the Sun shines yet with vigorous Ray,
 As if your Song had stopt him on his way:
 I therefore beg you would repeat the strain,
 Such Notes fresh Charms by Repetition gain:

Lyt. No *Mycon*, let my Grief have respite here;
 Force not the wretched to repeat their Care.
 What now I sung was my own Tragedy,
 And breathless Lungs no further Voice supply;
 My Cheeks with Tears are wet, my Tongue with
 Sighs is dry,
 Yet *Mycon*, these, at some less solemn time,
 I'll sing again, and Numbers more sublime,
 If *Phillis* for a Muse inspire my Rhyme.
 Till then her Monument these Lines shall wear,
 Which as he coasts along, the Mariner
 Shall read and say, 'Twas *Lycidas* did frame
 These Distichs, worthy of his Nymph and Flame
 For as his *Phillis* did all Nymphs excell,
 None ever lov'd like him, nor ever sung so well,

A

But

But hark, the Mates for your Assistance call
 Their loaded Net endangers Boat and all.
 Haste *Mycon*, haste to their Relief, while I
 By this dear Tomb as cold and silent lye
 'Tis Flood, yet all your Hooks are still to bait,
 Your Weels all floating still for want of weight.

The second Eclogue

By the same
 LYCON

ON the remotest Angle of a Rock, (mock
 Whose jetting sides the foaming Syrges
 A Precipice with Samphire ever green,
 Whose Root at lowest Ebb is never seen,
 Where Boat ne're pitch'd, and Net was never
 The poor despairing *Lycon* sat alone: (thrown,
 And while his Mates with treacherous Lights
 betray
 The wand'ring Shoal, and drag to shore their
 prey, He

He meditates all night upon his Grief,
While neither Shades nor Vetsæ afford Relief.

How long, O *Galatea*! shall I live
In Pangs of Death; without the pow'r to dye?
Presents, with thee no favour will obtain,
And Pray'rs that move the angry Gods, are vain.
Must I, unpitty'd, on bleak Rocks reside, (Tide?
Out-figh the Winds, out-swell with Tears the
Behold how all things now in silence sleep,
The Whale, with all his Subjects of the Deep;
The Winds, the very watch-lights of the Sky,
And nothing wakes; but my Despair and I.
Despair! and, alas! must ever wake,
For *Galatea* will no pity take:
Yet once my form *Praxinos* did move,
And *Polybeta's* Daughter sought my Love:
Ev'n fair *Amintha's* Wife did sigh in vain,
The fairest Bride that ever grac'd a Plain.
Why name I these? the very Nymphs with Seal
Disdain not from the Deep to call on me!

Aa a Fair

Which

Fair *Hyale* her self to shore repairs
 To bear a part in my melodious Airs;
 Whose Charms in shiv'ring *Tritons* breed desire,
 And midst the Waves sets *Neptune's* Breast on fire.
 But what avails all this to ease my Pain,
 If *Galatea* still unmov'd remain?
 If she alone of all the beauteous Throng,
 Refuse my Love, and only scorns my Song,
 A thousand Oysters of the pearly sort,
 The very same that garnish *Thetis* Court,
 I sent my Nymph, cull'd out from all my store,
 And for to morrow have a thousand more.
 Lobsters and Scollops in salt Nooks I hide,
 Where they are wash'd by each returning Tide:
 These by no mastick Tree are drop'd upon,
 Nor feel the Influence of the waning Moon.
 Nay, I can dive for *Tyrrian* Fish, — And so
 You'll say my Brother Fishermen can do:
 But I have learn'd the subtle Mystery,
 The Shells to supple, and extract the Dye.
 A Tod of finest Wool I have at home,
 More soft and white than any Billows Foam:
Which

Which once a Shepherd tending of his Flock,
 And ravish'd with my Musick from the Rock,
 With noble Commendation did impart ;

On this I mean to exercise my Art.

Yet nothing is by *Galatea* priz'd,
 My Gifts, my Love, my Mule, are all despis'd.
 Fond Passion go, some other Youth inspire,
 For *Lycon's* Fate prevails above your Fire.

Perhaps my Love presumptuous did appear
 Because the Boat is little which I steer,
 'Cause to the Drag and Spear I put my hand,
 Bring weight to th' Weels, and help the Net
 (to Land.

What else at first was Father *Glaucus* Trade?

Who now a watry Deity is made.

What shall I do? my thoughts have long enclin'd
 To cross the Ocean, and out-sail the Wind :
 To ransack Seas unknown to Sailers yet,
 And where no Fisher ever drop'd a Net.

Beneath the Bear, where Seas to Rock combine,
 Or where the Ocean burns beneath the Line ;

Where Spring it self is Rullet, Beauty Black,
And Skins of Beasts made Parchment on their Backs

The Sun (would you believed) just o're your head,
Is more in compass than a Net can spread;
I rave, I rave, and flatter my Despair,
No Region can relieve a Lovers Care:
Mix'd with the Blood th' incurable desire,
Pursues th' infected Wretch, through Floods and
From drenching Rain to balon'd Sheds we run,
To dewy Grotto's from the scorching Sun,
Safe under Creeks we lye when Tempests rave,
From Love there is no shelter but the Grave.

Then *Lycon* take Advantage of this Steep,
To plunge thy self and Griefs into the Deep.
'Tis now resolv'd; you Nymphs that know my
(Grief,
Ye Sea-born Nymphs afford your last relief;
O favour what you can my desperate Fall,
Your gentlest Waves to my Assistance call,
On your soft Bosoms let me yield this Breath,
My Life was painful, give me gentle Death.

In times to come, my dying Thought forebode:
 Whatever Ship shall chance to pass this Road,
 The Master, when this Point he shall discern,
 Shall hoarsely cry, *Luff, Luff*, Mate turn the Stern.
 Steer any Course, make any Port beside,
 But shun the Coast where wretched *Lycon* dy'd.

Thus did the Fisherman all night complain,
 And scarce had told the Floods & Rocks his pain,
 When rose Morning, like a rising Bride
 Beheld her Blushes in the glass-green Tide.

The third Eclogue.

By the same.

Celadon, Mopsus.

FOr seven continu'd days the Winds were
 So *Egon* tells, nor is he us'd to lye, (high,
 While you with *Chromis* and *Jolas* lay
 Confin'd to the Rocks: tho' gentle *Mopsus*, say,
 How there you past the vacant hours.

I know you were not unemploy'd so long ;
Then tell me, *Mopsus*, what was play'd and sung.

Mopsus.

O *Celadon*! the Muses watch'd their Time,
And forc'd us, in our own defence, to Rhyme.
In vain we saw the Cray-fish creep below,
And Samphire o're our Heads securely grow ;
For who could then the boist'rous Tide sustain,
Or on the Rocks in such rough Winds remain.
Our very Boats lay hous'd as well as we,
And on our Sculls and Ripp-hooks you might see
Our Drag-nets hang, Weels, Lines, confus'dly
(laid
Corks, Plummets, Grapples, all the Fishers trade,
Chromis at last that jetting Point survey'd,
Where broken Tides a foaming Eddy made ;
From thence (O cruel Banishment!) said he,
Our noblest Youth, and Flow'r of *Italy*,
Sail'd with their royal Chief through Seas un-
(known.
And landed on the Borders of the *Rhone*.

Amyleon, I remember, term'd it so,
 And saw the boundless Ocean ebb and flow.
 From whence the *British* Mountains you might
 spy,
 Though scarce to be distinguish'd from the Sky.
 Upon this wondrous Beach (if Fame speaks true)
 The Fishers use no Netting, as we do ;
 But at low Water, ready to their hand,
 Find Fish left flouncing on the naked Sand :
 Enough, enough, *Jolas* then replies,
 Call not the Tears a-fresh into our Eyes,
 Poor *Lycidas* all this sad Tale, and more,
 At large repeated on the *Lucrine* shore.
 The Sun, whom we upon the longest Day
 Suppose to set behind *Cajeta's* Bay,
 He there saw trav'ling on beyond the Main,
 And swears he thought he ne're could be o'retane.
 Then barb'rous names of yet more barb'rous men,
 He sung, too hard for me to speak again.
 Nor are my present Thoughts inclin'd to roam,
 Possess with other Cares, and nearer home.

If therefore, *Chromis*, you have ought that's new,
 Since *Nisa* tortures me, and *Chloris* you,
 Let's sing; and while we mutually complain
Mopsus, your Pipe shall heighten either strain,
 Upon my Neck the reedy Pipe was hung,
 Then *Chromis* thus, and thus *Jolas* sung.

Chromis.

Bring me the richest Presents of the Seas,
 Ye gentle Nymphs, my *Chloris* to appease:
 If still she's coy, search, search through all the
 Main,
 For Earth has none, a Medicine for my Pain.

Jolas.

You cannot, sure, my last Request deny,
 Let *Nisa* now relent, or see me dye
 These Rocks I for a Monument shall have,
 And in the Ooze of their deep Roots a Grave.

Chromis.

As you have seen a Summer Pinnacle glide
 In all her trim, and smoothly cut the Tide,
 Whose

Whose jocund Youth above the Decks appear,
So past my Life while *Chloris* held me dear.

Jolas.

(skies)

Hark, hark, what dreadful Thunder rends the
See how the foaming Billows fall and rise;
The Earth is shook, the rocky Coast divides,
You'd swear 'twere now a storm. 'Tis *Nisa* chides.

Chromis.

O *Proteus*, *Proteus*! Shepherd of the Tide,
Now prove thy self a God, and scourge this Pride,
Thy Monsters lead to *Chloris* pearly Bed,
And say, All these with scornful Nymphs are fed.

Jolas.

Beneath yon sea-mark is my Nymphs Retreat,
Dive *Glauce*, bring her from her Coral-seat;
And least she should refuse, good *Glauce* say,
Your Nets have brought to shore a noble Prey.

Chro.

Chromis.

Cypress is *Venus* Joy, *Jove's* Island *Crete*,
Fair *Samos* *Junp's*, *Lemnos* *Vulcan's* seat,
Here *Hyale* resides, let her appear,
Crete, *Cyprus*, *Samos*, *Lemnos*, all are here.

Jolas.

Hymetton with *Minerva's* Choice is crown'd,
Phae no place like fair *Ortygia* found :
Of *Nisa's* Cell did they the Pleasures see,
Phae and *Pallas* wou'd her Rivals be.

Chromis.

These very Rocks yield Harvest, Osiers grow
For Weels above, for Panniers, Reeds below.
O were but *Hyale* or *Chloris* by,
How cou'd I there these wrangling Winds defie!

Jolas.

Nor Sea nor Shore without my Nymph I prize,
I hate my Nets, and all my Art despise :

Yet

Yet let my *Nisa* smile, I bless my Fate,
And would not quit my Boat to rule a State.

Chromis.

Let *Sinnessa* larger *Turbat* boast,
And Shoals of *Mullet* the *Herculean* Coast,
Parthenope of beauteous Nymphs has store,
Fix there my Boat, I'll seek no other shore.

Jolas.

(creep.)
The *Sarge* seeks streams, to Rocks the *Gramples*
Rhans lye in Shallows, *Sturgeons* in the Deep.
All day and night I figh by *Nisa's* Court;
Fix here my Boat, I'll seek no other Port.

Mopsus.

(form,
These Notes beneath the Rock they did per-
With Musick sweet enough to cease a Storm;
And as they reach'd each other in their Lays,
I gave them equal Gifts, and equal Praise.
To one the shell where *Tyre's* rich Tincture lies;
A Branch of Coral was the other's Prize.

PRO.

Yet let my Wife smile, I bless my Fate,

And would not give my Heart to rule a State.

PROTEUS.

Eclogue the fourth.

Inscribed to **Herrinand of Arragon, Duke of
Calabria, Son of Frederick King
of Naples.**

By **W. Bowls, Fellow of Kings-Coll,
Cambridge.**

NOW with bolder Tails I tempt the Main,
Parthenope deserves a loftier strain;

To fair Parthenope, O Nymphs, we must,

And our dear Country's Honour, now be just.

O then ye Nymphs, who in these Floods delight,
Indulge one Labour, and direct my flight.

But Thou, great hope of thy illustrious Line,

Thy Country's Pride, sprung from a Race divine

Whether o're Pyrenean Frosts thou go,

And Mountains cover'd with eternal snow,

And the wild Tempests of the warring sky
 Prefer to the best Plains of Italy
 Or envious *Iber* does our hopes oppose,
 Return, and happy make thy Peoples Vows:
 Tho' *Arragon*, thy *Arragon* with-hold,
 And *Tapin* rowling o'er a Bed of Gold
 With all his liquid Wealth would buy thy stay,
 Return, and our wish'd Happiness no more delay!
 For, if the God that fills my Breast foreknow,
Parthenope shall to thy Scepter bow,
Parthenope, usurp'd by foreign sway,
 Shall with new joy her rightful Prince obey.
 Oh! may swift time the happy Period bring,
 And I loud *Paeans* to thy Triumph sing!
 Mean while a lower Muse indulgent view,
 Which I the first with bold design, and new,
 Leaving th' *Arcadian* Fields, and vocal Plain,
 In triumph bring down to thy subject Main;
 And on the neighbouring Rocks and sounding
 shore,
 A newer Scene present, and untry'd Seas explore.

What

What Port, what Sea, so distant can be found
Which *Proteus* has not blest with heavenly sound?
Him *Prasidimus*, and *Melanthius* knew,
For all the God appear'd to mortal view;
On great *Minerva's* Rock the God appear'd,
And charm'd with Verse divine his monstrous
Herd.

While *Phæbus* sunk with the declining day,
And all around delighted Dolphins play.
For lo! he sung——

How Earth's bold Sons, by wild Ambition fir'd,
Defy'd the Gods, and to Celestial Thrones aspir'd,
Typhæus first with lifted Mountains arm'd,
Led on the furious Van, & Heaven it self alarm'd.
How *Prochyte* among the Stars he threw,
And from their Bases torn huge Islands flew,
And shook th' Ætherial Orbs: the Pow'rs above
Then first knew fear; not so Almighty *Jove*:
He with red Light'ning arm'd, and winged Fire,
Replung'd the Rebels in their native Mire.
All Nature with the dreadful Rout resounds,
They fled, and bath'd in *Baian* Springs their burn-
ing Wounds.

On the scorch'd Earth the Foot-steps still remain,
And the sulphurous Springs a fiery taste retain.

He sung *Alcides*, and his noble Toil,
His glorious Triumph, and his wondrous (a) Pile,
Which does the Fury of the Waves sustain,
Confine the *Lucrine*, and repell the Main.

Next the *Cumæan* Cave, and Grove relates,
Where anxious Mortals throng'd to learn their
The raving (b) Virgin, and her fatal Page, (Fates:
Her more than mortal Sounds, and sacred rage,
And that sad Vale, unvisited by day,
Where bury'd in eternal night (c) *Cimmerians* lay.

But thee, (d) *Paussilypus*, he gently blames,
And sweetly mourns thy inauspicious flames,
Concern'd for lovely *Nessi*, Ah too late!

Oh stay rash man! Why do'st thou urge her fate?
She, wretched Maid, thy loath'd embrace to shun,
Does to steep Rocks and Waves less cruel run;
Not the dire Prospect can retard her flight,
Or gaping Monsters from beneath affright.

(a) The Herculean Way rais'd by Hercules in his Return from Spain.

(b) Sybil. (c) Plac'd by some near Naples. (d) Paussilypus and Nessi
are the Names of two Promontories near Naples.

Oh stay! and reach no more with greedy hands,
 See! to a Rock transform'd thy *Nessus* stands.
 She who so swift with the first dawn of day,
 Rang'd o're the Woods, & chas'd the flying Prey,
 See! her wing'd Feet their wonted speed refuse,
 And her stiff Joynts their nimble motion loose.
 O *Parope*, and all the Nymphs below,
 To so much Beauty just Compassion show!
 If pity can affect your happy state,
 O visit *Nessus*, and lament her Fate!

He sung how once the beauteous *Syren* sway'd,
 And mighty Kingdoms the fair Nymph obey'd;
 Describes the lofty Tomb, which all adore:
 Then tells how loosing from their native Shore,
 By all the Gods conducted, and their Fate,
 || *Eubœans* founded that auspicious State. (height
 Then sung the rising Walls and Tow'rs, whose
 Is lost in Clouds, and tires the fainting sight.
 What mighty Piles from the capacious Bay,
 And hidden Pipes th' obedient Springs convey:

* *Parthenope*. || A colony of *Eubœans* from *Chalcis*, built *Cume*
 and *Naples*.

And that proud *Pharos*, whose auspicious light
 Informs glad Sailers, and directs their sight.
 And how beneath the gentle *Sarno* flows,
 In Verse as smooth as that, and high as those,
 He told, and sweetly rais'd his Voice divine,
 How (a) *Mellissus*, lov'd by all the Nine,
 Immortal *Virgil* saw; the God-like Shade
 Bequeath'd that Pipe, which so divinely play'd.
Lycoria flying from her Lovers Arms,
 And *Daphne's* Fate, and young *Alexis* Charms.
 Led by the Muse (b), he mounts the starry Skies,
 And all the shining Orbs above describes.
 Why should I speak of *Syrrens*, or relate (Fate?
 Their treacherous Songs, and the pleas'd Sailer's
 Or, how in mournful Strains he did recount,
 The dire Eruptions of the burning (c) Mount,
 When with swift ruine, and a dreadful Sound,
 Vast Floods of liquid Fire o'rewhelm'd the Coun-
 (try round.
 Last Battels, and their various chance, he sings
 The great Events of War, and Fate of Kings;

(a) Pontanus a Neapolitan Poet. (b) His Poem call'd *Uranis*.
 (c) *Vesuvius*.

Ode for an Anniversary of Musick on St. Cecilia's Day.

By Mr. Oldham.

Begin the Song, your Instruments advance,
Tune the Voice and tune the Flute,
Tough the silent sleeping Lute,
And make the Strings to their own Measures
(dance;
Bring gentlest Thoughts that into Language
(glide,
Bring softest Words that into numbers slide,
Let ev'ry hand and ev'ry Tongue
To make the noble Confort throng,
Let all in one harmonious Note agree
To frame the mighty Song;
For this is Musick's sacred Jubilee.

I I.

Hark how the waken'd strings resound,
 And break the yielding Air!
 The ravish'd sense how pleasingly they wound,
 And call the list'ning Soul into the Ear.

Each Pulse beats Time, and ev'ry Heart
 With '1 ongue and Fingers bears a part.

By Harmony's entrancing Pow'r
 When we are thus wound up to Extase,
 Methinks we mount, methinks we tow'r,
 And seem to anticipate our future Bliss on high.

I I I.

How dull were Life, how hardly worth our care,
 But for the Charms that Musick lends

How faint its Pleasures would appear
 But for the Pleasure which our Art attends!

Without the Sweets of Melody

To tune our vital Breath,

Who would not give it up to Death,

And in the silent Grave contented lye?

I V.

IV.

Musick's the Cordial of a troubled Breast,
 The softest Remedy that Grief can find,
 The gentle Spell that charms our Care to Rest,
 And calms the ruffled Passions of our Mind.

Musick does all our Joys refine,
 It gives the relish to our Wine;
 'Tis that gives Rapture to our Love,
 And wings Devotion to a pitch divine!

'Tis our chief Bliss on Earth, and half our Heaven
 (above,

Chorus.

Come then with tuneful Throat and String
 The Praises of our Art let's sing;

Let's sing to blest Cecilia's Fame,
 That grac'd this Art, and gave this Day its name;
 While Musick, Wine, and Mirth, conspire

To bear a Consort, and make up the Quire.

The twentieth Ode of the second Book of
Horace.

HOW an unusual, but strong Wing does bear
Th' amphibious Poet thro' the liquid Air.
I no more time on Earth will waste,
But soaring above Envy, haste
To leave the proudest Cities, that shall lye
The humble Objects of my mounting Eye.

I that am just taking Wing
From no common Parents spring ;

Mexenus, no,

My Blood to nobler Veins I owe.

That purple Stream of everlasting Life that ne're
Into the *Strygian* Lake below. (shall flow

II.

Now, at this Instant, now I find
About my Legs a black rough Skin is twin'd,
Whilft

Whilst all above I grow
 A Bird as white as Snow;
 With new-born Plumes on hands, and Shoulders I
 Do mount on high,
 Clad with a bright *Galaxie*.

Swifter than *Icarus* I cut the yielding Air,
 But make no settl'd Journey there;
 The way my various Fancy likes I keep,
 And fly o're all the Wonders of the Deep.
 The groaning *Bosphorus* I hear
 With an astonish'd ear.

The *Lybian* quick-sands I espy,
 That make me tremble as I fly,
 More than the northern Magazenes that hold
 Winters eternal stores of hoarded cold.

Sanaz. Ep. on Venice.

By Mr. Charles Hastings.

While *Neptune* in the *Adriatick* saw
 Proud *Venice* stand, and to the Floods
 give Law,

If thou *Tarpeian* Tow'rs, great *Jove*, said he,
 Prefer to these, and *Tyber* to the Sea,
 Both Cities view, and you will grant this odds,
 That *Rome* was built by Men, but *Venice* by the
 (Gods.
 Clad with a bright Garment.

The Rape of Philomel.

A Paraphrase of *Ovid's* sixth Book.

By *Mr. Andrews*.

When *Tereus* was with conquering *Lawrels*
 crown'd,
 For Men, and Wealth, and Parentage renown'd;
Pandion thought that none could fitter prove
 To be the Partner in his Daughters Love:
 But *Juno* frown'd, and *Hymen* turn'd awry,
 The Graces smil'd not on their nuptial tye,
 For the dire Sisters with a *Funeral* Brand (stand.
 Did light their Joys, and round their Curtains

The

The fatal Bird of Night did cross their way,
 And all around unhappy Omens lay,
 Thus did they meet, and thus (alas!) enjoy
 The wish'd for Blessing of a smiling Boy:
 Whilst the fond *Thracians*, in a general Cry,
 Give Thanks to Heav'n for this new Progeny;
 And as the Wedding day, the Princes Birth
 They consecrate to universal Mirth.
 Five years expir'd, the flatt'ring *Progne* prest
 Her inauspicious Lord in this Request:
 If thou hast any Love for *Progne's* Name,
 For her chaste Joys, or for her spotless Fame,
 I do conjure thee, grant that I may be
 So happy my lov'd sister once to see.
 I'll fly to her, or she shall come to me.
 As for her stay my Father may complain,
 But tell him she shall soon return again.
 Grant this succeeds but well, and I implore
 At your just hands, ye sacred Bow'rs, no more
 The King fulfils her Wish, and strait commands
 His Ships to Sea, for *Athens* bound: he lands
 At length upon the wish'd *Pyrean* Sands.

From

From whence conducted, he *Pandion* meets,
 Who with kind welcome his Arrival greets.
 The *Thracian* King does *Progne's* suit relate,
 And oh preface which still attends his Fate!
 For he no sooner could his story tell,
 But see the bright, the dazzling *Philomel*,
 Rich as the Sun in all his radiant Fire,
 But richer far in Beauty than Attire,
 A Beauty that might all the Gods inspire.
 So have I heard the *Sylvan* Nymphs of old,
 The Woods enamell'd with their shining Gold;
 As oft you've seen a stubble straw or Fern
 Catch from a Fire which none of us discern,
 So at this sight his vigorous Breast became
 The burning Center of an amorous Flame.
 Hot in his Nature, all his Blood boyl'd high,
 Red were his Cheeks, & sparkling was his Eye;
 At this new World of a Divinity.
 Resolv'd t'enjoy her, 'tis his first Intent
 To bribe her Woman and her Confident;
 And the chaste fair one too, if Gifts would down,
 Tho at the costly purchase of his Crown.

But

But if those means were vain, 'twas then de-
creed,

By Rape and Force the Tyrant would succeed,
Rather than lose her all the World should bleed.

Oh ! what are men when thus by Passion driven ?

What do they fear on Earth, in Hell, or Heav'n ?

Impatient of delay, and rack'd with pain,

He now recites his Wives Request again ;

And tho at first in her behalf he sues,

Now for himself the Suppliant only woos ;

And by his Zeal most eloquent does prove,

(For Eloquence does still attend on Love.)

And often as he spoke what Love inspir'd,

He said it was the thing his Wife desir'd ;

Whilst hudling Tears did seem to run a race

O're the smooth Carpet of his treacherous Face.

Oh ye Eternals ! what a gloomy Cloud

Does humane sense and apprehension shroud ?

For still the more his Passion he does raise,

The more they 'dmire his Vertue and his Praise.

Nay *Philomela* does in that agree,

And thinks his greatest Vice his Piety :

For

For now she hangs upon her Father's Breast,
 And her destruction as her safety prest;
 With Virgin-sighs and Kisses she does sue,
 (And what, ye Gods! can't *Virgin-kisses* do!)
 Which rais'd the lustful Monster's Passion higher,
 And what before was Ashes, now is Fire.
 For every melting Kiss, and soft Embrace,
 He wish'd himself her Father in his place,
 There to repay 'em with a better Grace.
 Whilst the old Man (by their Persuasions moy'd)
 Could not deny where he so dearly lov'd,
 But gives Consent, and she, poor harmless she,
 Wrap'd on the Wings of dauntless Extrsie,
 Ten thousand Thanks to her kind Father gives,
 And thanks the Gods that happily she lives
 To see that day, a day for ever fam'd,
 A day with Joy for ever to be nam'd.
 Mistaken Mortals! for how soon they know
 It was the day of everlasting Woe.

Now *Phaëbus*, after his fatigue and heat
 Tow'rd's cool Recesses hastens his Retreat,

And night comes on, when every plenteous board
The richest noblest Banquets do afford;

And Wine around in golden Goblets flows,

Till their steep'd Senses call for Sweet Repose.

And now the drowsie God fills every Breast,

In flow'ry Lands their roving Fancy's blest

With Joys unknown, and pleasant Dreams
possess.

Tho' all do sleep, yet the *Odryssian* King

Feels from the fair one such a pungent sting,

That though she's gone, h' 'as still her Face in
view,

And parts (oh chaster Pow'rs!) unseen, he

For what can't lewd Imagination do?

Soon as the day arose in many Tears,

Randion vents his Passion and his Fears:

Wringing the hand of his departing Son,

With sad and boding Heart he thus begun;

Since, dearest Son, a Sister's Love requires

To crown your Wishes, and your Wives Desires,

I trust

I trust thee here with something more than life,
 My all in one, my Daughter, Sister, Wife,
 For how t' excel in Love is all her strife.

Oh then by th' strictest Faith and Truth of Kings,
 Which still in Royal Breasts are sacred things;
 Nay, by the heavenly Pow'rs, whose chiefeft care
 Is to protect the innocent and fair,

I do-conjure thee, as a Father prove
 In all th' endearments of paternal Love.

But as thou tender'st my declining Years,
 My Ages Frailties, and my Ages Fears,
 Oh quickly send (for I her Absence dread)
 The only comfort of my aged Head;

The sport and pleasure of my sadder hours,
 Kind as the spring, yet chaste as infant flowers:
 Send her with speed, for every mournful day
 Will seem as tedious as an Ages stay;
 Where we expect, how heavy is delay?

And thou my Child (for pity does require)
 Leave not too long thy poor, thy helpless Sire,

For

For what can he when *Philamel* is gone?
 Like some forsaken Turtle all alone,
 Where shall he sigh, or where his sorrows groan?
 Thus as he spoke, and Kisses mix'd withal,
 At every word a chrystal stream did fall;
 Then taking both their hands, thoreby to prove
 A certain sign of everlasting Love:
 And kissing both, I wish my Daughter Joy,
 To *Progne* this, and this her little Boy;
 I here (said he) with kindest Love commend,
 With heartiest Wilhes, best of Blessings send;
 May they be blest from the eternal store,
 For I perhaps may never send them more.
 His Sobs, his Sighs, his Passion who can tell?
 Tears drown his words, that at the last farewell
 In fatal Groans his mournful Accents fell.

When they were ship'd, as soon as pressing Oars
 Had cut the Ocean, and put off from shores,
 I have my Wish he cries, Oh kinder Powers!
 The beauteous prize, the noble prize is ours.

The Tyrant now does most triumphant grow,
 And scarce forbears his Joys in open show.
 As when the King of Birds from earth does bear
 In his fierce Talons the poor trembling Hare,
 Into his princely Mansions of the Air,
 He foams, exults, 'gainst flight shuts every way,
 And with a rav'nous eye beholds his Prey:
 So *Tescus* does with no less furious Eyes
 (Oh partial Gods!) survey his trembling prize.

When they arriv'd upon the *Thracian* Shore,
 He to a Lodge th' unhappy fair one bore:

A Seat where Lust and Horror did abound,
 Dark were the Rooms, and craggy was the
 ground,

Cloyster'd with baleful Thickets all around.

She with Amazement seisd in every part,
 Pale in her Looks, and trembling at her heart;

Asks for her Sister *Progne*, but confin'd,
 The Ravisher by Actions speaks his Mind,
 And by mere force commits the Rape design'd.

Whilst

Whilst to the height he does his Joys pursue,
 For what, alas! could one weak Virgin do?
 A Virgin who man's falshood never knew.
 Help, oh my Father! Sister! now she cries,
 And though unkind, yet sacred Deities,
 If to defend the just be your intent,
 Oh! help a poor wrong'd Virgin, innocent,
 Who neither evil thought, nor evil meant.
 Then of her Stars and Birth she did complain,
 She sigh'd, she wept, she tore, but all in vain.
 As the poor Lamb when from the Wolf just free
 Does heave, and pant, and most dejected lye,
 And all in dread of former Agony;
 Or as a Dove whose Blood his Feathers stain,
 Does coe, and moan, & fears those Claws again
 Which were the fatal means of all his pain:
 So does the injur'd *Philomela* groan,
 So does she tremble, pant, and so bemoan:
 But when reviv'd, her loose and flying Hair,
 As at a Father's Funeral, she tare.

Then wrings her hands, which up tow'rd's Hea-
 ven are thrown,
 Wild with her Woes, and now distracted grown,
 Thus she bursts out; oh hellish barbarous Lust!
 Monster of Monsters, whom my Fathers trust
 Impos'd with such devout and moving Tears;
 Whom neither Wives Affections, Sisters Fears,
 Nor yet the softness of my Virgin state,
 With all the tender Joys which on it wait,
 Could make relent; oh most unfortunate!
 Oh vast Confusion! on this fatal score,
 I an Adultress, an incestuous Whore,
 Must to my Sister prove, and all our Race
 Whilst thou to both supply'st the Husbands place.
 Yet what, ye Gods, have I e're done or meant,
 To merit such an heavy Punishment?
 Is there a Crime in being innocent?
 Then ah dispatch me! and when that is done
 Through the whole course of Wickedness thou'st
 But if from Heav'n the favour I had gain'd (run.
 T'ave dy'd before my Honour thou had'st stain'd,

My dauntless Ghost might then untainted fly
 Through those chaste Regions of Eternity :
 But now such vile Pollution I must fear,
 Never ! oh never ! with the blest appear.
 Yet if the Gods these dire Events do see,
 If they're not Fables, and decay with me ;
 Due Vengeance then thou can'st not long escape,
 For Vengeance must such Horrors overtake.
 Yet should'st thou that forego, all sense of Shame
 I will renounce ; and thro' the World proclaim,
 If free, thy monstrous Crimes ; but if confin'd
 'Twill be some pleasure to an anxious Mind
 To find the Woods more pitiful and kind.
 The very Rocks, at my unheard-of Woe,
 Shall be dissolv'd, and sense of Sorrow show :
 Rocks may relent, but Men more salvage grow.
 This witness Heav'n, Immortals note it well ;
 If Heav'n there is, and Gods therein do dwell.
 Her Words did move the bloody Ravisher
 Alike with Rage, Distraction, and with Fear :

Dreading th' effects, he binds the wretched fair,
 And draws his Sword, then drags her by the Hair:
 Whilst she rejoyc'd, and open laid her Breast,
 To entertain his Sword, the kindest Guest ;
 Her only Comfort, Happiness and Rest.
 But e're she dy'd, she thought to vent her mind,
 And leave the Burden of her Soul behind ;
 Therefore proclaims her wrongs, and, tho in vain,
 Did of her Hardship, and his Guilt complain.
 Then calling on her Fathers name, her Tongue
 (In Pincers caught) the salvage Monster wrung
 From its lov'd Mansion, by the panting Root,
 Which trembled, moan'd, and murmur'd at his
 foot,
 And often strove in Curses to repay,
 But what it would (alas !) it could not say ;
 So soon the Spirits and the Voice decay.
 Yet as a Serpents quivering Tail I've seen
 Stain'd in its Blood, leaps up and down the Green,
 So does her Tongue ; it quivers, pants, and leaps,
 But follows still its Owners wretched Steps :

Yet after all, if we may credit Fame,
 (Oh sleeping Vengeance! oh thou empty name!)
 Her Body maim'd, and reeking in its Gore,
 He often us'd as lewdly as before;
 Gods! had ye then no Thunder-bolts in store?
 Yet to his Wife the very moment hastes,
 Who with Impatience for her Sister asks:
 He drown'd in Tears; (for who so lewd will be
 Can never fail in smooth Hypocrisie:)
 In Tears he mourns her sad untimely Fate,
 In feigned Tears he does her Death relate,
 Laments, and wails his miserable State.
 Progne believes, and strait her rich Array,
 With all its gawdy Trifles, casts away,
 And does the utmost Debt of Sorrow pay;
 Whilst clad in sable she her Sister mourns,
 And due Oblations to her Spirit burns.
 But oh false Rites! how vainly are they sent,
 To a most wretched living Monument.

*Elegy on the Earl of Rochester.**By Mrs. Wh—.*

DEep Waters silent roul, so Grief like mine
 Tears never can relieve, nor Words define.
 Stop then, stop your vain Source, weak springs of
 Grief,
 Let Tears flow from their Eyes whom Tears re-
 lieve.
 They from their Heads shew the light Trouble
 there,
 Could my Heart weep, its Sorrows 'twould de-
 clare :
 Weep drops of Blood, my Heart, thou'lt lost thy
 Pride,
 The Cause of all thy Hopes and Fears, thy Guide.
 He would have led thee right in Wisdom's way,
 And 'twas thy Fault whene're thou went'st a-
 stray :
 And since thou stray'dst when guided and led on,
 Thou wilt be surely lost now left alone.

It is thy Elegy I write, not his,

He lives immortal and in highest Bliss.

But thou art dead, alas! my Heart thou'rt
dead,

He lives, that lovely Soul for ever fled,

But thou 'mongst Crowds on earth art buried.

Great was thy Loss, which thou can'st ne're ex-

Nor was th' insensible dull Nation's less; (press,

He civiliz'd the rude and taught the young,

Made Fools grow wise; such artful magick hung

Upon his useful kind instructing Tongue.

His lively Wit was of himself a part,

Not as in other men, the Work of Art;

For tho his Learning like his Wit was great,

Yet sure all Learning came below his Wit;

As God's immediate Gifts are better far

Than those we borrow from our Likeness here,

He was,—— but I want words, and ne're can tell,

Yet this I know, he did Mankind excell.

He was what no Man ever was before,

Nor can indulgent Nature give us more,

For to make him she exhausted all her store.

On the Coronation of the High and Mighty Monarch JAMES II.

By Mr. Smith.

*Hic dies verè mitis festus, atras
Eximet curas : Ego nec tumultum,
Nec mori per vim metuum, tenente,
Caesare Terras. Horat.*

Pindarique.

Fly swift, ye sluggish hours, and bring the
O wakeful Morning! now display (day!
Thy purple Dores, and odorif'rous Bed
With plenty of new blushing Roses spread.

Let day's bright Lord now haste to rise,
With his clear Rays to bless our longing eyes.
May now our *British* Heaven be all serene,
No threat'ning Clouds draw nigh
With the least Wrinkle to deform the Sky;
As once before was seen

On

On that stupendious day, (way ;
 When *Charles* through silver *Thames* did cut his
 Th' admiring Throngs did crowd to see him land,
 Cov'ring the *Beech*, and blackning all the Strand.

Who, lest our Bliss with him should cease,
 Has left us *James*, the pledge of future Peace ;
 A Prince so great, so good,

Ally'd to *Charles* in Vertue as in Blood !
 For this vast Trust he this great Hero chose,
 Bequeath'd the whole supream Command

To his most Loyal hand
 Who did in Peace secure his Reign,
 And in most dang'rous Wars his Pow'r maintain.
 How soon he put the *Northern* Clouds to flight !
 And drove red Waves to *Belgia's* wondring shore
 When 'gainst fair *Albion* they did fight !
 He struck Confusion into Form and Light,
 How oft has *Neptune* him triumphing bore
 Asserting his dear Brother's Right,
 On whom the World does safely now repose. :

II.

Sure Heav'n of this blest time made choice,
 When all things smile and all rejoyce;
 Tell us all o're is clad with verdent green,
 And Paradife in ev'ry place is seen:

The drowsie Flow'rs,
 Awak'd by fruitful Show'rs,
 Now haste, and all their sweetness bring
 And off'ring to their most auspicious King.
 Hark! how the Nations Acclamations make,
 And happy *Omens* of his Empire take:
 With one united Voice they now rejoyce,
 Long live! long live! their new-born King.
 And lo *Paeans* sing.

Mar-

Martial. Lib. 10. Epigr. 47.

Vitam quæ faciant beatorem.

By Mr. Wilfon.

WHat makes a happy Life? O what?
 A Fortune by Descent, not got;
 An answ'ring Farm, still smoaking home;
 Dependence seldom; Law-suits none;
 A Mind compos'd, a lively Soul;
 An active Body, round and whole;
 An open Plainness, but discreet,
 Friendship's agreeable and fit;
 No over-curious Bill of Fare,
 No drunken Nights, yet void of care;
 A merry Wife, and only yours,
 A Sleep that never tells the Hours;
 Contented with thy Destiny,
 And neither wish nor fear to dye.

A Pindarique Essay upon Musick.

By the same.

—— *Net vox hominem sonat.*

L

Soul of the World, Time's Rival (Music) who,
 First matter yet in *Ovo* wert,
 Who shall declare thy Off-spring, or pursue,
 To keep Infinity in view?
 Fancy's short-wing'd, and earthy; my *sent'd* Soul
 Bolts, but turns giddy in the start,
 And mounts she knows not whither:
 When the Almighty *Fiat* spread this whole,
 And poiz'd the Base of the unerring frame,
 Fond of the first publick employ,
 The Morning Stars, they sung together;
 And all the Sons of God shouted for joy; same.
 Then Musick was with God, and only not the

II.

Now, as Infinity is unconfin'd,
 It fill'd each Angle of the whole,
 And as in broken glass, we find
 A thousand lesser Shapes,
 All that came in shar'd of the liberal dole,
 The stintless Bounty gave not out by Scraps;
 Nothing went empty back, or sad,
 Whate're the Pitcher held, it had :
 All things look'd great, not swell'd, but bold and
 And (as 'twere) big with a Divinity ; (free,
 And what was that but Harmony ;
 What all that beauteous Fabrick of the Sphears ?
 The night and days continu'd course ?
 The gliding stream ? the Oceans source ?
 The Birds wild Note ? nay, all delight
 That ever fed the Eye, or charm'd the Ear,
 But Sparks of the same Harmony, tho less unite ?

III.

Man was abash'd, and well he might, that he;
 And he alone should be a Looker on,
 And yet not bear a part;
 Resolv'd he was, but 'twould not do,
 He flag'd for want of Art:
 Until at length, sharp *Jubal*, he began,
 He had observ'd his Brother *Tubal Cain*
 Hammer a Nail, and then a Shoe,
 The discord sounds provok'd his thinking Soul
 To search, why loud, or deep; how flat or sharp:
 Long had he paus'd, but could not tell,
 Till having Scal'd and Gammuted the whole,
 He try'd it on a Concave Shell,
 And piece-meal found the Organ and the Harp:
 Strook was the Shepherds God, and stole a Pipe,
 Yet single as it was, it laid an hundred eyes asleep.

IV.

To pass the *Theban* Artist, at whose call
 Stones mov'd, and danc'd themselves into a wall,
 And

And under which *Mythology*;
 Was civiliz'd even Barbarity :
 Arm'd with his Harp alone, the *Thracian* Bard
 Attempts the Shades below :
 None ask'd him whence he came, or how,
 Or mutter'd what he was ;
 All stood at gaze, and the bold stroke once heard,
 Ev'n Hell had silence too,
 And yet made Holiday ;
 The Wheel stood still ; none ply'd the Sieve ;
 The rolling stone was gathering Moss,
 The Vultur heeded not its Prey ;
 His powerful hand did not perswade, but drive ;
 He left no room for Thought : the sooty God
 Smooth'd his rough Brow, and made the grant-
 (ing nod.
 And had th' enamour'd done the same,
 His shy, fond Fool, had ne're been scar'd ;
 Sh'ad stood, nay met him, shot him flame for
 flame,
 Nor fled the unknown-know-not-what she fear'd.

V.

Inmur'd in Temples next it lay, and then
The Praises of their Gods and mighty Men,
Were only in request;

What but the best cou'd fit the best?

Dilated thence to Kings and Prophets, he
That took it up began to prophesie.

Thus *David* danc'd before the Ark;
And when the evil Spirit infested *Saul*
He play'd, and the same Heaven-born Spark
Enform'd his hand, and tun'd the others Soul.

Thus when before the Kings *Eliza* stood,
Jehoram's Gods had fret his Blood,

But when the Minstrel play'd
God's hand came on him, and he prophes'd.

What may'st thou not, that driv'st ill Spirits, and
(call'st down good!

And mak'st that All we see, or ever saw,
One full-mouth'd *Diapason*. *Alleluja*.

Anacreon. To himself.

Ὁυ μοι μέλει.

By the same.

I Care for neither Prince nor State,
Nor this nor that great Potentate:
Gold's not the thing that I adore,
And envy not a Tyrant's Power:
But this I care, to have my Beard
With the most precious Unguents smear'd;
My careless Locks with Roses bound;
My old Companion Goblet crown'd:
Let me live free, and unperplex'd
This day, and take who will, the next.
Then go to, while 'tis to day,
Drown all your Cares in Wine and Play;
Lest crazy grown, nor sickness proof,
Doctors cry, Hold, you've drunk enough.

D d 2

Ano.

Another.

Σὺ μὲν λέγεις.

By the same.

L Et others sing the *Theban* Wars,
 Or *Troy's* Destruction,
 But I will chant my own;
 And unconcern'd at others Jars,
 Nor Horse, nor Foot, nor Ships, nor all
 That *Arsenal*, shall see me fall:
 No, No, when e're *Anacreon* dies,
 His fullen Heart
 Will bear no dart
 But from his Mistress Eyes.

Sira-

*Strada's Nightingale.**By the same.**Jam sol è medio pronus deflexerat Orbe, &c.*

PAST his Meridian was the Sun, each Beam
 Had spent its Vigor ; when by *Tyber's* stream
 At at Oaks Foot a *Lutenist* did play,
 To ease his Thoughts, and pass the time away.

Nor was he long unheard ; above there stood
 A Nightingale, the *Syren* of the Wood ;
 Muse of the place, poor harmless *Syren*, she
 Took the rebound, and juggling o're, what he
 Had with his Fingers struck, her nimble Throat
 Eccho's it back, and gives him Note for Note.

Our *Lutenist*, that to her *Ayres* had lent
 His Ear, perceiving what, and whom she meant,
 Resolves to make her sport ; when strait he tries
 Each Peg, each string, and o're 'em all he flies.

Nor was she long behind, but running o're
 Each Note of his, yes, and a thousand more,
 Gave him a taste of what she could, to shew
 That even she could chirp a Prelude too.
 With that he took his Lute, and with a dash,
 'Twixt sport and scorn, he makes a careless Rash,
 Stops every Fret, and to each trembling string
 Gives a soft Beat ; when presently again,
 With a sweet touch he strikes an even strain,
 And takes up all with his first Rash again.

And here he paws'd, and now expects her part,
 Which she strait gives, and answers Art with Art.
 One while, as if she could not find her Throat,
 She plays it here and there with her field-note,
 'And draws it out in length, to let him see
 Her discords too carry'd their Harmony.
 Then quavering out Division, with shrill
 And open Throat, gives every Note its Trill.

He stood amaz'd (and well he might) to meet
 So small a Pipe, and yet a Note so sweet,
 So soft, so various, that he concludes, to get
 The Victory, he must run higher yet :

And

And with it, chang'd his Chiffs; now sharp, then
 Now Bass, then Treble; nor content with that,
 Jumbles his strings in such disorder'd Rattle,
 As if his Lute were to enform a Battel.

Yet here she had him too; & while she stretcht
 So shrill, yet clear, as if she meant t'ave reacht
 A flight 'bove *B $\frac{1}{2}$* ; in a trice, with note
 As if 't were lost, and bury'd in her throat,
 Double *De-fol-re* low she sinks a Hum,
 'Twixt low and deep, as humming a Drum:
 Anger & Shame by this time fir'd his blood;
 Nor shall my little Quirister o'rh' Wood
 Carry it thus: Not conquer her? I'll do't,
 I'll do't he cry'd, or I will break my Lute:
 Nor said he more, when thundering amain
 A sprightly, bold, unimitable strain,
 His careless hand from this to that he flings,
 And runs it up, as he would crack the strings:
 From Bass to Tenor, Counter-tenor, Alt,
 His nimble Joynts in quick Division vault;

And not to leave one Note untouch'd upon;
 He closes all with a full Unison :
 And with it made as full a stop, and stood
 Expecting what his little Rival cou'd ;
 But she (poor Fool) tho she was now become
 Quite hoarse, impatient yet to be o'recome,
 Rallies her little strength, but all in vain ;
 For while she offers at so high a strain,
 And strives to render with her single Throat
 The various Accents of such different Notes,
 Too weak (alas !) to bear her Grief, or do't,
 Dead, dead, she dropt upon the Conquerors Lute,
 A fitting Sepulchre ; such power upon
 Ev'n little Souls, has Emulation,

A Translation of the fourth Chorus in Seneca's Troas.

Beginning at Dulce mœrenti populus dolentum, &c.

By J. T.

Less are the *Griefs* we undergo,
 When they are felt by others too.
 Less are our Sorrows, less our Fears,
 The more our Company appears.
 Great Griefs, like Burdens, are more *light*,
 The more they are to share the *weight*;
 And none with Justice can refuse
 To bear the Fortune others use.
 When we see *happier* men, we grieve,
 And all our Sorrows are *comparative*.
 He only does his Fate bemoan,
 Who in a single Ship alone

Has plough'd the Sea, and after some great wrack,
 With a *light* Ship and *heavy* Heart comes back.
 Who sees the Dangers of a sinking Fleet,
 Thinks not *his* Sufferings are so great :
 H^e has this *sad* Comfort of his Misery,
 That *all*, as well as *he*, must dye.
 When the proud Master of the *Golden Fleece*
 With his dear *Burden* cross'd the Seas,
Phryxus with Tears saw *Helle* drown ;
 Well might he weep, when he was left *alone*.
 Thus, when the only honest *Pair*,
 That could our sinful Race repair,
 Of all *Mankind* alone remain'd,
 Each happy in the *other*, ne're complain'd.
 So, by our Conqu'rors when we're snatch'd away,
 A *helpless*, but a *numerous* Prey,
 The Wind shall scatter all our Tears,
 Our *Numbers* shall secure our *Fears*.
 What shall we say, when on the Deck we stand,
 And from afar behold the *lessening Land*?

What shall we think, when *Ida's* Tops grow less,
And with the *Seas* our *Fears* encrease?

And when our Sons shall seek their *Native Land*,
Each wretched Mother, pointing with her hand,
(The Tears still trickling from her Eyes)

Shall cry, See, *yonder Ilium lies*,
Where those black Clouds of curling Smoak do rise.

LYRICKS.

By Ph. Ayres, Esq.

TO LOVE.

L Et others sing of *Mars* and of his Train,
Of great Exploits and honourable Scars,
The dreadful dire Effects of civil Wars,
Death's Triumphs and Encomiums of the slain:
I sing the Conflicts I my self sustain,
From her who is the cause of all my Care,
Who wounds with Looks and fetters with
her hair, This

This mournful Tale requires a tragick strein;
Eyes were the Arms did first my Peace controul,
Wounded by them a source of Tears there
(sprung
Instead of Blood, from my afflicted Soul.
Thou *Love*, to whom this Conquest does belong,
Leave me at last the comfort to condole;
And as thou woud'st my Heart, inspire my
(Song.

The REQUEST.

By the same.

O Love! who in my Breast's most noble part
Did'st that fair Image lodge, that form di-
(vine,
In whom the sum of heavenly Graces shine,
And there engrav'd it with thy golden Dart;
Now mighty Workman! help me by thy Art,
(Since my dull Pen trembles to strike a Line)

That

That I on Paper copy the design,
By thee express so lively in my heart.

Lend me, when I this great Attempt shall try,
A Feather from thy Wing, that whilst to write
My hand's employ'd, my Thoughts may soar
(on high:

Thy Torch which fires our Hearts and burns so
(bright
My darker Fancy, let its Flame supply,
And thro' my numbers dart celestial Light.

*Part of the last Scene of Seneca's Troas done
into English,*

*Beginning at, Est una magna Turris e Tro-
já super, &c.*

By J. T.

THere is a *Tower* from the *Flame's* Fury free,
Spar'd only for a greater Cruelty;
On whose high top old *Priam* us'd to stand,
And with his *Eye* and *Voice* our *Troops* command.

Here

Here with his Princely *Grand-child* oft he stood,
 And to the *Boy* his *Fathers* Battels show'd.
 This Tow'r has once our chiefest Bulwark been,
 'Tis now of *Blood* and *Death* the dismal Scene.
 Hither the giddy Rabble flock'd to see
 With greedy eyes the helpless *Infant* dye.
 From this high Tow'r, a pretty distant space,
 A steep and lofty *Hill* commands the place;
 On that a *Rock*, on which the gazing Croud,
 Big with the cruel Expectation, stood.
 On all the neighb'ring Trees whole *Armies* sat,
 The loaded Branches crack'd beneath their *Weight*.
 And *one* with haste some ragged Mount does
 Another (O the sacrilegious Crime!) (climb,
 Hangs on great *Hector's* Tomb; *One* climbs a
 Wall,
 Which, with its wretched weight, does quickly
 fall,
 Lo! the *Press* breaks, and big with cruel Joy,
 The curs'd *Ulysses* leads the Princely Boy.
 Th' undaunted *Youth* mounts fearless to the place,
 With Innocence triumphant in his face.
 When

When from the Tower he saw the gazing Rout,
 Round him he flung a scornful Look about,
 So some fierce Lyon's *Whelp*, whose tender Age
 Has not as yet well arm'd his *toothless* Rage,
 With eager Fury whets his tender Claws,
 And tries the utmost anger of his Jaws.
 Thus fearless the young *Captive* thither came,
 And fill'd his cruel *Murderers* with shame.
 This when they saw, strait the relenting Crowd
 In sighs and tears proclaim'd their Grief aloud :
 Nay, ev'n *Ulysses* wept, and 'spight of all
 His Cruelty, resistless Tears did fall.
 Then, when the cruel *Sacrifice* was done,
 (Pitty'd by all, *himself* unmov'd alone,)
 Down the deep Precipice himself he cast,
 And 'midst his *Country's* Ruines breath'd his last.

When this was done, at first the *Rabble*
 But to a greater Cruelty return'd. (mourn'd,
 With eager haste the barb'rous *Grecians* come,
 And flock about the curs'd *Achilles* Tomb.

This

This place was destin'd for the Scene of Blood,
 On two near *Hills* the gazing *Army* stood,
 Between a fatal *Valley* stretch'd out wide,
 And *Groves* of Spears appear on ev'ry side.
 Here for the beauteous *Maid* they all attend;
 Some glad that with her *Life* their *Fears* must
 (end;
 Most, that she was the last of *Priam's* *Stock*;
 Some seem to hate the Crimes on which they
 (gladly look.
 And here and there a *Trojan* did appear,
 Who came to see her dye, and shed a tear.

Then through a Lane of *Grecians*, in a Row,
 Before the *Bride* five nuptial *Torches* go;
 Next *Helen* follow'd, hanging down her Head.
 (O may *Hermione* such a Husband wed!)
 (move

Strait *she* appear'd alone, with Looks might
 Grief in each *Trojan*, in each *Grecian* Love.
 Her Eyes she turn'd with Virgin-blushes down,
 And in her face unusual Beauties shone;
 So Evening Blushes best adorn the Sun.

Her *Courage* some, and some her *Beauty* prais'd,
 And all with various *Passions* strangely gaz'd,
 Some sad, some sham'd, some weeping, all }
 amaz'd.

Thus in *slow state* the mournful *Train* was come,
 Where *Pyrrhus* standing on his *Father's* Tomb,
 With cruel *Anger* held the fatal *Knife*
 Prepar'd to cut the tender *thread* of Life.

Fearless *she* look'd her *Murderer* in the face,
 Whilst Fear and Horror fill'd around the Place.
 Mov'd at her god-like *Constancy*, he shook,
 And scarce had Courage left to give the *Stroke*.
 Strait, as the cruel *Weapon* reach'd her heart,
 A *Spring* of vital Blood did quickly start
 Through the wide Wound. *She* still out-brav'd
 her Fate,

And made *Achilles* *Ashes* groan beneath her weight.

What Tongue the Grief and Horror can express
 Which did both *Parties* equally possess?

In *silent* tears their Grief the *Trojans* show'd ;
 The howling *Grecians* spoke their sorrow loud.

About the Tomb at first the *Deluge* flow'd,
 And strait the thirsty Ashes drunk the sinking
 (Blood.

A POEM

*On the Death of our late Dread Sovereign,
 Charles the Second, of Blessed and
 Immortal Memory.*

*Quo nil majus, meliusve terris
 Fata donavere, bonique Divi
 Nec dabunt, quamvis redeunt in aurum
 Tempora Priscum.*

Horat. de Aug. Cæsare.

I.

TIs fall'n ! the sacred Pile is fall'n, and oh !
 How the Earth shook at the stupendious
 (Blow !
 The trembling Rocks their strong Foundations
 (shook,
 Their dismal caves were fill'd with horrid groans;
 And lo ! the sad condoling moans

Fright-

Fright'ned the neighbouring hills around
 With the dismaying sound. (head,
 The lofty't Mount hung down its vast astonish'd
 And with impending terror cast a look
 That seem'd to dread
 The dire event of such a fatal stroak.
 The wretched *Albion's* renown'd shore,
 That not the terrifying sight
 Of *Cæsar's* conqu'ring Arms cou'd fright,
 That had so many thousand Ages o're,
 The wild impetuous rage of wreaking Tempests
 bore;
 Rending with Fear, methought look'd paler
 than before.

I I.

Oh ! 'twas a dismal day !
 The Heav'ns, 'tis true, were all serene & bright;
 The radiant Monarch of the starry hoast
 Shon with re-doubled Light ;
 As well indeed the splendid Sov'reign might :

For if, as learn'd Traditions say,
Myriads of Hero's Souls adorn the milky way ;

Not since the fiery Atomes were
Center'd in one eternal burning sphear ;
Can the bright Ruler of Ætherial Air,
So glorious, so divine a Constellation boast.

But oh ! when we our Guardian Angel lost,
What Deluges of Tears the mournful World it
Distracted terror seiz'd on ev'ry place, (cost !
And wild amazement sat on ev'ry face :

Swift as the Winds, and fatal too
As the contagious drops of baleful Dew,
Through distant Realms the dreadful Tidings
flew.

As o're the blasted Fields, the killing Accents
spread,

That *Charles*, their Gracious Lord, the King
was dead,

The Tiller's Hands drop'd from his lab'ring
Plough ;

No more, he cry'd, the fertile Gleab I'll sow ;
For what, alas ! avails the richest Harvest now !

On the bleak Mountains Shepherds raving lay,
And flung their well-fill'd Scrips and tuneful
Pipes away.

On the steep Cliffs of dang'rous Rocks,
Their once-lov'd Kids, and tender Flocks,
To ev'ry Wolf expos'd an easie Prey,
Bleating their Sorrows, wander'd far astray.
Round his young Darlings's Neck the rev'rend
Sire,

(With horror struck, and ready to expire)
His trembling Limbs, for a support, he spread,
But from his lovely Face turn'd off his aged head,
Unable and unft to undergo
The bitter weight of their united Woe.

With Hair dishevell'd, & their Garments torn,
Afflicted Matrons wish'd their Babes unborn :

Unkindly snatch'd from the soft Breast,
Where they were fondly lull'd all night to rest,
And with full Lux'ry wanton'd all the day,
The poor neglected Infants weeping lay ;
They both involv'd in one sad Fate appear'd,
The tears of both unpitty'd, their loud Cries
unheard.

Ne're sure was Man lamented so before;
In the small Plains of *Moab* was alone

The hideous Pomp of Sorrow shewn,
When *Israel* did the Death of their best Kings de-
plore.

But now, behold! ev'ry wild barb'rous shore
Does the insufferable loss of our dear Prince be-
moan;

So well were, thro' all Realms, his God-like Ver-
tues known.

Blended together in the dismal Lot,
Our very Griefs were with our Joys forgot;
The vilest Poverty, and worst of pain,
Oppress'd the starving indigent in vain;
The raging Stone, and ev'ry sad Disease,
Like spreading Plagues, did greater torments
seize.

He fell, alas! as the devouring Serpent rose;
That dire Calamity did all the rest depose.

As when in Darkness deep as ancient night,
The sudden blaze of a consuming Light,
[With Ruin, Spoil, and livid Flames, burns down,
The tow'ring Fabricks of a stately Town :
When

When melting Shrines & solemn Temples rise,
 Like blazing Meteors in the threaten'd Skies,
 Such were the shrieks of Woe, such the bewailing
 Cries.

And oh ! when Fate seal'd the lov'd Monarch's
 doom,
 Both Fire and Sword, & Pestilence were come,
 Till our new Prophet rais'd his mighty hand,
 Subdued the Host of Plagues, and heal'd the
 groaning Land.

III.

Deep were the marks of Grief in ev'ry face,
 That bore the stamp of humane Race :
 With Adoration to the sacred shade,
 A Subject's Tribute ev'ry Subject paid.
 But oh ! what Heart cou'd bear, what Tongue
 exprefs,
 The racking torture, and forlorn distress,
 The Royal Mourners felt that woeful day,
 When the dear Peace of all Mankind departing
 lay !

The gorgeous Palace all around
 With shining Architraves was richly crown'd,
 And wreaths of burnish'd Gold the wealthy Pil-
 lars crown'd ;

With Adamant, and ev'ry precious Stone,
 The high exalted awful *Throne*,
 Magnificent, with beaming Glory shon
 Bright, as the Imperial seat of deathless Gods ;
 Yet in a moment were the blest Abodes,
 Without the Pomp of Ceremonious Woe,
 Black, dismal, loath'd as the deserted shades below.
 Senseless as Statues, in deep sorrow bound,
 Stood all the sad Attendants round ;
 In Floods of their own tears, like stream-
 rains drown'd.

Not when inexorable Death
 Seiz'd her imperial Lord's last gasp of Breath,
 The precious Corps so pale and ghastly lay,
 As when the fair unspotted face
 Of the dear Partner of his Royal Bed ;
 Drops, such as Angels weep, the holy Comfort
 shed.

And

And knowing well the way
 To the bright *Throne* of everlasting Grace,
 With never-ceasing Supplications pray'd
 To the good Gods, for their propitious Aid.
 Zealous and fervent at Heavens Gate she stood,
 With ardent Raptures, interceding more
 For that one precious Life, than when the flood
 Had swept the face of Earth, and at the sacred
 Shrine

Of honour'd *Themis*, *Pyrrha* did implore
 The Powers divine, (store.
 They would again the perish'd Race of Man re-
 Tho often she before,
 But for short Absence had endur'd the smart
 Which Bodies feel when from their Souls they
 In that deplorable emergent horror, (part;
 Grief, like her gracious Lord's Disease,
 Did her rent Heart so violently seize;
 Which nearest was the Grave cou'd scarce be
 seen,
 The dying Monarch, or the living Queen.

IV.

But now at length, altho omitted long,
 And willingly indeed delay'd,
 Must by my bold, advent'rous Song,
 Its homage, where it is most due, be paid.
 But how the Scene of horror can be wrought
 Enough tormenting to the sight or thought,
 Tell me, ye sacred Pow'rs that know ;
 If you your selves the misery can shew,
 And humane Soul the sad Infusion bear.
 To tears abandon'd, and hard Grief forlorn,
 How did the Royal Pair their parting mourn !
 What Desolation, vehement Despair,
 And sighing Tempests fill'd the groaning Air !
 Tho noblest Courage his great Soul does arm,
 Against the fear of any mortal harm ;
 And even then, the Loyal *James* did shew
 Brave and magnificent in mighty Woe :
 What furious Torrents burst his gushing Eyes,
 When he cry'd out—the King ! — Oh my lov'd
 Brother dies !

The

The last dear gasp of Breath, and dying Groan,
 He took, when he had scarce another of his own ;
 Tho from the Minute that Great *Charles* was dead,
 A glorious Crown descended on his Head,
 And three vast Realms his awful Scepter sway'd.
 Who that beheld him (scarce of Mortal Birth)
 Groveling in dust and tears, upon the Earth,
 Wou'd not believe, so much the change had cost,
 He at that Moment the World's Empire lost ?

Nay, even when it was too late
 To grieve against irrevocable Fate ;
 When the blest King was rais'd, from dark abodes
 To the bright Synod of immortal Gods ;
 His tender Passion, and fraternal Love,
 Like a declining Tempest strove ;
 Still in his Breast the rowling Surges move,
 As if his Regal Ornaments were more
 Envenom'd than the poyson'd Robe *Aleides* wore.

V.

Who cou'd have thought, the Mighty *Charles* so
 Supported, cou'd so soon have fell ?

While

While the brave Prince in rugged War, did weild
 With dauntless Courage his magestic shield ;
 And as of old, *Anchises* pious Son
 Thro' flaming Arms, to save a Father run ;
 Tho Death he often met i'th dreaded forms
 Of fiercest Battels and the loudest Storms ;
 Such rev'rent Homage did his Valour draw,
 The deform'd *Tyrant* still he kept in awe.

But oh ! what treacherous Fate
 Does on the best of humane Glories wait !
 Whilst smiling *Cupids* round his Head did play ;
 As in the midst of flowing Joys he lay ,
 The grisly Monster seiz'd the noble Prey.

So when in dead of night,
 All things, but Lust and Envy, are on earth
 Silent, as e're from *Chaos*, light
 Or motion took its sacred Birth ;
 And suddenly a strong invading Foe
 With swift approach of dismal Woe
 From secret Ambush rusheth on
 A fearless and unguarded Town.

In Death the murder'd sleepers rowl their eyes,
 To everlasting Death awake with hideous Cries ;
 And by unmanly force the brave ignobly dies.

In vain to Heav'n assembling Prophets call,
 In vain, alas ! with barb'rous Arts did all

Apollo's learned't Sons obstruct his Fall.

Tho long the rev'rend lofty tree has stood

On *Æta's* top, the glory of the Wood,

And oft the wildest Tempests soyl'd ; one stroke
 From *Jove's* vast *Trident*, rives the sacred Oak.

But surely Fate of common Vengeance weary
 & grows,

And seeks new Magazines of blacker Woes ;

A tyrannous strength she cruelly imparts,

That we, with fiercer pangs, may break our
 For, as from the supream sov'reign head (Hearts :
 The baleful Juice thro' all the Body's spread ;

Strait, when the sad disease Great *Charles* had
 struck

With dire Convulsions, the whole Nation shook.

But, when the blooming hopes of Life return'd,

No longer the disast'rous Fate we mourn'd ;

Dilated Spirits fill'd our enlarg'd souls,
 And joy flow'd in, with wild impetuous rowls:
 But oh! to the unfathom'd dark Abyss of Heli,
 Down from the highest Pinacle of Heav'n we fell!
 While, like the wretched *Thracian* Bard,
 (Our toyl's as great, and destiny as hard)
 We thought we had redeem'd the Royal Prize;
 The glorious Vision ravish'd from our eyes.

VI.

Howl on, ye vile detested murm'ring Race,
 Your God's dishonour, & your King's disgrace;
 Shave your rebellious Heads, in Ashes rowl,
 And gnash your wide devouring Jaws, ye foul
 Degen'rate Race, and ever howl:
 Dead is the wond'rous Prince, whose sacred hand
 By Miracles was rais'd to bless the Land:
 God's own eternal Arm must sure have rose
 For deeds so glorious, had not his been chose.
 Contagious Plagues as e're *Philistines* felt,
 Long in our impious loathsome *Agypt* dwelt:

The

The Royal Prophet came, and all were cur'd :
 But still their harden'd hearts indur'd ;
 And his triumphant Patience those inur'd.
 To *Moloch's* bloody Idol, the sad Cries
 Of barb'rous humane Sacrifice,
 In spite of their grim sounds, ascend the skies.
 Here, as in *Tophet* or *Gehinnon*, stood
 The savage Blutton gorg'd in Blood :
 But lo! from his bright Scepter, as a charming
 Did a new Miracle arise : (rod,
 A purple Lake 'tis now no more,
 To chrystal Streams is turn'd the putrid gore.
 Our well-rig'd Isle in gath'ring Storms was
 Its sacred Pilot in the Tempest lost ; (toft,
 And in a mad devouring Sea, (lay.
 Like a vast shipwrack'd Hull, this floating *Delos*
 But *Charles*, the mighty Ruler of the Flood,
 Triumphant o're the swelling Billows rod ;
 Three Realms his *Trident*, he our mortal God.
 Safely ~~we~~ now, as in close Harbour ride ;
 Great *Britains* Glory, and the Ocean's Pride

Braving the rage of Land and Sea, it stands
Firm, as the Continents his Sword commands.

Then what can mildest Justice all

Those Rebel earth-born Monsters call ;

Who in return of such stupendious Love,

With vile Ingratitude not only strove

Against the pow'r of their Imperial *Jove* ;

But impiously sought the divine Monarch's fall:

So the bright Regent of eternal day

Does round the Earth his Orient Beams display ;

The vital Lamp warms the prolifick Juice,

And animates all things of noblest use.

Thence springs the tow'ring Cedar, lofty Pine,

The branching Palm, and purple Vine ;

Yet from the blest Influence of the skies,

Does the vile putrid race of Toads & Vipers rise.

VII.

Pardon, thou royal, meek, propitious Shade,

The humble Offering my Tears have made ;

For-

Forgive my Zeal, if on thy peaceful Urn

Sad Incense with unhallow'd hands I burn,

Unpractic'd, and unskill'd in tuneful Numbers,
mourn.

Such loose unfinew'd disproportion'd Verse,

The mournful tale of Sorrow may rehearse.

But oh! if I must sing

Th' amazing Glories of my gracious King;

Whither, my Muse! O whither wilt thou fly?

Cou'dst thou, on mounting Wing, *Olympus*
high,

To *Sinai's* mystick Head, or *Oreb* soar?

Alas! those sacred Oracles are now no more!!

Nor shalt thou dain to hear the frantick dreams

Of *Delphic* Furies, or *Castalian* Streams.

Yet sure, without the sacred Fire

Which bright *Idea's* did of old inspire,

No mortal hand a Monument can raise

Commensurate to *Charles* his god-like Praise.

On a small Stone may be inscrib'd his Name,

But the long story of his endless Fame

Have met in Festivals of Joy and Love;

F F

Will

Will want a Pyramide, & you will
As high as Heaven the top, as Earth the Basis wide.

'Tis a vast trackless Ocean ; all around
 No shore, no land, no end is found.

The glorious scale appears before my Eyes
 With bright Angelick forms, I see it rise,
 And mounted the top rounds, above the starry
 (skies.

Behold, the fair Heroick train
 Does in Eternal Circles move ;
 And like Fate's everlasting well-wrought
 Chain,
 Is fix'd to the immortal Throne of deathless
Jove.

VIII.

Ye radiant Sons of uncreated Light,
 Who, with melodious Hymns, day without
 night ;

Time without end, to the most High,

Your loud *Hosanna's* cry :

Ye beauteous Spirits, who so oft above,
 Have met in Festivals of Joy and Love ;

Say,

Say, for the stunning sounds you bore,
When the bright Saint arriv'd your blessed
shore,

If such a Voice of Triumph e're was heard before.

Fill'd with surpassing wonder and delight

At the amazing sight;

Their golden Harps the wing'd Musicians
strung;

Through the Cœlestial Quire, each warbling
Tongue,

With holy Rapture *Hallelujahs* sung:

The Heav'ns, and all the Constellations round,

Did to th' ascending Pomp resound;

The universal Orb with joyful *Pæans* rung.

Searce had his flaming Guard pass'd by

The gloomy Regions of the darker sky,

But strait thro' all the Host of Heaven

Was the loud Signal giv'n;

Far as the utmost hallow'd Limits; round

Th' Angelick Camp, was heard the potent
sound:

The shining Warriours hasten'd all
To their bright Hierarch's Imperial Call.

Flags, Perions, Banners, Van and Rear,
Embellish'd thick with Gems, stream'd in *Ambrosian* Air.

Oh cou'd our mortal eyes have seen

The watchful Cherubin

Open the everlasting Gate;

And have beheld in what a blissful state,
How glorify'd, th' applauded Sov'reign rode

Thro' the wide ample Road
Of wond'ring Angels, to the Seat of God!

On *Adamantine* Columns hung,
Thick as *Hyblean* swarms, the bright seraphick
Throng;

And as he pass'd along, (gaz'd,
With ardent looks on their new Saint they
And his transcendent Glories loudly prais'd.

When round his blest anointed Head,
In mystic forms, the royal drops were shed;
The high Eternal Priest his Temples grac'd
With Crowns of *Crysolite* that never waste.

And scarce the starry Zone
Was by the holy ministring hand put on,

But

But strait, through the wide Continent of spacious Heav'n

Were shouts of highest Acclamation giv'n :
 With sweetest breath of charming Symphonies,
 Carols of Joy, and loud Thanksgiving Cries,
 The glorious Host proclaim'd him ever blest
 In that eternal Paradise of Rest.

IX.

Guard us, ye sacred Powers! and guard your own

Immortal, Empyrean Throne ;
 Left, as Idolaters of old,

Great *Charles* his dazling Brightness we behold,

And the Cœlestial Globe so long admire,
 Till we fall down in Adoration to the glorious
 Sure the Almighty God (fire.

Consulted with himself, and said,
 He not in Nature's common road,

But as their first great Parent, shall be made ;
 So the *Divine Particle* from his own Essence
 flow'd.

To make his Image eminently great,
 He trusted not to the slight hand of Fate,
 But to his own ineffable Idea, far.
 Oh might we worship now the Pow'rs divine
 In any outward form ! then surely thine,
 As Gods best Mirror, shou'd, Great *Charles*, be
 mine.

Of intellectual first causes we,
 Nothing but by effects can see ;
 And Heav'ns most lovely Attributes were all in
 thee.

When most severe, around his awful Throne,
 With dawning beams th' exalted Cherub shon,
 Easie and placable his bending ear
 The softest Voice of Misery did hear.
 When his vile Subjects any Crimes had done,
 They safely to their injur'd Sov'reign run ;
 As if the upright Judge had heard a Cause
 That violated God's and Nature's Laws :
 Divine Compassion in his Looks appear'd,
 And long his just Decree the gracious King de-
 ferr'd.

Favour unsought, and such prevenient Grace,
 With cheerful Majesty adorn'd his Face,
 That scarcely was the Mercy-seat of God
 More mild, than the indulgent Throne on which
 (he trod.

X.

Tell me ! oh tell me, all ye wither'd ScrOWls,
Egyptian Records of *Dynastian* Race;
 Imperial *Rome*, that loudly from of old
 The deeds of your illustrious Hero's told;
 And thou, O Time ! whose envious brazen rowls
 Do all Memorials but thy own deface;
 Tell me, if e're Humanity is well,
 So gloriously suffer'd ! reign'd ! and fell !
 Oh ! had he flourish'd in the Ages past,
 Eternal Triumphs wou'd their King have grac'd
 In ev'ry shining, Capitol had stood
 Honours divine ador'd him as he rode ;
 His House a Temple, and himself a God.

And sure if Mortal e're deserv'd the Name,
 His Virtues might demand the glorious claim;
 In Dignity born next to heavenly Race,
 Humble and open as the Throne of Grace!
 His Rods and Axes were beheld by few;
 He sav'd more Subjects Lives than *Sylla* slew!
 Nor were his moral Gifts alone confin'd;
 Rich was the soil of his capacious Mind:
 How, when unbent from Cares, at hours of ease,
 The great Dictator wou'd inform or please!
 Tho sharp and pointed as his Sword, how sweet
 And mild he rul'd his Monarchy of Wit!
 So tenderly the sov'reign sway he bore,
 None wish'd him less, tho no man could have
 more.
 Never my humble and obedient Ear
 The sacred Oracle but once did hear;
 And oh! methought a light divine
 Did round his beaming Temples shine!
 Sense of new Joy to my charm'd Soul was giv'n,
 And the blest sound as of a Voice from Heav'n!

Nor

Not did the clear sagacious King excell
 In speaking only, but in judging well;
 Conspicuous, venerable, and great,
 As high in Knowledge as in Pow'r he sat.
 Learning and Arts still flourish'd round his
 Throne,
 As well they might; for they were all his own:
 In noblest Sciences so much renown'd,
 As he for Wisdom only had been crown'd.
 Great Jove himself his darling Prince endow'd,
 And him his own Prerogative allow'd:
 That divine Blessing granted but to few;
 From his own Head, his wife and warlike Pillar
 grew

X I.

But these, tho' graceful, raise but common fame,
 Compar'd to Glories which attend his Name:
 That Heav'n's peculiar Mercy might be shewn;
 To all the World its Lord anointed known;
 His Maker trebly mark'd him for his own.

To Empire born; he long in Exile mourn'd;
 But like triumphant royal Oar he turn'd,
 And with more lustre to his Realms return'd.
 He came, and lo! with his Imperial Crown,
 Such Honour, Peace, and Plenty shew'd down,
 That he on his ingrateful Land bestow'd
 Blessings as great as upon him the God.
 So much these Nations did his Bounty share,
 A Realm of People all his Fav'rites were.
 When his mild hand had stop'd the sulph'rous
 Breath
 Of savage War, that gorg'd the Jaws of Death,
 And had destroy'd that vile *Cadmean* Brood
 Who bath'd their Swords in their own reaking
 Blood,
 And doubly dy'd 'em in a Royal Flood;
 His Temples never open'd but when Heav'n
 Was prais'd, and their rebellious Sins forgiv'n
 With what endearing Arts he always strove
 To gain a wicked murmur'ing Peoples Love!
 Succour'd their dangers all, and led 'em thro'
 A wild Abyss and WilderNESS of Woe!

Tho' they so oft provok'd his sacred Ire,
 His heav'nly Covenant did ne're expire;
 Their leading Cloud by day, by night their lam-
 bent Fire.

No sort of Misery but he repeal'd;
 The diseas'd look'd up to him, and were heal'd.
 When their flagitious Crimes so num'rous were,
 That he, like Eastern Kings, might have been
 Heir

To forfeit Realms, forgave the share.

And yet when by his Charge our fruitful Nile,
 With pregnant Surge enriches all the Isle,
 And the World's Wealth flows in with ev'ry tide,
 How barbarously were his Wants deny'd!
 Through his own precious Wounds, the gen'rous
 Palm,

To cure his People gave 'em sov'reign Balm!
 When he in danger sat upon his Throne,
 Mourn'd the dear Partner of his Woes alone,
 Their Kindred and Estates were all their own!
 Oh may the Laws of God and Man depart

From my immortal Soul, and in my Heart

No

No glad Remembrance of blest Joy remain;
 But run a savage with the bestial Race,
 If ever I forget the dying Scene!
 How tenderly he with his parting Breath,
 (Inherent Love! unutterable Grace!)
 Midst all the Agonies and racking Pain
 Of a tormenting hard convulsive death;
 Did his dear Pledge to his lov'd Heir bequeath!
 Calm as *Favonian* Winds, when *Halcyon's* breed,
 To his twin-star these potent Realms decreed!
 Govern 'em well, the yielding Monarch cry'd;
 Then on his balmy Nest the lovely Phoenix dy'd!
 With Peace and Goodness dy'd so very full,
 His Body took Impressions from his Soul:
 The Royal Entrails fair unspotted shin'd,
 With purple orient Spirits, and divin'd
 The wondrous Blessing in Great *James* we find;
 And well were their auspicious *Omens* made
 Of Joys, whose vast Foundations *Charles* has laid,
 With untaught Hymns and loud immortal Lays,
 Ages unborn shall bless his peaceful days,
 And make three Kingdoms one large House of
 Praise. Learn

Learn hence, ye mortal Potentates, who boast
 Of *Manfolean* Tombs and *Memphian* Cost ;
 Learn how t' embalm an everlasting Name
 That may out-live those mould'ring works of
 Fame.

(shall
 Tho dead, Great *Charles* ! his God-like Vertues
 Bravely revenge their renown'd Masters Fall !
 His deathless Praise, with the unwearied Sun,
 Bright as his Beams, round the wide Earth will
 Till drawing near to this dissolving frame, (run,
 The sulph'rous Bowels of the Deep enflame ;
 Till in vast Flakes the servid Surges rowl (Pole ;
 Thro' Heav'ns wide Battlements, from Pole to
 And in a Deluge of tempestuous Fire,
 With his Illustrious Name the World expire.

F I N I S.